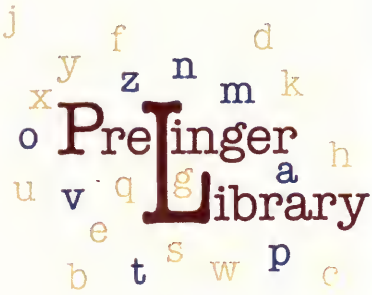
From the collection of the



San Francisco, California
2006

Yours Truly

Robert Merry

MERRY'S MUSEUM,

PARLEY'S MAGAZINE, WOODWORTH'S CABINET,

AND

THE SCHOOLFELLOW.

EDITED BY

ROBERT MERRY, HIRAM HATCHET, AND AUNT SUE.

VOLUMES XLV. AND XLVI.

New York:
J. N. STEARNS, PUBLISHER,
No. 111 FULTON STREET.
1863.

HENRY'S MUSEUM,

LADIES' MAGAZINE, MONTHLY REVIEW, CABINET,

OF

THE SCHOOLFELLOW.

CONTENTS OF VOLUME XLV.

From January to June, 1863, inclusive.

	Page
Song for the New Year	1
Winter	2
Skating to Bluevale	3
The Home Society	7
Kindness Rewarded	11
Philip Snow's War	13
A Powerful Eye—The Microscope	19
A Brave Boy	21
Mamma Knows Best	22
Merry's Monthly Chat	23
Aunt Sue's Puzzle-Drawer	27
The Happy Song	31
The Home Society	33
Philip Snow's War	38
Liberty	42
Fribby Crispo	43
Lines to a Friend	46
The Leopard and Tiger	47
The Little Boy and Jack Frost	49
The Plain Gold Ring	50
Blue and Gold	51
Be Thankful for a Good Mother	52
The Blind Girl	52
Aunt Sue's Scrap-Bag	53
Skating with the Girls	55
Merry's Monthly Chat	56
Aunt Sue's Puzzle-Drawer	62
The Home Society	65
My Good Sled	68
Philip Snow's War	69
The Boy's Battle Song	74
The Deer	75
Caroline Thorpe	77
Boy Heroes	79
The Woodpecker	80
Learning to Read	81
Watching One's Self	82
Love in Nature	82
Conceit Cured	83
Sunny Hours	86
The Sentinel	87
Merry's Monthly Chat	89
Aunt Sue's Puzzle-Drawer	92
The Home Society	97
Children's Stories	101
Obituary—Read to the Children on Christmas Eve	102
John Gilpin	103
Philip Snow's War	105
To the Boy who will be President of the United States A D. 1900	108
Improvement in Ship-building	109
All-fool's Day	110
An Umbrella Safe	113
Aunt Freelove's Work-Bag	114
Nettie's Garden	116
About Nests	117
Object Lessons	118
Sarah's Reward	119
Merry's Monthly Chat	120
Aunt Sue's Puzzle-Drawer	125
The Two May Queens	129
The Home Society	133
Philip Snow's War	137
Tom Brown's School Days at Rugby	143
"Our War-Worn Fulgent Flag"	145
The Chiffonier or Rag-Picker	146
The Argus Pheasant	148
Winter's Going	149
Blessings of Work	150
Read and you Will Know	151
The Legend of the White Canoe	152
Merry's Monthly Chat	153
Aunt Sue's Puzzle-Drawer	157
Dreams	161
The Home Society	162
Katie	166
Can Birds Talk?	167
Philip Snow's War	171
Truth at Home	175
A Lesson for Hetty	176
Aunt Martha's Hospitality	177
Haste not! Rest not!	179
The Garden	180
The White Rabbit	181
Great Truths in Little Words	184
Summer	184
Merry's Monthly Chat	185
Aunt Sue's Puzzle-Drawer	189
Beautiful Land of Rest	192

CONTENTS OF VOLUME XLVI.

From July to December, 1863, inclusive.

	Page
Jessie and her Fawn	1
The Home Society	8
A Story for Robin	14
Philip Snow's War	15
"A Farmer I will be"	20
Lizzie Bell	21
Two Ways to Live on Earth	25
Independence Day	26
Merry's Monthly Chat	27
Aunt Sue's Puzzle-Drawer	30
Selling Joseph	33
Philip Snow's War	34
The Old Horse-Shoe	41
What's in a Name	43
Little Martin and his Tamed Mice	45
Ugliana—A Fairy Tale	46
Summer Time	50
The Peacock	51
A Good Dog	52
The Little Shoes	53
All the Boys do it	55
Merry's Monthly Chat	57
Aunt Sue's Puzzle-Drawer	63
Down by the River	65
Philip Snow's War	66
Freddy's Prayer	69
Will Ellsworth's Dinner	70
The Child and the Strawberries	73
Tom and the Bantams	74
Died Rich	77
Watching the Little Birds	78
The Blind Child	79
The Truer Life	81
The Old Lady Saterlee	82
Red Squirrels	85
Rest Yonder	86
Merry's Monthly Chat	87
Aunt Sue's Puzzle-Drawer	93
Sabbath Morning Bells	96
The Welcome Home	96
Katy's New Home	97
A Little While	100
Philip Snow's War	101
The Two Rides	105
Kitty and her Friend	109
The Last Good-Night	110
Working Girls	113
Alfred's Bad Habit Cured	114
Sovereigns of England	115
Don't be too Confident	116
I'm too Little	117
Good-Bye and How-d'-ye Do	118
A Trusty Dog	119
Merry's Monthly Chat	121
Aunt Sue's Puzzle-Drawer	125
My Pets	129
Philip Snow's War	130
Gathering Apples	136
The Old Apple-Woman	138
Jessie's Victory	139
Learning to Smoke	143
The Prairie Flower	147
The Harvest	149
Ducks	150
Counsels to Youth	150
Our Thoughts	151
Mother	151
A Beautiful Present	152
Merry's Monthly Chat	153
Aunt Sue's Puzzle-Drawer	158
Philip Snow's War	161
Over the Cradle	165
Lines for an Album	165
Dreaming and Doing	166
The Lion and the Gnat—a Fable	169
Joggo at School	170
Flies and Spiders	173
Never Put Off	173
The Birthday Party	174
Letter sent by Santa Claus to Carrie, Christmas Eve	178
The Juvenile Party	179
Merry's Monthly Chat	182
Aunt Sue's Puzzle-Drawer	185

SONG FOR THE NEW YEAR.

A TEAR for the dying Old Year;
His locks are all whitened with care;
Let him go with his record severe,
'Mid warm benedictions and prayer.

A song for the laughing New Year,
A shout for his heaven-lit flame;
He scatters the clouds of despair,
And covers corruption with shame.

Breathe odors of fragrant delight
For Hope in her vestal array;
Her tresses are bathed in the light,
And her garments are woven of day.

Bring confident words for Old Time,
Whose footsteps falter not ever,
But onward, still onward sublime,
Seeking the boundless forever.

Bring songs of thanksgiving and praise,
An offering accepted above,
An earnest of bright coming days
In deeds of atonement and love.

Speak freedom to millions oppressed;
Be just to your brother, and good,
And the boon shall be ever confessed,
The price of a nation's best blood.

Speak, speak then, the life-giving word,
And oncoming ages shall say,
As proudly the deed they record,
"A nation was born in a day."

REV. F. BOTTOME.

WINTER.

WINTER has spread the pall of snow
Upon the buried flowers below,
And wailing winds sad dirges sing
O'er the lost children of the Spring.

The birds have fled to sunny lands,
The brooks are bound with icy bands,
The sunbeams fall with feeble ray,
And quickly fades the gloomy day.

But hark! what means that merry shout
That from the hills comes ringing out?
List to the joyous, gleesome song
That bursts forth from a happy throng.

Three cheers for old Winter, hurrah!
We merry boys care not a straw
For your looks so fierce,
Nor blasts that pierce
To the very bones
Of the lazy drones
That mope in-doors
When the north wind roars. [Bill,
Come Bob, Dick, and
And Harry and Phil,
To the top of the hill;
The snow is all right—
Sleds sail like a kite;
Ready, all in a row,
Hurrah! here we go.
Ned shouts, "Clear the track!"
Then flat on his back,
Heels up and head down,
He's playing the clown.
See Harry's new sled
Now shooting ahead!
"Go it, Phil, go it, Pete,
Old 'stumps' can't be beat."
And swift as a flash
Away they all dash,
Nor stop for the crash
Of the unlucky wight
Upset in his flight.

Where, under the sun,
Was ever such fun?

Oh, happy hours of mirthful glee,
Whose sun no clouds can hide;
When every day comes cheerily,
And pleasures still abide.

When weary with the care and pain
Which make our winters long,
It fills the heart with youth again
To watch the merry throng.

Then race away, my merry boys,
Old Time is on your track;
Fill all your hours with solid joys,
For they can ne'er come back.

WILLIAM MERRY.

SKATING TO BLUEVALE.

WILL you skate? I invite you, not to Central Park, with the measured depth of ice and water, whose lakes are plaided, curved, and angled beyond the power of Euclid to demonstrate, but to the Damariscotta River.

Let me whisper softly to you, that there has been a great battle. Start not and ask, "Is it in Virginia?" It was not fought to-day nor yesterday; neither is it yet ended. The generals are Storm and Wind. The armies are the Coast of Maine and the Atlantic Ocean. What a battle-ground! You can all see it on your maps. The strongholds of the land, the Gibraltars of its hope, stand far out at sea and defy the Ocean, and the Ocean holds the land by hundreds of waving hands, that the Coast can not battle away, and so they fight on and never give the battle o'er.

The Damariscotta is one of Ocean's greatest victories, and so it proudly tides its way through Lincoln County, almost to the towns of Washington and Jefferson.

A few years ago, on a day when winter was regally cold, and the coast wore its ermine, and the Damariscotta its blankets of ice, a party of children were skating on the river.

"Nellie, Nellie! let us go to Bluevale; such a day will never come again; the wind is down and the river is tight!" called one of the skaters; and he seized Nellie's shoulders in passing, swung her around and seated her upon a log by the river-side.

"Bluevale, oh, how delightful! but let me think." Joe put his hands in his pocket and waited, while Nellie folded her mittens together with their contents and thought.

Doe, Nellie's black pet, looked up in her face and asked as plainly as he could, "why she sat there with folded hands when it was so cold?"

A boy, too small to skate, tried wading snow on the bank of the river for his diversion, and he stopped to watch Nellie and Joe.

Joe darted up and spun about upon the ice for a moment. "Come, Nellie, think quick," he said; "see, I've left your card for your friends; should they call at your Damariscotta residence during your absence, they will know you have gone to Bluevale."

"Yes," said Nellie, in a dreamy way, glancing at the initials of her name that Joe had executed with admirable skill upon the ice, "yes, I think I will go. Mother is there, and it will be so nice to surprise her; the river is hard, and there's no danger—do you think there is, Joe?"

"Not a particle. The Damariscotta will sleep till morning, never fear. Come, five miles! who'll go with us?" he shouted to the gliding groups that shot past them.

"I will, I'll go," was the response of a dozen; "let us start with a race for Barehead."

Barehead was a mass of granite that the ocean had revealed in its march into the land, and it hung over the tide as if to remind it forever of its insatiable cruelty.

"We will go as far as the rock, if you will come back then, and let Joe and Nell go on," said a few of the timid girls.

"Agreed; now for the race; start fair—side by side;" and on the broad river, in a line, the skaters stood waiting for the signal from Joe. It came, and they started. For the first half mile the race ran nearly even, then the winners darted ahead and went on, on, ever more and more swiftly, until they were lost to sight by a bend in the river.

Joe was the first to reach the rock, and there the victor waited until the vanquished came up one by one. With many a warning to be careful at certain points, and to "be certain to reach Bluevale safe and sound," Joe and Nell turned their faces to the south.

"Don't give up now, Nell. Courage, courage!" shouted Joe, a few minutes later, as he saw the dispirited look on Nell's face. How still the air was! the wind was prisoned somewhere certainly, for the slightest sound struck on the ear with appalling force, and a crack in the ice sounded like the crack of a rifle, and through the dead stillness, over the heart of the ice-dead river, past the ermined shore, and the stirless evergreens on its banks, swiftly went the two.

"Courage, oh, yes!" replied Nell, and a cheerful smile broke over her face as she turned it for a moment toward Joe.

"Another mile, here's the stone—let us rest," said Joe, waving his hand toward a majestic hemlock on the distant bank; "only two miles more; glorious skating, isn't it? how tame it must be to go over and over again a

few acres of frozen water! give me a river and plenty of elbow-room when *I* skate."

Joe went shoreward. "Don't, don't stop," said Nell, "it will be dark; don't you think it's getting *very* cold?"

"Cold, no, is it? Give me your hand; let me help you a little."

"I don't feel it," said Nell, as Joe took her hand. "Oh! what a nice warm fire they have got burning in the family room at Bluevale! how the wood blazes and the coals glow on the hearth! *Joe, Joe, shall we get there?*"

"Courage, courage," said Joe; "keep up, Nell; come, let us try a race for the bend beyond."

"Arthur, let us go in, the wind is beginning to blow; it cuts my face, and the river will feel the tide presently," said a young girl who, with her brother, had skated up the Damariscotta from Bluevale.

"Just a little farther, Fanny. Go back, Frank, and tell mother we will be at home in time for tea," said Arthur to his little brother, who was enjoying his first winter's skating.

Frank obeyed; slowly turning and going homeward, he watched Arthur and Fanny out of sight. They left the skaters far behind, and soon were alone on the broad river.

"What is that on the ice far ahead?" asked Fanny.

"Only a branch that has been frozen in, I think; but let us go and see," said Arthur, thankful for any excuse to get farther up the river.

"Courage, courage," whispered Joe to the little figure that had dropped on the ice beside him, "courage, there's some one coming. I declare! it's Arthur and Fan."

"The fire's so nice and warm," murmured Nell; "I think I'll go."

"I never was so glad to see any one in my life!" exclaimed Joe, as the two skaters drew near. "Here's poor Nell, given up with the cold, and I persuaded her to come with me."

Fanny kneeled down beside Nellie, who aroused for the moment from the dream of the warm fire at Bluevale. Fanny took off her furs and put them on Nell. She rubbed her cold hands and then put them in her muff, and Joe and Arthur lifted the child from the ice, and supporting her upon her skates, they went homeward. The wind was awake, and the sharp air cut the heroic young faces that tried in vain to brave it unflinchingly.

Fanny had gone home as swiftly as courage and skates could carry her. She aroused the household, and faster than modern armies can obtain supplies, the army of the household at Bluevale was equipped and on the march.

Poor Nell had forgotten her dream of warmth and fire, and had taken the first steps into the dark gorge of insensibility when she was found.

There was no delay in the homeward voyage, and slowly but surely freezing Nellie was brought back to life.

"Courage, dear Nell, courage, my darling!" were the first words that fell upon her ear from her father, who bent anxiously over the stiff white face of his child.

No word of reproof was given to either Joe or Nell for their five-mile trip on the river, and none was needed, for nature had spoken her warning and administered her punishment.

All that night the army of the wind swept its legions over the Damariscotta, breaking Winter's blockade with many a crackling shot of sound and shell of ice, that left its ruin on the shore; and when the morning broke, dark seams of water threaded the river, and the Damariscotta refused to be frozen again for the accommodation of the party who but yesterday braved its wide acres.

"Courage, courage!" whispered the warm under-current of the river to the frozen cakes of ice that tried in vain for many a day to get back to their homes in the sun and the ocean, "summer will surely come."

"Courage, courage," we whisper to all who battle in life with foe of any name, "the warm fire you dream of has a sure existence *somewhere, and to it you shall come*, if you never give the battle o'er."

THINGS NOT GENERALLY KNOWN.

LATE antiquarian researches have revealed the fact, that the public executions in Babylon were held in the *Hanging* Gardens.

IT has been said that riches have wings, but Southern slaveholders have found that their riches have *legs*.

A CELEBRATED writer on the origin of nations has discovered that the inhabitants of *Greece* are the descendants of *Ham*. S. W., JR.

THE HOME SOCIETY.

FOURTH MEETING.

AT the next meeting of the Home Society it was evident that Kate had something of importance to communicate. She looked very smiling, and moved about with such a knowing air as to attract the attention of Uncle Fred, who said, pleasantly, "As Kate has something which needs telling very much, we will call upon her to speak first this afternoon."

"I didn't mean to say anything until all the rest had finished," replied Kate, blushing; "but since you have called on me, I will show you my experiment, and I think you will be pleased with it. But you will have to go with me to the wood-house."

The curiosity of all was now greatly excited. Even Uncle Fred looked puzzled, and he immediately led the way with Kate, and all followed down stairs and out through the garden into the wood-house.

Kate went to a door which shut off a store-room from the rest of the building, and opening it gently, said, "Allow me, ladies and gentlemen, to introduce you to my Happy Family."

"Oh! oh!" exclaimed all the girls and boys, while little Susie clapped her hands with glee. There, in one corner, in an old basket, lay a black cat, and playing around her were half a dozen young rabbits and two kittens. Frank attempted to catch one of the young rabbits, but it ran nimbly behind the old cat, and she instantly set up her back and struck so spitefully at Frank, that he quickly started back, to the great amusement of the company.

It was certainly a very curious

sight, and the children remained for some time watching the little fellows hopping about over the cat, which seemed as proud of her family as though all were her own natural children.

When they returned to the sitting-room, Kate related how she had succeeded in bringing creatures of such different natures to live on such intimate terms. She said that Pussy had a large litter of kittens, and all but two were taken from her and given to the children of the neighbors. The cat went mourning around so sadly that all pitied her. The following day, Kate discovered that her pet rabbit had been killed by a strange dog, leaving a young family entirely unprovided for. She had recently read in a work on natural history, that animals would sometimes adopt the young of other species, and she determined to try the experiment without letting any one know it. "For," said she, "I thought if I failed, and the cat should eat up the rabbits, it would be no worse than to have them die of hunger; but I didn't like to tell of it, for fear you would think me foolish if I failed, and besides, I thought it would be a pleasant novelty for our Society if I succeeded."

"Well, the strangest part of the whole was, that you could keep a secret so nicely," said Frank.

"You will find before you are as old as I am, Master Frank, that girls do not tell all they know," remarked Uncle Frank. He then explained to the children that animals are governed in their actions almost wholly by various instincts. That love of their young is one of the strongest of these, and that in cases like the one they had just seen, which have happened many times, this love overcomes their propensity to destroy animals of an opposite nature.

"I don't believe I could so love the young of another species, if I had lost ever so many of my own," remarked John.

"That is because you are governed by reason as well as by instinct," replied Uncle Fred. "Though something like this is occasionally seen—people who have no children are most apt to be fond of cats and dogs."

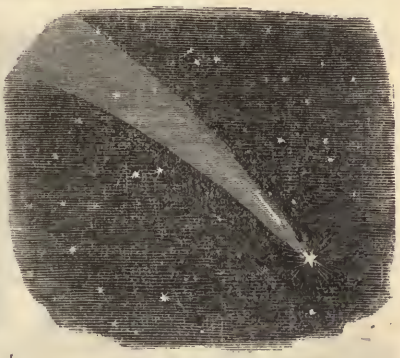
"Oh, yes," cried little Susie, "there is Polly Finkle has got two poodles and a cat, and she washes and dresses the dogs and puts them to bed just like they were real babies."

All laughed heartily at this; for Polly Finkle, a maiden lady who lived not far distant, was noted for her peculiar whims.

When all were assembled in the sitting-room again, Henrietta was asked to entertain the company. She said, laughingly, that her subject had but little connection with Kate's, for she had been most interested since they last met in reading a work on astronomy. She had been surprised to learn of how much use that science is in the world. She had formerly thought that it merely gratified curiosity by giving names to the stars and

telling their distance from the earth; but she had found that its laws were of the greatest practical importance. For instance, almost the whole science of navigation depends upon rules derived from a knowledge of astronomy. By observing the sun by day and the stars at night with proper instruments, men are able to find their way across the trackless ocean. All tables of latitude and longitude, by which the earth's surface has been mapped out, have been constructed by means of astronomical observations. This science is necessary for the proper reckoning of time. It was only after centuries of observation that men were able to give the right length to the year, so that the seasons should have their regular place in its course. Our watches and clocks are all kept regulated by referring them to the unerring standard of the heavenly bodies. History itself owes much to the astronomer. Some of the most important dates have been ascertained, and the truth of the Bible has been sustained, by the calculations of astronomers. But even if astronomy were not so useful in the business of life, its influence upon the mind itself would well repay us for studying it. It enlarges our thoughts by introducing us to the great universe, makes us humble by showing us that this whole earth is only as a speck in creation, and gives us, more than any other science, an idea of the infinite power of the Creator.

"You are right, Henrietta," said her uncle. "It would be much better for young people, and for older ones too, if they would occupy their minds with the ennobling truths of astronomy, rather than with the foolish reading with which so many of them merely amuse themselves."



"Our astronomy lessons are more interesting than ever," remarked John, "since the comet came in sight. I have watched it every night since it first appeared. I do not wonder that the ignorant have always been terrified at comets; they look so strange, like firebrands threatening to set fire to the stars."

"Uncle, would the comet set fire to the world if it should strike it?" asked Frank.

"No one can say certainly," replied Uncle Fred. "Astronomers think, however, that the substance of the comet is too thin to harm another heavenly body, even if they should come into collision; and besides, it is probable that there is a great law of repulsion as well as of attraction in the universe, which will keep each revolving orb in its own appointed sphere."

"Is the comet made out of the same substance as the northern lights?" asked Kate.

"Why, no," answered Frank, quickly, before Uncle Fred could speak. But he was quite abashed when his uncle asked, "What are comets made of?" and his confusion was complete when Susie asked, "What's northern lights made of?"

"Frank was undoubtedly right," said Uncle Fred. "Although we can not certainly tell what comets are made of, yet they are governed by different laws from those which regulate the northern lights. Comets revolve about the sun like planets; the northern lights, or aurora, are as irregular as the lightning, and are probably somewhat of the same nature."

"That reminds me," said George, "of what I read the other day about the Arctic regions, where the displays of the aurora are so beautiful; but I don't think I should be willing to undergo the hardships travelers there suffer, to see the finest aurora that ever shone. Why, it is so cold there in winter that it is dangerous to touch a piece of metal with the naked hand; it blisters the flesh as if it were red-hot. Then there is constant danger of the ships being crushed by great mountains of ice. In the account which I read, the party were obliged to cut a channel through the ice for several miles to get their vessel to a place of safety, and then at last they had to leave her and take refuge with the Esquimaux. They are welcome to their northern lights, for all me."

"And yet," said Uncle Fred, "the Icelanders say Iceland is the happiest land the sun shines upon. The Creator has adapted the people of each race to their own country, and it is found that happiness depends more upon the disposition of the man than upon the circumstances around him."

Though the time for the meeting had now expired, all wished to continue it longer. Uncle Fred decided it was best to keep their rules, and they therefore adjourned.

KINDNESS REWARDED.

"BLACK your boots—shine up, sir?" said a bright-looking lad to a gentleman who sat smoking and half dozing over his newspaper in one of the large hotels of New York. He took no notice of the boy, who repeated the inquiry in a tone that could not well pass unnoticed.

"Get out of here, you young blackguard," shouted the book-keeper.

But the boy, without heeding him, only drew nearer the gentleman and said, appealingly, but in a lower tone, "Pay your own price, sir; anything you like, sir."

The gentleman looked up languidly, and was about to answer "No!" but something in the boy's looks arrested his attention. He appeared very different from the usual class of boys who pick up their living in that manner. He was neatly dressed, his hair was well brushed, and there was a singular look of goodness and gentle-

ness in his bright blue eye. The gentleman changed his purpose, and was about to give the boy a job, when the book-keeper, darting from his place, seized him by the collar, and before the gentleman could interfere, shoved him violently headlong down the front steps. The gentleman sprang quickly to the door just in time to see the poor boy fall upon the pavement, and to hear him exclaim, "Oh, mother!"

A crowd quickly gathered about him, and on raising him up, it was found that his leg was broken.

The gentleman called a carriage, and taking him tenderly in his arms, inquired where he lived, and rode rapidly to the spot.

It was not an uncommon scene in the city, alas! A poor widow, living in a scantily furnished room, and now wringing her hands over the new affliction that had befallen her son.

"Here is money," said the stranger, throwing down a purse of gold; "I can not stay, but I will send a physician. Here is my card. Write to me if more is needed," and he was gone.

Twenty years had passed since the above narrated events had occurred, bringing with them many changes. The successive revolutions which had wasted Mexico had left few families of note uninjured, and one of the richest merchants found himself an exile, compelled to flee for life. California had been settled, and thither he directed his course, bearing with him the remnants of his fortune.

Wearily he had pursued his journey for many days, mounted on his faithful mule, ever fearing pursuit, and urging his beast to its utmost speed. At length, after having toiled over the mountain passes that opened into the land of gold, he found himself at night emerging upon a plain far from any visible habitation. He had hoped to reach a miner's settlement ere daylight had passed, but clouds had covered the sky and a blinding snow-storm came driving down, obliterating the path and making his situation almost hopeless. He gave his beast the rein and applied the whip, but the spent animal could move but slowly, and it soon became evident that he was lost in the desert.

He shouted aloud, again and again, almost frantic with despair. The echoes seemed to mock him from the distant hills. Hark! that was not an echo. Surely another voice answered.

Quickly he turned in the direction of the sound, and oh! what rapture thrilled his heart as he saw a light glimmering in the distance.

It came from a miner's cabin, and he was saved.

Very soon he was enjoying the welcome hospitality of a sturdy miner, who promised the following day to guide him to the settlement. "For," said he, "stranger, I've made my pile, and now I'm homeward bound."

"Where is your home?" asked the exile.

"In New York," was the answer.

"Years ago," said the stranger. "I met with an incident there I can never forget. A poor little shoe-black—"

"Heavens! Don Pedro Miguel!" fairly screamed the miner, and tearing open his wallet he held up the card given him twenty years before.

The sequel is soon told. The exile accompanied the now rich young man to New York, where, in a few years, he was joined by his family. And, to make the story complete, the former shoe-black, who was the son of a once wealthy merchant, but whose parents had both died, married the daughter of the noble Don Pedro Miguel.

PHILIP SNOW'S WAR.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "KATE MORGAN'S SOLDIERS," "NAT'S SHOES," ETC.

CHAPTER I.

DO you wonder what kind of a war Philip Snow waged? I will tell you before another Christmas shall have come to wreathe the earth in garlands of green. Do you think that the Christmas wreaths which we twine are binding us any nearer to the Christmas gift that God sent down eighteen hundred years ago—sent down mid songs of angel gladness and the triumphant shout of "Good-will to men?"

Do you think when Christmas morning comes, and the tokens of human love are given you, how they are but signs—but shadows small—of the Divine gift that instituted earth's first Christmas?

I like to think that the time will come when our dear brown old earth will be wreathed in Christmas greens from shore to shore—when they shall find the globe like a million cables, and nation shall telegraph to nation along the winding tendrils, "'Tis Christmas morn," and all the children of men shall echo the old angelic shout together.

Perhaps, if you lay your ear very near to the earth, it will tell you that the time is coming, for earth whispers many things to us if we only wait and listen. I do not promise, I only say it may be.

But about Philip Snow's war, and *your* war, for you are supposed to be conducting a great war that will lead you to mighty victory or inglorious defeat. I hope you are not abusing your commission and loitering in your homes of indolence and ease, but if you *are*, do you not know that there will come the day when your name shall be stricken from the list?

Old Chaos was a war—a war between darkness and light, and light

was the victor. The serpent and Eve carried on a war, and, sorrowfully we say it, the serpent conquered.

Philip Snow's war began not many years ago, and it may be that we ought to wait until it ends before we record it; but you know we are always quite certain that our gardens will be red with strawberries when we see the snow of blossom on the green leaves, and the showers have come on them, and the sun has beamed on them, and the long delicious days of June are just before, so, knowing the past, we can safely prophesy the end of Philip Snow's war.

There was a thunder-storm upon a certain day of a certain summer.

The master of a school had kept his pupils in a state of stormy impatience, waiting for the clouds to close their folding-doors against the falling rain.

The thunder boomed along the cloudy heights. Swiftly came the flashes from the pounders that no man can number, until the very sun seemed blockaded, and war ruled everywhere.

"Did you hear that?" exclaimed a dozen voices as a terrific rattle tore the air around the school-house.

"Somebody's bolted the door *this time*, I guess—look! the rain is over," said a boy, and all eyes sought the master's face for permission to depart. The face referred to gave consent, and a great scattering ensued.

A boy, with his school-books well strapped and slung over his shoulder, marched on, despising to turn aside for the pools that margined the road or spread across it. A girl tried to keep pace with him, but she had more respect for mud and water, or for her shoes, and found herself getting farther and farther behind. At last she gave up the attempt at keeping with the boy and resigned herself to the walk alone. "I suppose I oughtn't to mind if Stephen *can* walk faster and get over the hill first, but he *might* wait, when he knows I am afraid of snakes," thought the little girl; and the very thought of the trailing serpent made the child's steps hasten faster and faster.

"Halloa, Nell! I forgot you—hurry on, can't you?"

The boy had stopped a long way in advance and seemed inclined to wait for Nell.

In obedience to the call the child made additional effort, and the books she was hugging very hard slipped from her grasp and fell into a pool of water.

Splash, splash, down the hill again came Stephen's boots; and before Nell had fished out her books, he was standing in the center of the miniature pond clutching at the drowning books, as if he were resolved to sink or swim with them.

"What shall I do? they are all wet," said Nell, as Stephen came to shore with one after the other of her books, until her hands could hold no more.

"Why don't you have a strap?" asked Stephen, as he made a final dash after Nell's arithmetic that sailed around in the small whirlpool Stephen made, as if resolved on completing the circle before being caught.

"Shall I get a strap, Steve, and wear it over my shoulder as *you* do?"

"Why, no, Nell—I suppose not—that wouldn't do, because boys carry them that way—but can't you manage some way?"

"I'll try," said Nell, very meekly; "but what am I to do now? I can't carry these books, all mud, too."

"You carry mine, and I'll take off the strap and put it on yours."

The arrangement was effected, and Steve walked on by Nell's side, somewhat anxious for the fate of his own books, in case he should hurry again. And so the two kept on their way, climbing slowly the long hill, until they came upon its summit. Before them lay the river valley.

"Oh, *how* pretty! was there ever anything in the world half so pretty before?" said Nell, standing suddenly quite still and half shutting her eyes before the glory and beauty of the scene; and she added, "speak, Steve, won't you?"

Stephen altered his speech on the occasion by taking off his straw hat and leaning his curly-haired head against the rough bark of a large tree.

"Only see, Steve, how bright the colors are, and the rainbow is *so* beautiful! I do wonder if mamma can see it when she looks out of heaven; but I suppose she knows all about it, and sees the angel when he goes out to paint it, don't you, Steve?"

"You *know*, Nell, that it isn't any angel at all that paints the rainbow; it is that fine old fellow the sun, hiding over there, behind the trees."

"Well, say so then, Steve, if you like; that's the sun's—what do you call it?" and Nell stopped, and her face got very warm, and she pushed her hair back from her forehead and took off her hat and hid her eyes in the depths of the rainbow.

"Go on, Nell. The sun's what do you call it? I am sure I don't know," said Stephen.

"Why you know, Steve, that they've just had a great battle up there," and Nell pointed to the clouds that were yet tinted in the sky; "I suppose that the sun got blockaded, so that he couldn't get through the clouds and shine down on his own hills. Well, now, I suppose the sun has beat, don't you? and so he has got out his flag over there—a seven-colored flag, denoting the nation of the sun."

"But it is all stripes, Nell."

"Never mind, the stars will come by-and-by; *you see the flag is so grand and large that we can't see it all at once.*"

"Nell! but, look here! what sort of a flag-staff do you suppose the sun gets up?"

"I guess the angels hang it on the milky-way; but I don't *know*—there! you see, Steve, it's no use, the angels *have* to help, any way. We can't get on without them. I do believe you've got your head fast there to the tree," and a sudden change came over Nell's bright face. Stephen found his efforts at loosening his hair were of little avail.

"You see, Nell, I am at your mercy."

"But I can't reach, Steve."

"Try."

"Don't you see I can't; you're ever so much taller than I am, and I suppose you can't hold down your head a minute;" and a curious smile met Steve's eyes, and incited him to several severe efforts that ended in his entangling his hair closer than ever.

Steve turned his eyes a little way and said, "Bring that stone, Nell, and stand on it."

"It won't come," replied Nell, trying to lift it with all her will.

"Here, Nell, take my books and stand on them, and *do* make haste; I hear some one coming up the hill."

"You don't care for that, Steve?"

"To be sure I do; there, try this side again; one doesn't like to be found tied to a tree."

"Why not, Steve? I shouldn't care in the least if I were you. Now, try if you can move your head."

"I tell you, I can't move an inch, and I do care because I am a boy. Please hurry, the wagon is almost here."

Nell was standing upon the books and using her fingers very dextrously, but the carriage came into sight before she had released the prisoner.

Stephen saw it and made a final effort that he had no reason to regret, although he left the tree with several tufts of hair hanging to it, that Nell said "no dunce of a bird ever would take for moss."

The carriage stopped opposite the children and a man got down and said, "Why didn't you wait, Miss Nell, until I came for you?"

"Oh, never mind! I've had a nice walk," said the child, handing up the soiled books one by one. After the books were stowed away, Stephen lifted the child into the carriage.

"Pick up your hat and ride home, won't you, Stephen?" asked Nell.

"No, I thank you, I am going another way; I promised to see Phil Snow to-night. Good-night, Nell."

"Good-night, Steve."

The carriage went its way and the boy went his, and the rainbow was caught up again and furled among the tented clouds, and the sun went its way, and the night came on its never-ending mission to bless the world—and the angels went their way, and all ways went, leading on to God.

CHAPTER II.

"I SAY, Phil, haven't we had a rousing thunderer? Old Newton kept us shut up like mice till 'twas over, so I haven't any time to spare."

Philip Snow went on chopping away at a stick of wood and only looked up to say, "Well, never mind; maybe its better so. I am much obliged to you for coming over to tell me, Stephen."

"Awful obligation. Look here; what's the matter now, Phil Snow?" and Stephen leaped over the low fence and crossed the plot of grass lying between Philip and himself.

At this instant a window of the house closed as if a small tornado had swept down from the zenith, and Philip shivered the slightest bit in the world.

"What's that, Phil?"

"Never mind, Steve, don't ask, please, but go away; don't stop one minute."

"I was only going to ask, if to-night wouldn't do just as well. I've all the evening to myself, and it's terrible poky to be alone. I brought the books on purpose; can't you come?"

"I'll try; only do go," said the boy, entreatingly, as a loud sound, as of something falling within the house, was heard.

"I am going, and I will say, Phil Snow, that *I will* be sorry for you, whether you like it or not. Come on, to-night; you'll hear me whistling somewhere near the poplar, as you come down."

During the conversation, Phil Snow had not paused one instant in his chopping of the wood; neither did he look after his friend as he went, but he fell into a mood of thinking that made his stroke-arm nerveless, and the ax was raised and let fall many times without getting any nearer the heart of the log of wood. The boy's thoughts were not easily followed even by his own mind, for they brightened and clouded swiftly as the mental pictures of father and mother were held up to his soul.

"I don't know," thought the child, "as it *is* of any use to go on trying,

trying every day and fighting against all these things; I may as well give up at once;" and during this thought the boy's mental vision was fixed upon his father.

"Come, Phil, dear, I am waiting."

What magic could there have been in the words to arm the boy with the thrill of victory? He gave but an instant's glance at his mother, and then his right arm gave forth stroke after stroke, and the shining blade went down deeper and deeper, and the boy's face grew warm and glad, and he did full justice to the vision of his mother, as he felled out with flashing blade the words, "I can't help trying, with mother to help me, mother to love me; I do wonder if any other boy ever had such a mother."

Phil finished his wood-chopping, and gathering the wood into a basket, he carried it in; just as he passed the window that had been stricken down in the hurricane, it glided softly open again. The wooden button that gave support to the sash was turned, and Phil's mother's face shone out upon him.

"Phil, dear, Esther did not bring the milk; will you go for it?" and a bright little tin pail came gleaming out of the open casement.

"As soon as I put down the basket of wood, mother," said Philip, and he hastened to deposit it in its home beside the door.

Then the boy received the pail, and went, whistling, out upon the street; and as the mother turned her eyes from the window, she met her husband's glance of anger.

"Why can't you keep that boy away from here? haven't I told you that I won't have him prowling around after Philip, and trying to spy out our poverty?"

"The boy is Phil's friend, and *always* has been; friends are few now, and why should I forbid his coming?"

"I tell you that we are poor. When I could show back dollar for dollar and acre for acre with Stephen Waite, I didn't care."

"Oh, my husband!" said the wife, "did you count your friendship by gold or acres then?"

"I hadn't any; I never professed to have; friendship is a sham, a wicked sham, that deceives the whole world till they find it out and curse the name, as I do this day."

"Poor Ben!"

Oh, wife! what have you done by the utterance of the two words? Your husband turns away with an awful anger of contention in his eyes —turns away, and taking up his hat goes out of the house and on to the road; he meets his son Philip, but seems not to hear him or to see him, but takes his way straight on, by the most solitary path that he can find, until he buries himself in the heart of a piece of timber-land.

"What is the matter with father?" asked Philip, "he looked at me, but didn't seem to see me."

"Never mind, dear; I mentioned a name that made your father feel badly."

"Whose, mother?"

The boy asked the question so earnestly, that Mrs. Snow answered it before she was aware.

"Your Uncle Ben's name."

"You never told me about him."

"I will, when you are older."

"How many years older must I be?"

"I can not tell; you must trust me."

"I will, mother," and the child

sealed his trust with a kiss that came back to him tenderly.

"Your father has gone out; I wish you to follow him; you will see his footsteps in the mud; you need not let him see you, if you can help it; only keep near him until he comes home," said Mrs Snow.

"I can't fix this, it thundered so, the sticks wouldn't stay in," said little Esther, pushing open a door and entering the room. "I've tried a pile of times, mamma."

"I will sew it for you in a moment, Essie."

Esther stood in the door-way holding convulsively at her doll and its habiliments, wherein the stitches would not stay, until Philip was gone; then she laid down her troubles before her mother and stood looking wistfully at the art of dress-making, that seemed *so easy* for larger hands to work out.

"Where's Phil gone to, mamma?"

"I have sent him away, Essie."

"Has papa gone too?"

"Yes."

"Then I can laugh, can't I, mamma?"

"Certainly, my dear."

The child made an attempt at laughter, but the sound was so sorry that she caught it back mid-way and it ended in a sigh.

"That wasn't laughing, was it, mamma?" she asked, with an expression between grief and mirth that only needed a word to decide it on either side.

"No, Essie; but you had nothing to laugh at, had you?"

"I guess not; but I felt a whole pile of bad feeling in here," and the child clasped both hands over her heart; "I *do* want to laugh so sometimes, but papa is always here then. Up stairs, a little while ago, Dolly was making faces at the thunder. Oh, so funny! you ought to have seen her, and I did want to laugh loud."

"I think that it was Essie that made the faces, not Dolly."

"Oh, no, mamma! it was Essie that made Dolly's faces; let me show you," and Essie worked the wire muscles that opened and shut the doll's mouth and eyes. "There! if it was only thundering now, you'd laugh too, mamma."

"Oh, no, I shouldn't, Essie."

"Why, mamma, you couldn't help it."

"I could, my dear, because it is wrong. The thunder is God's work —God's voice among the clouds, and do you think it is right to laugh at it or make faces at it?"

"Dolly made faces," said the little sophist.

"Who?"

"Dolly."

"Who, Essie?"

"Dolly's Essie, mamma; she won't never any more, as long as she lives."

"Why, Essie?"

"'Cause it is God's thunder, and Dolly mustn't make faces; if she does, I'll whip her hard 's I can."

"Poor Dolly! I have finished the dress; you can carry her up stairs again."

Essie climbed the stairs, tugging away at the doll at every step, and keeping time with a merry little hum. As she reached the landing, she called back, "Is papa come home?" and assured by the answer that he was not, she sang the daylight away and the moon up before she was called down for tea.

"Why, mamma," said the child, "are we to have supper without papa and Philip?"

"Yes, because it is time for you to go to bed, and they are not come home."

Only half content with the answer, Esther drank her cup of milk, and said she "couldn't eat any supper without Phil," and then went up to her little bed.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

A POWERFUL EYE—THE MICROSCOPE.

IF our eyes were suddenly made as keen as those of some smaller creatures, this world would seem to us like a new and strange creation. The fly, "with his little eye," sees thousands of objects entirely invisible to us. He gathers many a satisfying meal from particles of food to his liking, which lie scattered about beyond the reach of our duller vision. To him, our finest fabrics appear like coarsely woven nets, bristling with rough spires and tufts of fiber. He sees scratches, gaps, and notches in our finest steel instruments; in his estimation, our fine needles must be but rough young crow-bars. But he can also perceive beauties hidden from us. The little insects which play in the sunshine or feed upon the flowers are to him like birds of the most charming plumage. The drop of muddy water which to us is only a repulsive object, abounds with creatures more curious and interesting in their habits than any specimens in Barnum's aquaria.

"How I wish I had eyes like a fly!" exclaims some young reader. Not

too fast, my boy. You would then have to see many things that would cause unpleasantness and give pain. The fair cheek of your favorite companion would look coarse and disgusting. Her beautiful hair would resemble a large bundle of colored rattans. You could enjoy little of the food that now looks so inviting. The Creator gave you eyes for every-day use exactly suited to the other parts of your nature. But he has also given men inventive powers, by which to increase their reach of vision. The *microscope* has been made, by which we can see even better than with an insect's eye. We can use it when we please, and look at only the objects we choose. It reveals things of the most pleasing interest. Every substance may be examined in its minutest parts, and the observer finds continual enjoyment in exploring the new fields thus opened up.

The large cost of a good microscope has prevented thousands from possessing it, who would gladly have procured it at a moderate expense. We are happy to be able to say that the microscope sold by C. H. Wheeler & Co., Boston, Mass., shown in the accompanying engraving, is just what has long been wanted. It will magnify sufficiently for all ordinary purposes, making a flea look like a young monster, and a hair like a small rope, and other things in proportion, and can be used by any child. Its cost is $2.

We wish every girl and boy to have one. It would keep them out of mischief enough to pay for itself in a single month. We are so much in earnest in this wish, that we will put it in the power of every *active, persevering* girl and boy to get one without money. We will *present* one of these beautiful instruments to any one who will send us the names of eight new subscribers for MERRY'S MUSEUM, with the money, $8. Now, then, who will have the first one, or, rather, who will be without one, when it can be got so readily? The postage on the microscope is 25 cents, which must be prepaid, if to be sent by mail.

In addition to the microscope, Messrs. Wheeler & Co. have interesting objects prepared for examination, by being properly attached to slips of glass. These consist of various insects, web of a frog's foot, parts of plants, etc., etc., all of which appear very curious when magnified. They are sold at $1 50 per dozen. We will present two of these for every additional subscriber over eight obtained by those who take the microscope premium. They are not absolutely essential for using the instrument, as any one can, with a little pains, prepare specimens for themselves; but they will be found very convenient, enough so to repay for the trouble required to earn them on the terms named above.

"MERRY" GREETING.

GLAD to see you, '63—
So we greet you, MERRY-ly;
We'll shake hands, nor try to know
What's for us as minutes flow;
Hoping good, our hearts are gay
On this Happy New Year's day.
Though the frost is all around,
MERRY hearts with love abound;
Voices like to summer birds
Give us cheer with loving words;
Faces sweet as summer flowers
Light for us the winging hours;
So, we, thankful, pass along—
Thankful too, we lift our song;
We will seek the Good and True,
And our duty we'll pursue;
Such, we pledge, our course shall be,
To each other and to thee,
Eighteen Hundred Sixty-three.

L. E.

A BRAVE BOY.

BOB WILSON was known throughout the whole town where he lived as one of the most active and successful newsboys. His cry rang out early and late, and no storm was severe enough to drive him from his post. The other newsboys feared him, for though a peaceable lad, he would not be imposed upon, and often had he thrashed boys much larger than himself, who thought they could abuse him safely. He had become accustomed to every kind of hardship, for his father was a poor drunken vagabond, his mother was dead, and he had to fight his own way through the world.

Bob became quite a favorite with the storekeepers and others whom he served with papers, for he was always punctual and cheerful. One of these, a kind-hearted man, at last invited Bob to join his Sunday-school, and gave him a new suit of clothes that he might appear properly. Bob entered into this new situation with his whole heart, for he never did anything by halves, and in a few months he was known as one of the best scholars in the whole school. He not only learned his lessons, but tried to practice what was taught him. Very soon he ceased to swear, and it was noticed that he avoided the low company that he once associated with. This made them angry with him, and they began

to persecute him. One day, after he had sold his papers, he sat resting himself in a narrow alley, two butchers who knew him began to make sport of him.

"You're getting very grand now, since the big bugs notice ye," cried one.

"Let's take the starch out of him," said the other, who was holding a large bull-dog by the collar.

"Bob," continued he, "let's hear you swear."

"No, James," replied Bob, "I don't swear any more."

"Forget your native language, eh! we'll see. Now, Bob, you rip out an old-fashioned one, or I'll set the dog on you."

Bob was silent.

"D'ye hear, young one."

But still Bob made no answer.

"Here, Bull, take him!" said the cruel man, at the same time springing forward.

He only meant to frighten Bob, for he would not have dared to let the dog attack him; but the chain slipped from his hand, and in an instant he sprang upon the poor boy, who screamed for help. The ferocious animal could not be taken off until he had mangled Bob so fearfully that he could not walk, and he had to be carried home.

Bob's Sunday-school teacher heard of the matter, and reported it to the Sunday-school. A handsome collection was taken up for him, and many of the teachers visited him and took care of him. When Bob recovered, a merchant gave him employment, and in a few years he rose to be his principal clerk. He was everywhere respected, and often pointed out as the brave boy who would not swear on any account.

"MAMMA KNOWS BEST."

"Mamma," said little Harry,
Full knee-deep in the snow,
"The boys are going a-sledding—
Dear mother, may I go?"

His mother smiled and kissed him,
But had to tell him "No,"
For he had a cold, and might grow worse,
If she should let him go.

"Oh! mother, *do*," urged Harry,
"I have not coughed to-day,
And I will wear my tippet,
If you'll let me out to play.

Ah, foolish little Harry,
To tease his mother so,
When she told him it was dangerous
To let her darling go!"

"Well, Harry, get your tippet,
And run, and play about."
Now was not mother doing wrong
To send her sick boy out?

He soon came back, and, crying,
Said, "Mamma, please, a shawl—
I'm cold and wet, and after all
I couldn't coast at all."

Poor little Harry soon grew worse—
So sick he nearly died—
And his mamma watched day and night
In sadness by his side.

And then she prayed that God would spare
Her little one from pain,
And promised she would wiser be
If he got well again.

God heard the prayer—her boy got well,
But after that confessed
'Twould better be, in snow or shine,
To say—"Mamma knows best."

E.

Merry's Monthly Chat with his Friends.

TWENTY Thousand "Happy New Years" to the Merrys! If that is not enough to go round, we'll make it Fifty Thousand. Never fear that our stock will be exhausted. It increases by being scattered. Heart-wealth always does, and we count that the richest treasure, although, of course, we must have money enough to pay the printer and the paper-maker, etc. (which, by the way, is no small item just now.) We are in earnest in our wish. The kind greetings received in the numerous letters coming in at this season of the year would be enough to warm the heart of Winter itself. It is not necessary, however, to assure you that Robert Merry and his associates are friends of the young. How many happy hours we have spent together in our parlor! Some of you have been our companions as years have carried you on from childhood to mature age, and though the thought awakens the consciousness that we must be growing older, there is no chill of age upon our affection. We are only drawn the more closely together as years ripen our acquaintance. May the coming year be a hundred-fold more fruitful in joy to you all than any preceding one. Our part, in trying to add to your pleasure and profit, shall not be wanting. But here come the Merry troops to speak for themselves.

UNCLE MERRY:—Aunt Sue having let me come as far as the door, I thought I would stop in and take a chat with the Merrys.

Puss, I should like to take your paw, but I don't want to be clawed.

Tommy, I think the best way to settle the "Handsomest Girl" question is this: Select *c. de v.'s* of three of the Brooklyn girls, and let O. O. and C. F. W. do the same in Boston, and then send them to Uncle Merry and let him decide. I know he will act fairly.

Heartsease, welcome. I think you had better sit between Tommy and Leslie.

Daisy Wildwood, if you are very wild and like to wander in the woodland, I should like to be with you; it would remind me of old times.

Jr., you are very short. Cousins all, send your faces and take mine in return.

Uncle Hi, before I entered the Merry parlor I buried the hatchet, and come before you unarmed to smoke the calumet of peace. OSCEOLA.

Osceola should be a *reddy* fellow, judging from his dialect. He intends smoking us all out, probably. Puss, fill his pipe with catnip, and raise the old scratch with him—*I* would.

NEW YORK, *Dec.* 9, 1862.

DEAR UNCLE MERRY:—A Happy New Year!—and here's my dollar, to show that I mean it. Same to you all, cousins Merry—the good wishes, not the currency. Brigadier-General Coleman, where are *you?* We want you for active service. Sybil, *must* we give you up? and *won't* you send me your carte-ograph? Wanderer's was the last received, and—girls, you might wander a good way before meeting a better-looking fellow to put in your albums. Brown-Eyes, I'm *waiting* yet. When is your "corner" to be organized? Daisy W., it was too bad of you to ask me?'s that needed answering, and then tell me I mustn't do it. Clara Harkness, yours with photograph received—much obliged. Aunt Sue, I *thought* so; it was improved by your touch. Not having the recent M.'s M.s before me, I must omit some things I wanted to say. "All the better," says Uncle Hi, "so be off!" I'm gone. WILFORLEY.

Now we call that handsome. "Enough said."

PATENT-OFFICE HOSPITAL,
WASHINGTON, *Dec.* 10, 1862.

DEAR COUSINS:—Greeting and salutation to you all! So long have I been absent, that I feel like a new comer. Permit me, therefore, to introduce "The

Subscriber, Chief Nurse of Ward 2, Patent-Office Hospital." How came I here? Like others, I desired to serve my country. After surveying the field of operations, I made up my mind that should I enlist I would in a few weeks find myself in a hospital, and therefore, to save expense to the government, anxiety to my friends, and suffering to myself, I decided to enter the hospital *first*, which I did last September, and have had no reason to repent my choice. I wish I had the time, and the MUSEUM the space, in which to give some of my experience during the last three months. The soldiers suffer here for many things. The hospital linen arrangements, through mismanagement or otherwise, have become so defective that men in my ward have gone three weeks without a change of shirts, and six weeks without a change of socks. The supply of delicacies is also limited. We need woolen shirts, drawers, and socks, and slippers, especially the latter. The cold marble floors of the Patent Office strike a death-chill through the limbs. The societies here can not or will not supply these things. If any of the MUSEUM readers have contributions which they wish to be sure of reaching the soldier, I shall be happy to receive and distribute them. Contributions in money will be acceptable, as they enable one to supply special things at special times, when a delay might cause great harm. I promise to give good account of what is intrusted to me. As of old,

WILLIE H. COLEMAN.

We knew Willie would turn up in the right spot. Though less attractive, his calling is equally noble with that of the soldier. We trust his call for aid will meet with a generous response.

UNCLE HI:—Did you ever think of how much more profitable a business it would be to turn showman, and exhibit some of those beautiful specimens of photography which some of the cousins have lavished upon you, Wilforley and Pertine for instance, than to stay cooped up in the sanctum to frighten us poor young ones out of our "seven senses?" If you would but *show* the two above-mentioned to Barnum or to Artemus Ward, they would make your fortune at once, and then you could "retire." We Chatterers would rejoice with you, I assure you. "We sorrow much" that so old and decrepit a man should be obliged to work so hard. WINIFRED.

Don't scold, Winnie. We had to hack out the "chips" to make room for evolutions preparatory to the attack on the tribe of "Dan." There's fun ahead; you can afford to wait. Uncle Will hopes you will think him worth his *wait*. He has not forgotten; he is difficult to *take*. The artist is hoping to have him finished before Christmas.

NEW YORK, *Dec.* 4.

DEAR UNCLES AND COUSINS: I am going to take Wanderer's advice, and give you a stirring up if I can. Can't we manage to get up an excitement? Wilforley, you are continually talking of Brooklyn girls. You should see some of our New Yorkers. *I* could show you some very handsome ones (*not* including *myself*).

Has our Busy Bee shut herself up for the winter? I should think she might venture out occasionally; her *sting* would be better than nothing. But if I remain any longer I shall be cut up, so good-bye from JOSIE.

CHICAGO, *Dec.* 3, 1862.

COUSINS:—I wish to console you for my long absence, immediately.

Uncle Merry, how I envy you your Album! Who has the honor of being my *vis-à-vis* therein?

Well, Oliver, at last! "I thought you'd *never* come." I'm glad that exchange proved satisfactory. W. H. C,, ditto.

Agnes, you asked for a kiss some time ago, which you may have now—from my *cheek*, though.

Why, Charlie F. W., I am at a loss *what* to say to Jean's *dis*credentials. Not liking girls is a lack of taste that is—shocking! Girls! Uncle Merry, I appeal to you—is there anything nicer? Bella B., I indorse your sentiments; though I do hope never to have that prefix before my name. Mollie Myrtle, I'm waiting—for your "face on paper." Myrtle (*minus* the Mollie), do you see me now? Very well, thank you, Geo. T. McK. Mary of J., then, of course, I like *you*.

If Willie H. C. were not so entirely "oblivious" at present, I think one sentence in your letter would awaken him. Isabel, we are neighbors, though Uncle

Merry seems to doubt it because a hundred miles separate us; he doesn't know how sociable Westerners are.

Talkative, here is a seat; but I prefer listening; so begin, and be as entertaining as possible.

Wil'-forley—no—I really believe I have nothing to say to you! Dan Burnham, am I shining now? No, indeed, Oliver need *not* look outside our parlor for pretty girls.

Black-Eyes, have you forgotten me? Lucy W. C., will you send me your *c. de v.?* Nellie Van, I send you my love.

ANNIE E. DRUMMOND.

Annie must have a great deal of "cheek" to offer a kiss in that fashion. Your *vis-à-vis* is variable, just as the humor takes us. You're sandwiched at present between two well-*bred* young gents. Isn't that *meet?*

CHICAGO, *Dec.*, 1862.

DEAR MERRYS:—I see no one is disposed to take up against W. H. C., so I withdraw; don't suppose I'm afraid, though. A. E. D., I beg your pardon.

Saucy Nell, you talk like a *man*. I have not received yours or Winifred's, or any other, but have heard from them. Folks will call you vain if you try to palm off such pictures as faithful—they are too handsome for you by half. I intend sending them to the Museum Album when they arrive.

Ha, ha, ha! so you think, do you, Leslie, that Winifred is our acknowledged queen; very well, then, I will send a copy of the Merry Queen to all the cousins that wish it—the ugliest old hag that my loving and devoted cousins could find!

My dear Aunt, now that I see what I am to expect, I would not, without the greatest respect, however, pray for an advancement of position. Just give me a corporalship, and it will satisfy me, so those rude girls will not dare to insult me.

Jim, I hope you are well; accept my love and kisses. How do you girls get on with your lint?

Saucy, I will make you take back about the handsome before we have done.

DAN H. BURNHAM.

Now, then, for war. Who takes up the cause of the Queen? "Down with Chicago! and *Burn ham*," will be the rallying cry. Won't there be a *bristling* up? "There's a high time coming." Bonaparte crossing the *Rhine* will be nothing to it.

Mattie, you are right about Jean Quilp. I know something of a blue-eyed "mayden" whose heart Jean broke. What do you say now, Jean? Geo. T. McKinney, that harum-scarum "Christabelle" wants your illuminated countenance ever so much. Glad you've reassured Jim. Thanks for the compliment, for I hardly thought my scribblings would attract attention. Madcap, come to Batavia and bring "Lightfoot." I shall have to ride Ivanhoe. "Rob Roy" is lame. I'll invite C. F. Warren and H. A. Danker to come at the same time. Fred Warren, you're counted in as a congenial spirit, and a member of the "Wildfire Club," as I intended calling our corner. Nell, I'll join you of course. Oliver O., how do do? I want to make your acquaintance dreadfully — certainly I'll exchange. Daisy W., I shall be happy to see you at Batavia. A word about this "capering" business. I am afraid I shall have to take the responsibility of *Blue*-Eyes' "capers" on my shoulders—*she* is more harum-scarum than I am, though she can keep quiet better than I can.

BROWN-EYES.

PENSACOLA, *Oct.* 11, 1862.

DEAR MERRY:—I make the following proposition to any one who shall send me his or her carte de visite: I promise, at the very first opportunity, to send my own in return. We have not been since we left New York to any place where such a thing could be had, or I should have written sooner. I am pretty certain that I shall soon have a chance, so you will not have to wait long.

Any one who shall comply with the above request, will be remembered by

JASPER.

We will forward any cards committed to our care for him.

LE ROY, *Sept.* 1, 1862.

DEAR UNCLE HIRAM:—Are we to have the good old *feudal* times of *all feuds*, or is our Chat to sink to the level of a fashionable conversazione? Won't somebody give us a little more algebra?

Uncle Hi, I charge you with a breach of etiquette. I notice that in the parlor you always keep your hat; yet—horrid pun, to be sure—but—can you tell why it resembles a bullet? "Cos" it ain't (*very well*) pointed! There, do you see the point—I mean the edge? To be sure the joke isn't as sharp as the subject, for though it may have "been through the mill," it is only "*cracked*," and not *ground!* (If I survive this attempt I will let you know.)

O. O., I think that "cutting" must have been a *barbar*ous affair. I think the West ought to be included in the decision of the P. G. question. We claim to have some of that sort out here.

Wilforley, let's make an alliance, offensive and defensive. Please don't say anything more about *Older*, senior, or anything of the sort, and I will never *willfully* massacre your name.

Daisy, *do* you know Ellian? Please tell her—but here I am at the end of my paper. I will tell you *what* to tell her next time. ADELBERT OLDER.

To be just square with you, A. O., in the puniest sort of a pun, I hold to a *hat-chat*, free and easy, hats on or off, as suits each one's taste or fancy—*few*-dal or many-dal, according to numbers and spunk—al-*gebra*-ical, or *gab*-crical, as the spirit of the hour moves.

You charge me with a breach of etiquette. Who should wear the breeches in this Chat, if not (H)I?

Extracted Essences.

MICHIGANDER comes in full feather, and is welcome.

FIDDLESTICKS would like to scrape acquaintance with the cousins. Who wants a beau?

MAY CLAYTON has been long waiting at the door. You *may* come in. Daisy W. and Busy Bee will welcome you.

MINNIE J. claims neighborship with Marian, and inquires if Blue-Eyes ever attended T. G. I. Does that mean Truant Girls' Institution?

SID enters as a *green* one, and says he turns as *red* as a beet. Never fear, Sid, though we give you a warm welcome, you shall not be done brown.

S. D. H. promises her (?) picture to Dan H. B. if he will not use it as a scarecrow. Is she So Dreadful Homely?

JESSIE R. takes a seat by Cap David, and asks for Winifred's photo. David, take off your cap. Winnie, can't you make up a face for your new cousin?

AGNES runs wild in French, suggests to turn Uncle Hi into a spider, admires Pussy's *clause*, and says she knows the cause of Leslie's heart-ache. The saucy mutton! Never mind; send your address to Uncle Robert—he has a letter for you.

APPLE BLOSSOM is most welcome; she shall have a place with Daisy Wildwood, and Busy Bee will give her especial attention.

WANDERER.—Your *c de v.* is received, and takes its place in the Merry album. Also D. P. and W. W. W.'s We shall be glad to receive from all the Merry group and will send Robert Merry's in return.

ACCORDING to promise, we send the portrait of ROBERT MERRY in this month's number to all whose subscriptions for 1863 were received before the numbers were mailed. We wish all who pay up to 1864 to receive the portrait, and have decided to extend the time for sending the money to Feb. 1st. The portrait will be inclosed in the February number to all who shall have paid up by that time; and while sending your own, if each one will send us at least one new subscriber, it will aid us much in our labors.

THE FAIRY ALBUM.—Messrs. J. E. Tilton & Co., of Boston, the well-known manufacturers of photograph albums and publishers of choice juveniles, have just got ready a combination of the Juvenile and Album, with the above title, for a holiday gift. It is made exactly like the larger album, holding twenty-four of the prettiest letter-pictures (real photographs)! The little album and the letter cards are also furnished separate.

EXCELLENT JUVENILES FOR THE HOLIDAYS.—Although we have but little room to spare in this number of the MUSEUM, we can not help mentioning a few of the more deserving books of this class.

THE BOBBIN BOY is a true life of Major-General N. P. Banks, showing how he rose from a very poor boy to be governor of Massachusetts, and now one of the first generals in the land. Price 75 cents.

THE PRINTER BOY, by the same author, is a true life of Benjamin Franklin; how he rose in life. Price 75 cents.

Then there are for younger children:

THE LIFE OF DANDY JACK, a handsomely illustrated book of animals, written as well as designed by Hannah Billings. Price 50 cents.

THE FOURTEEN PET GOSLINGS, a beautifully illustrated book of all the pets a little boy owned. The above for sale at the principal bookstores.

THE American Tract Society of Boston publish some very attractive and instructive books, which make splendid holiday presents for the children.

UNCLE PAUL'S STORIES is one of the best books of the season, and profusely illustrated. It consists of short and entertaining stories, all adapted to aid children in the path of right and duty.

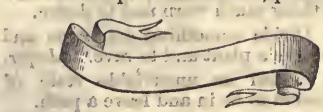
THE WINTER SCHOOL; or, the Boy's Campaign against one of their Worst Enemies, is another beautiful volume which should find a place in many a "Merry" household. We can recommend them as excellent books for Sunday-schools as well as private libraries. For sale by Broughton, Bible House, New York city.

The Work-Table.

HERE are some pretty designs for marking handkerchiefs. Mark the pattern through, on to your handkerchief, with a sharp-pointed-pencil; then go over the lead-pencil with marking ink, and write your name in the center.

Shaving-paper Case.—Procure some imitation green morocco, and cut two

pieces out, the shape of a large vine leaf. Upon one of them imitate the veins of the leaf by working a chain-stitch, or back-stitch, with light green silk; the leaf so veined is for the right side of the case. Cut your papers the size and shape of the leaves; place them



between the leather leaves, then pass a wire through all, near the stem, and cover it with green ribbon, to *imitate* the stem, leaving a loop in the wire by which to hang it up. This makes a very ornamental case to hang on a bureau or shaving stand, and is a very suitable gift for "papa."

AUNT SUE.

Aunt Sue's Puzzle Drawer.

CLEMENTINA and BIRDIE send an equal number of correct answers to the November puzzles; had there been three of equal merit, we might have drawn the prize by lot; but as there are only two, we prefer to give each a prize.

Birdie will please send her address.

Questions, Enigmas, Charades, etc.

357. A little seed, one sunny morn,
Down to the earth was gently borne;
A quiet resting-place it found,
Slowly it sank beneath the ground.

And rain and dews its progress nursed,
Till from the earth there sprang my first.

The spring had come. A blossom rare
Sent forth its fragrance on the air;
Its leaves expanded day by day,
Till gentle winds waft them away.
But we mourn not the blossom rare—
Behold my next lies nestled there.

Far, far away in a warmer zone,
Where frost and snow are never known,
Where earth is ever clothed in green—
There, there it is my whole is seen,
A fruit of that far southern clime,
Where it is ever summer time.
Adelbert Older.

358. My first is "for;" my second and fourth are pronouns; my third is an article; my whole is a god.
Guilielmus.

359. Take a letter from a piece of kitchen furniture and leave something furious. *Tommy.*

360. Divide a sensibility and leave a reward and a fish.

361. Divide a measure and leave something much worn and to desire.

362. Divide something enormous and leave a plant and to rave. *Jasper.*

363. Curtail an unenviable state of mind to be in and leave a path.
Minx.

364. Why is a hog, just purchased, like 120 pounds of steel? *C. W. J.*

NAMES OF PLACES.

365. The name of a race of men, a vowel, and a Greek word signifying a city. *A. S. W.*

366. A state of equality and a verb.
Bertha.

367. A letter on a title. *Mary A. E.*

PLANTS AND FLOWERS PARAPHRASED.

368. Animal, vegetable.

369. Crack monster.

370. Storm scale. *Jasper.*

371. Behead part of a vessel and leave a fish; curtail, and leave tranquility. *Juvenis.*

372. Resolve what made Jackson a President, into a household article.

373. My first is a nickname; my second, in sound, asks a question; my third is an article; my fourth is an adverb, and my whole is a flower. *Louise.*

374. My first is a verb; my second is seen in a hat; my third is often used for a signal; my fourth is the same as my second, and my whole is the given name of the writer.
Marie.

375. I am composed of 10 letters:
My 7, 5, 10 is a medicine.
My 6, 9, 1 is an adverb.
My 4, 2, 8, 3 may always be seen in Broadway.
My whole is a city. *Louise.*

376. Transpose a tree into a hollow vessel. *Bob C. L.*

377. D written off for air, hinge learn a channel. *Ned W.*

378. XA100T. *Blanche.*

379. My first is a letter; my second stern looking; my third is a vowel; my fourth close by, and my whole a plant. *S. D. H.*

(*D. W.* offers a photograph of himself to the first one who shall answer the following enigma:)

380. I am composed of 19 letters: my 3, 7, 5—13, 8, 18, 12—15, 14, 10, 2—17, 11, 19, 5—1, 7, 17, 16, 7, 2—6, 2, 7, 18—4, 15, 11, 9, 18—and 4, 7, 8, 17, 18, 13 are birds: my whole is the name of a bird.
D. P. & W. W. W

381. A royal enigma in 33 letters:
My 15, 19, 33, 11, 8 was King of Turkey; died 1520.
My 22, 19, 6, 4, 14, 2, 23, 12, 4 was King of Germany; died 1564.
My 12, 11, 2, 14, 1, 24 was King of Assyria, died 2000 B.C.
My 29, 18, 13, 32, 24 was King of Lydia; died 1223 B.C.
My 12, 20, 17, 3, 2, 9, 15, 24, 16, 6 was King of Babylon; died 747 B.C.
My 31, 18, 2, 7, 4, 19, 15 was King of Parthia; died 55 B.C.
My 27, 5, 26, 1 was a King of Mercia; died 794.
My 21, 11, 28, 10 was an officer under King James II.
My 25, 3, 33, 33, 15 were first instituted in England, in Edward the Third's reign.
My whole is a proverb.
Chas. N. Jones.

382. I am composed of three words: my first is a verb; my second a

pronoun; my third is the opposite of my first; my whole is a river.
Guilielmus.

383. What stream of water contains, 1, a chart; 2, an animal; 3, a toy; 4, two kitchen utensils; 5, three nicknames; 6, an article of clothing; 7, two articles of furniture; 8, a river; 9, a bird; 10, a ditch; 11, a preposition; 12, to strike; 13, quick; 14, a resting-place for troops? *Evening Star.*

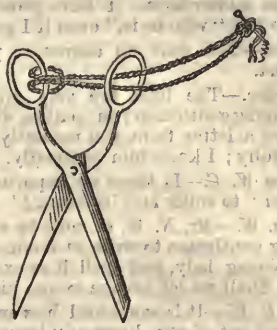
384. My first is an article of clothing; my first and second combined form a trade; my third is a conjunction; my whole is the name of a cape.
Bob C. L.

BIBLE QUESTION.

385. Explain why the word "prophesy" should have been used in the 68th verse of the 26th chap. of Matthew. *Aunt Sue.*

386. HIEROGLYPHICAL REBUS.

387. PUZZLE.



To remove the shears from the ring—the end of the string being firmly fastened to a nail in the wall, or some other object, which can not be put through the handles of the shears.

(Easily performed—when you know how.)

(*Answers to the foregoing must be sent in on or before the 10th of February.*)

Answers to Questions in Nov. No.

296. Mutton.
297. Moss-rose.
298. Lipogram.
299. Elmer Elsworth.
300. Iowa.
301. New York, New York.
302. Dun-fish.
303. Purloin.
304. Pawpaw.
305. Crane-fly.
306. Maple.
307. Trug, rug.
308. Enumerating.
309. Embrocation.
310. Virulent.
311. Combativeness.
312. Midshipman.
313. Sport.
314. Season.
315. Excommunication.
316. Acrobats.
317. Lake, sake, Jake, bake, wake, make, rake, hake, cake, fake, take.
318. Amethyst.
319. Because it bears the palm.
320. Orpine.
321. BOX.
322. Skull-cap.
323. Bone-set.
324. Youth's Cabinet.
325. Emery Bennett Holden.
326. Ferdinand de Soto.
327. IDIOM.

CLEMENTINA answers all but 298, 302, 305, 307, 319, 320, 327.

BIRDIE answers all but 304, 305, 307, 319, 322, 323, 327.

C. M. E. answers all but 296, 300, 304, 307, 309, 316, 319, 327.

Mary A. E. answers all but 302, 304, 305, 307, 316, 319, 320, 323, 327.

Bertha answers all but 296, 298, 305, 307, 309, 316, 319, 320, 322, 323.

C. F. W., J. A. R., and D. P. & W. W. W. answer all but 298, 301, 302, 303, 304, 305, 308, 313, 319, 323.

K. C. answers all but 301, 302, 305, 307, 317, 319, 320, 322, 323, 325, 327.

E. E. L. answers all but 297, 299, 300, 302, 304, 307, 309, 316, 319, 321, 322.

C. W. J. answers all but 297, 298, 302, 307, 316, 318, 319, 320, 322, 323, 327.

Alice Clayton answers all but 298, 302, 304, 305, 310, 311, 313, 314, 316, 319, 320, 321, 327.

Arthur (No. 2) answers all but 296, 297, 299, 301, 304, 314, 315, 316, 318, 324, 325, 326.

M. L. Dolbeer answers all but 297, 299, 300, 308, 309, 311, 312, 313, 314, 315, 317, 324.

Johnny answers 299, 300, 305, 312, 314, 315, 317, 322, 324.

Sadie R. B. answers 296, 297, 299, 310, 312, 316, 317.

Josie answers 297, 299, 303, 314, 318, 324, 326.

Jim answers 296, 297, 299, 306, 314, 315, 321.

Osceola answers 296, 301, 312, 314, 324.

Echo answers 296, 297, 299, 326.

Blanche answers 296, 297.

Jr. answers 296, 297.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Elfie Dryad.—I am glad I guessed right; but I will keep very mum! *Pertine* shall get your hint.

Chips "tenders his best graces to the ladies—*Fleta* and *Winifred* in particular—and politely tips his hat to *Jasper* and the rest of the gentlemen generally." He would like to exchange *c. de v.* with all of the MERRY circle. Begin with Box 111, Brooklyn, *Chips*. Did you fancy I could mistake you for a chip feminine?

H. A. Danker.—I should much like to go with you through the lunatic asylum; for although it is a sad sight, yet it leaves one so grateful for their senses, that trouble seems to sit lighter after a visit there. Last summer I visited the Kings County Lunatic Asylum, and there I saw a man who was *blind, lame, ill,* and *crazy!* I don't think I uttered a complaint for a whole month after that sight.

Pertine.—"He" is not very dreadful.

Zephyr.—I *should* have considered it a "great loss."

Adelbert Older.—I am glad you liked your "third prize." *S. R. B.* asks if I "really gave a prize every month," or if it is "only a figure of speech." How can I prove that you and *H. A. D.*, *C. F. W.*, *Lucy W. C.*, and others are *bona fide* individuals, and have received prizes in good faith?

S. R. B.—I "really" do give a prize every month for the greatest number of correct answers, besides various other prizes for hieroglyphic rebuses, extra puzzles, etc., etc. Since February, 1860, we have given over forty monthly prizes.

Osceola.—I won't tell. Didn't I once address you without an introduction?

Winifred.—I don't know who he is; I have not seen the photographs of either *Pertine, Blue-Eyes, Marian,* or *Leslie;* although I am ready to exchange with any or all. Kiss *Leila A.* for me.

Alice Clayton wishes to exchange *c. de v.* with *Annie E. D.*; she also intends appropriating some of those "tips" that *Beauclerc* speaks about

Buckeye Ike.—I received no answer with your "wrong" enigma. (Do we find it South?)

M. L. D.—I don't think I ever did taste any "sorghum molasses;" will you give me some when I come to your house to tea?

Some one seeing *Busy Bee's* enigmas, in some of the late numbers of the MUSEUM, asks if we hear from her now. No, indeed, I wish we did; the enigmas are some which have been waiting their turn.

Josie.—I shall look for that vignette. I have heard nothing from *Homely Face* on the subject. Thank you for writing to the soldier-boys. I have promised not to tell "who he is," even if I guess.

Echo.—You sent no answer to your enigma.

Pertine.—The lines are very pretty. The young gentleman you mention would receive a letter from you modestly and gratefully; I know him personally.

Lucy W. C.—Is there no opportunity for *you* "to suffer and be strong?"

Mrs. W.—*Mr. N. W. C.* must be a *very* young gentleman to write such nonsense to a young lady, and spell it so execrably. Shall we let his age excuse him?

A. S. W.—It is wonderful how much you got out of your heart of "hearts."

K. C.—The MUSEUM feels complimented when called to a sick-bed. The "rottatery" conundrum is good, but has been in print.

The "lady of Brooklyn" was quite right.

Clementina.—Thanks for the pretty little heart—I soon released the cruel dart. I credit you with Prize No. 1.

Wanderer.—Clementina thanks you for your *c. de v.* I was nformed that it looks very handsome in her album, but I don't know whether I am to state that fact to you or not.

C. F. Warren.—Thanks for the last *c. de v.*; it is a great improvement on the first, which (the latter, which in this case is the first) is subject to your disposal.

D. P. & W. W. W.—I know nothing about the business part of the magazine, but have sent your question to Mr. Stearns.

Arthur (No. 2).—You have been a long time coming; a welcome has been waiting for you all this time. The blanks are filled with the words in *italics* resolved into the original word.

"*Who am I?*" *Josie.* Thank you.

Thanks for enigmas, etc., to *C. M. E.*, *Winifred*, *A. Older*, *Sadie R. B.*, *Amity St.*, *Osceola*, and *M. L. Dolbeer*.

THE PRIZE SENTENCE.

After much cogitation, agitation, and examination, we have concluded to give the prizes to the best six sentences, containing forty or more letters. Those in *italics* are pronounced to be the smoothest and most sensible. We will publish the best sentences besides, of over thirty letters, that the cousins may judge of the fairness of our decision. Some containing nothing but nonsense, others which contain some words not quite acceptable to "ears polite," and the very short ones we must consign to oblivion. We have received some very excellent sentences of from fifteen to twenty-six letters from *Birdie*, *H. A. D.*, *J. A. R.*, *John H. E.*, *C. F. W.*, *Fred W. C. C.*, *Alice Clayton*, *C. M. E.*, and others, but they do not show as much ingenuity and patience as the longer ones. Here they are:

From the word "maiden."

1. *Ida, a maiden, a mean man named Ned Dean, and Media, a mad dame, made me mend a die and a dime, and mind a mine in a dim den in Maine.*
(96 *letters.*) *Amity Street.*

From "maiden."

2. *A mean man named Dan, and a mad maiden named Ida, made me mend a dime and a die in a dim mine.*
(69 *letters.*) *Adelbert Older.*

From "danish."

3. *I said Dan Dash has a shad in his hand, and I had danish sand in a dish.*
(53 *letters.*) *Maggie L. C.*

From "hearts."

4. *Seth rates art as trash; art hates trash as the earth hates tares.* *A. S. W.*
(52 *letters.*)

From "sailed."

5. *A sad, idle lad said, "Ladies, lead Delia aside as I slide."* *George W. B.*
(43 *letters.*)

From "trains."

6. *Sin in a saint is as tar in satin, as a stain in a star.* *Clementina.*
(40 *letters.*)

(The writers of sentences Nos. 1, 3, 4, and 5 will please send their addresses, that the gold pens may be forwarded.)

From "stream."

7. As master Sam Ames met a rat, a ram, a mare, a team at rest at a stream at a mart, a mate at sea at a mast ate tame meat at tea. *K. C.*
(91 letters.)

From "trains."

8. As Nat's air-train ran in an ant's stair (a sin in art), I, a saint in satin, sat in a rain. *Lucy W. C.*
(63 letters.)

From "denial."

9. I laid a dial in a lead den, and nailed an alien lad, Daniel, in. *Minx.*
(47 letters.)

From "master."

10. Sam Smart, rest master Mat's mare at Mear's east stream. *F. de G.*
(43 letters.)

From "remain."

11. Mean men remain near me in a marine mine in Maine. *Mary A. E.*
(39 letters.)

From "shamed."

12. A mad dame shamed me as she made a sham dash. *Ned W.*
(34 letters.)

From "pirate."

13. Pat, a pert pirate, rapt, ate rat-pie at tea. *Winifred.*
(32 letters.)

From "hearts."

14. She ate her share as she sat at rest.
(28 letters.) *M. L. Dolbeer.*

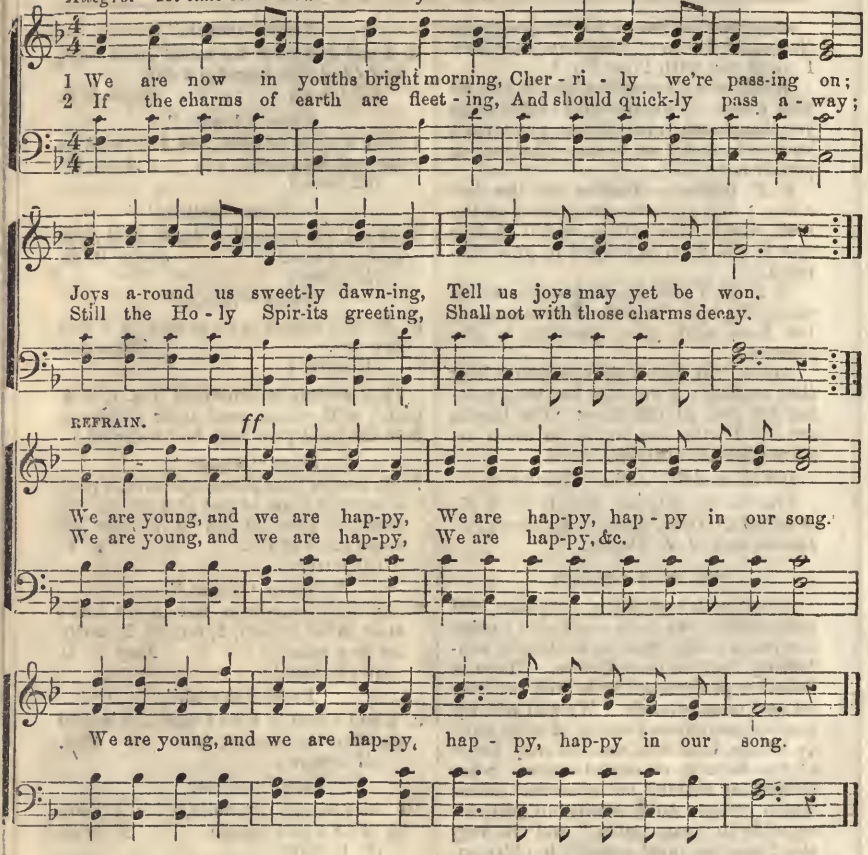
We shall be happy to receive any comments upon our decision from any of the cousins.

THE HAPPY SONG.

From "Golden Shower" *By permission of* William B. Bradbury.

Words by Mrs. Lydia Baxter.

Allegro. 1*st time semichorus.* 2*nd time full chorus.*


1 We are now in youths bright morning, Cher - ri - ly we're pass-ing on;
2 If the charms of earth are fleet - ing, And should quick-ly pass a - way;
Joys a-round us sweet-ly dawn-ing, Tell us joys may yet be won.
Still the Ho - ly Spir-its greeting, Shall not with those charms decay.
REFRAIN.
ff
We are young, and we are hap-py, We are hap-py, hap - py in our song.
We are young, and we are hap-py, We are hap-py, &c.
We are young, and we are hap-py, hap - py, hap-py in our song.

3 Wisdom's cheering voice invites us,
To the feast of Jesus' love,
And a foretaste here delights us,
On our way to realms above.
We are young, &c,

4 When we cross the shining Portal,
On the banks of yonder shore,
And are clothed in robes immortal,
We'll be happy ever more.
We are young, &c.

THE MERRY SONG. (*Written for the* Museum.)

Hail! all hail! to the New Year's morning,
Happy may its course still run;
May each hour, with joyous dawning,
Greet us as we're passing on.
Chorus.—Happy New Year—Happy New Year—
Happy New Year to the Merry throng;
Happy New Year—Happy New Year,
Shout it in a merry song.

Though the joys of earth are fleeting,
And must quickly pass away,
Still the memory of this greeting
Shall rejoice the coming day.
Chorus.—Happy New Year, etc.

Love's endearing bonds unite us—
May this year increase the ties;
And while new joys still delight us,
May we ever friendship prize.
Chorus.—Happy New Year, etc.

THE HOME SOCIETY.

FIFTH MEETING.

"NOW, give it to me, Frank! Ah, won't you? That's a good brother!"

"Oh, *isn't* it sweet—*mh*—*mh*—ha! ha! ha!" and away Frank ran across the sitting-room, flourishing a half-opened letter, with Kate in full chase after him, while the other children looked on, evidently enjoying the sport.

Just then Uncle Fred opened the door, for it was the hour of meeting.

"What now, Master Flyaway?" asked he, as he saw Frank's glee, who had stopped running when he heard the door open, and stood holding the paper high above his head.

"Franky's got Kate's valentine, and he's going to read it to the Society," exclaimed little Susie.

"Certainly, by all means; that is, provided Kate is willing," said Uncle Fred.

"She was most interested in it, I'm sure," remarked John, dryly.

"It looks real pretty," said Henrietta; "but we've had fun enough with it for once," added she immediately, as she saw that Kate was taking the matter to heart, and was just ready to cry. And Frank, who only wanted to tease her a little, returned it to Kate.

It was indeed a pretty-looking letter. The envelop was of large size, and contained a picture of Cupid seated on a basket of flowers, with two turtle-doves at his feet, and musical instruments around him, all tastefully colored, and the border beautifully ornamented in imitation of lace-work.

"Please tell us about valentines, Uncle Fred," asked George, as soon as quiet was restored and the company were seated. "How did they come into fashion? And what do you think of the custom?"

"One question at a time, please," replied Uncle Fred. "St. Valentine, after whom the day was named, is said to have been an officer in the early Christian Church, who was beheaded at Rome by order of the Emperor Claudius. There is nothing recorded in his life which could have given rise to the custom among young people of choosing particular friends for a year, and sending love-notes on the day dedicated to him, although the notion is a very old one. It is said that on that day, February 14th, birds choose their mates, but that is hardly credible; they certainly pair before spring-time, but I imagine they are not particular as to the day, provided a suitable choice can be found."

"Are there any old-maid birds?" asked Susie, at which all laughed heartily.

But Uncle Fred said, "That question is worthy examining; it would take a good naturalist to decide it with certainty."

Henrietta reminded him that he had not given his opinion about the propriety of sending valentines.

"Oh," replied he, "it's very pleasant nonsense, when the privilege is not abused by sending notes intended to wound the feelings of others. It's much like the quack medicine, which would not do much good, if it did not do much harm."

Just then the company were startled by Bridget, the new servant girl, bursting into the room, exclaiming, "Och, sure, missus, the evil spirit's in the kettle; and it dances a jig, and if iver I comes near to it, it spits at me."

All immediately started for the kitchen, to see this wonder, but they could scarcely restrain themselves when they saw the innocent cause of the ignorant and superstitious girl's fright. There was a small leak in the bottom of the kettle, which was sitting upon the hot stove, and as the water was converted into steam, it forced the kettle upward, and escaped with a puff, making the "spitting" noise heard by Bridget.

The children wondered that she should be alarmed by this, but it was not very surprising, for she had but lately come to America, and had never used a stove before, and the curious actions of the kettle were entirely new to her.

"Steam is a wonderful power," said George, after they had quieted Bridget's fears and resumed their places in the sitting-room. "I have lately been reading about the invention of the steam-engine. It is said that the invention was suggested to Mr. Watt when a boy, while he was watching the lid move up and down on the tea-

kettle, and trying to find out what caused it."

"That is the story," said John, "but I guess it isn't exactly true, for Mr. Watt only improved the steam-engine, which was invented before. The account which I read said that the first working steam-engine of which there is any record was constructed by Thomas Savery, an Englishman, to whom a patent was granted for it in the year 1698."

"John is correct," said Uncle Fred. "His engine, however, was but a rude contrivance, and its use was quite dangerous. It was employed for raising water from mines. It consisted of an iron vessel shaped like an egg, with a tube at each end, which could be closed by a stop-cock. The lower tube was closed, the vessel was filled with steam, which forced all the air out through the upper tube. Then the upper stop-cock was closed, and the steam within the vessel was cooled, and made to return to water again, by pouring cold water upon the outside of the vessel. This left the vessel almost empty, for you know that steam takes up a great deal more room than the water from which it was formed. After the vessel was thus emptied, the lower tube was opened, and the water from below rushed up into the vessel."

"What made it rush up?" asked Kate.

"Because the outside air pressed upon the water, and there was no air in the vessel to resist the pressure," was the answer.

"Then," continued Uncle Fred, "after the vessel was filled with water, the lower tube was closed, the upper one opened, and more steam was let in, which forced the water out through the upper tube. It would require many hours to fully explain the various improvements made upon the steam-engine by different persons. A curious anecdote is told of a boy whose love of play led him to apply an ingenious contrivance to the engine. He was hired to turn certain valves, by which the steam was admitted and condensed in the cylinder. But becoming tired of the work, and wishing to join his companions, he arranged some strings to the machinery of the engine, by which the valves were regularly opened and closed without any watching. His employers perceived that the engine worked unusually well, and praised him for so punctually fulfilling his duty; but ere long, they found him at play while the engine was at work, and then the secret came out, and they had no further use for his services."

"Have not most great discoveries been made by accident?" asked Frank.

"No," answered Uncle Fred. "They have usually resulted from careful observation and study, by men who were not satisfied with the first look at anything. Bridget in the kitchen there would never invent a steam-engine from seeing the kettle dance; a philosopher might be led to, from seeking the cause of the curious phenomenon."

"What does phenomenon mean?" asked Susie, who had been listening with all her might, and trying to keep up with the discussion, which she could hardly comprehend.

"It means something which happens, which can not be explained at first sight," said Henrietta.

"Like thunder and lightning, and earthquakes, and water-spouts," suggested Frank.

A WATER-SPOUT.

"I can make a phenomenon," said Susie.

"Tell us how," said John.

"Why, turn the handle to the water-pipe," replied Susie; "that would make the water spout."

"Not that kind of water-spouts," said Henrietta, when they had ceased laughing at the child's very natural mistake. "I'll show what is meant." And opening her Natural Philosophy, she pointed to the picture of one.

"Why, what makes the water spout up and down too?" asked Susie.

"I can not tell; ask Uncle Fred," replied Henrietta.

"And I can not tell," answered he. "The reason is not known. Some think it is caused by two currents of wind meeting and forming a whirlpool of air, in which the clouds above and the water below are drawn together. Others suppose that it is made in some way by electricity."

"Have you ever seen one?" asked Frank.

"Yes," replied Uncle Fred, "but it was at such a distance from the vessel in which I was sailing, that I could not observe it very particularly."

"I think I should like to be a sailor," said Frank, "to see all the wonderful things on the ocean, and to visit foreign countries."

"And wear old clothes, and smell of tar, and live on salt pork," added Kate.

"Oh, that's nothing, when you get used to it. I would be willing to do all that, if I could see some of the grand sights I have read of. The great waves dashing on the rocks, and the whales, and the curious sea-birds, and thousands of splendid sights."

"And you might have a chance to see the bottom of the ocean," suggested John.

"Time's up," said Uncle Fred, looking at his watch; and again they separated unwillingly, for each had many things yet to speak of, which had been suggested by the topics of the hour.

DANTE'S "Descent into Inferno" was probably a *posthumous* work.

CHIEF end of man—money. Chief end of woman—matri-mony.

POETICAL name for a wheat field—A flour garden.

A TRAVELER states that the people of England are greatly afflicted with the liver-y complaint.

HOLY water is probably obtained from the Papal *See*.

SAMUEL WILSON, JR.

PHILIP SNOW'S WAR.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "KATE MORGAN'S SOLDIERS," "NAT'S SHOES," ETC.

CHAPTER III.

ESSIE was asleep. An hour had passed. The full moon had risen above the hills, and shone down into the river valley. The full moon shone into Essie's room.

Mrs. Snow entered it very cautiously, and approached the sleeper. A smile waved over the tiny face, and rippled an instant about the parted lips, and the dreamer said, "I may laugh, mamma, now, just as much I want to."

The mother knelt down beside the bed of her darling, and hid her face.

The shades of light crept across the carpet very slowly, and up the white coverlet, until a ray of moonlight touched Essie's face. It made the child uneasy in her sleep, and aroused the mother.

Kissing hastily, and noticing how far the moon had gained in its course, she shut its light out from the room, and went down.

Anxiety had given place to alarm, and Mrs. Snow paced up and down the short walk from the house to the street-gate. With every moment that Time gave, Imagination grew mightier. At last she opened the gate, and extended her walk a short distance; but the remembrance of Essie, alone, within the house, drew her back. She stood, listening intently, at the gate; but the air was filled with the noise of summer insects, so that no ear but one as anxious as her own could have heard the low whistle of Stephen Waite, as he kept up his patrol in the vicinity of the poplar, waiting for Philip Snow.

The whistle grew impatient as Mrs. Snow approached. Stephen saw the shadow stealing on under the tree, and, not doubting for an instant but that it was owned by his friend, called out, "Phil, I've been waiting an age for you. I was just going on without you."

"I beg your pardon, madam," added Stephen, immediately perceiving his mistake, as the lady stood revealed in the moonlight.

"Stephen, you are Philip's friend, are you not?" quickly asked Mrs. Snow.

"Yes, madam."

"And you would do him a kindness?"

"A thousand, and be thankful, if he'd only let me."

"I thought so, and I am going to ask you to do one now. There is no one in the house but Essie, and she is asleep. Will you go and stay there until I come back?"

"I will," said Stephen; "but," and he came back a few steps, "can't I do something else for you; can't I go, and let you stay?"

"No, I thank you; only stay with Essie."

Mrs. Snow hurried along the street in the direction she had seen her husband and son take. Stephen Waite opened the gate, and letting the latch spring with a sharp click, he went up the walk, and sat down upon the stone step at the door. There was no light within the house but the light of the moon, and so Stephen waited outside. He grew lonely after a little while. Stephen hated looking at the moon. He would rather snow-ball it any time, and he worked out his hatred

now by gathering green withes of the plantain, and switching away at it with all his might. Then the busy droning of insects grew disagreeable to him, so he fell into the boy's never-failing comfort of whistling. Occasionally he ceased to scourge the air that lay between him and the moon, hushed his own music, and glanced through the open doorway into the house, wondering at the miserly woman who shut her door at evening because she thought it was a sin to waste the moonlight on the floor.

But Stephen did not waste a second thought on the woman, on one of the retrospective occasions, for he saw a little figure standing in the doorway. It wore a white night-dress, and two tiny feet were disclosed in the moonlight. How it came there Stephen could not imagine, for he thought that he had been a very miracle of silence.

"Phil, where's mamma?" asked Essie, only half awake.

Stephen tried to assume Phil's voice, and answered, "She is coming home by-and-by.

Essie discovered the deception, and, uttering a small cry of alarm, the feet fled out of the moonlight, and the figure hid itself behind the door.

"Oh, Essie. Essie Snow, I didn't mean to frighten you. *I never frighten girls.* It's Steve Waite."

Essie peeped through the crack of the door, only half-convinced, and asked, "What are you there for? and where is everybody? I want mamma." And Essie began to sob.

"Oh, here is a bother—a crying girl. What shall I do with it," thought Steve.

He called out, "You're not afraid of me, are you, Essie?"

"No; but I want to see my mamma," sobbed the child.

"Well, you go to bed again, and I will sit here until your mother comes, and then I'll tell her, and she will be up there in half a jiffy."

Essie continued to sob behind the door, quite heedless now of Stephen, or any words from him.

"I declare it's too bad to make a nurse out of me," exclaimed Stephen; and he jumped up suddenly, and dashed down his plaintain withes with a concluding stroke at the moon, and went in. "Come," said he, pushing the door out of Essie's grasp, "this won't do; you'll take cold, and have the measles, or something just as bad;" and he seized the white little figure, willing or not willing, in his arms, and walked up stairs with it. But at the head of the staircase the little leader paused. "I say, Essie, whereabouts did you come from?"

"In there," gasped Essie, between grief and alarm, and she pointed toward the room.

Without putting her down, Stephen pushed the door open, carried her in, and laid her in bed. He covered her up as closely as if it was December cold, instead of summer warmth, that she was to be defended from, and begged that she wouldn't get croup until her mother came.

"Oh, I won't; don't *you* be afraid," said Essie, quite soothingly, "I don't want to go to sleep a bit more; I had a naughty, big dream."

"Tell me what it was about, Essie," said Stephen, standing beside the bed.

"I can't tell anybody but mamma, 'cause 'twas about my papa, and mamma said I mustn't talk about him to anybody, only her."

"Well, then, don't, Essie. Good-bye. I'll sit on the steps until Phil and your mother come home."

"Oh, I *won't*—I *can't*," exclaimed

Essie, sitting up suddenly, as if she meditated a second descent to the regions below. "I want you to stay here, in this same room, till they come."

"Well, then, Essie, if you won't cry any more, and will go to sleep, I will stay," and Stephen threw back the blinds and seated himself before the windows. He couldn't switch the moon now, for he had left his withes on the grass, so he drummed "Yankee Doodle" and "Greenville" alternately on the window-ledge, and thought little girls were great vexations in the world, and wondered what had taken Mr. Snow and Phil away.

"I declare this is pokier than staying at home without Phil," he exclaimed, after a dreary length of time, and he glanced cautiously at the bed, hoping that Essie was asleep.

"Why don't you do something?" asked Essie, lifting up her head, "you've been whistling this big while."

"What *shall* I do—what can I do—but sit here and wait?"

"Just say, 'Now I lay me.'"

"I don't know it, Essie."

"Don't know 'Now I lay me!'" and the little head raised itself from the pillow with great emphasis.

"No, Essie, I don't know it."

"Then I can teach you; you can learn it easy."

"You say it, Essie."

"Well, fold your hands right before you, just as if you were holding them out for something that you *wanted* God to give you to hold *ever so tight.* Look at me!" and Essie held up her little folded hands in the moonlight, and with the same light shining full in her face said, "This is it:

'Now I lay me down to sleep,
I pray the Lord my soul to keep;
If I should die before I wake,
I pray the Lord my soul to take.'

Now, isn't that nice? it's so easy, too. you say it."

"But I am not going to bed now, Essie."

"Well, you can remember it when you go home, and say it then."

"Don't you know something else?" asked Stephen, much relieved that Essie had not insisted upon his instant performance of the lesson.

"Oh, yes, ever so many. I get a new one every night, and I forgot mine to-night; so I am going to pray it now, and you must hear me, because mamma is gone;" and with upturned face, and closed eyes, and hands earnestly clasped, she said:

"Our Father, who art in heaven, I didn't know 'twas your thunder to-day, or I wouldn't have made Dolly make faces at it. Dolly didn't know any better, and I didn't; please to forgive me this time, and I won't never do so any more, if you let me live ever so long."

Then the eyes unclosed, the hands unclasped, and Essie looked at Stephen.

"What are you crying for? are you afraid?" she asked in dismay.

Stephen had laid his head on the window-ledge and was, in truth, laughing at Essie's prayers, but the boy would not for the world have Essie know it; so he choked a moment and preferred that Essie should think him crying. After a little while he asked Essie for an explanation, and she gave him the story of her wickedness.

Then the little head was pillowed again, and, ere long, Stephen knew that Essie was asleep. And he grew very lonely and began to wonder what had become of all the world, and if he was to live alone always with this child. In some way, the world he had lived in during the day seemed

very far away, and he thought that the walk home, and the rainbow, and his getting fastened to the tree, and Nell, must all belong to some dream. The only thing that seemed real was the little house, with the night and the moon shining in, and the child asleep. If it had not been for Essie's prayers, Stephen Waite would have deserted her and gone home, but the simple "Now I lay me" kept him faithful to his trust, and he sat quite still listening for some noise from the distant houses, but none came. At length he heard a rustling as of parting branches, and then he saw a man push through a hedge near by and run toward the house. The quick instinct that told him who it was, and that his presence would be hated there, made Stephen draw back from the window.

Mr. Snow entered his own house, and Stephen heard him coming up the stairs. It was not premeditated, it was not from fear, but Stephen slid behind a door.

Mr. Snow came straightway into the room and leaned over Essie; he stooped and kissed her—kissed her twice—and with a groan he hurried out. He went down for a moment, all was still, and Stephen held his breath to listen. A moment later, a sharp sound clicked through the silence—Stephen knew it—it was the gate's latch. He breathed a sigh of relief at the thought of Mrs. Snow's return, but he listened in vain for any after-sound. All was still. The boy trod on tip-toe across the matting to the window. Down the street, through patches of shadow, across plots of moon-lit ground, Stephen saw a man run, and knew it to be Mr. Snow.

"Arabian Nights and Robinson Crusoe!" exclaimed Stephen, "what's up now?"

"I can laugh, laugh all day," muttered Essie through her dream, troubled into speech for a moment.

Stephen went down cautiously, and so on out to the gate; the house stifled him. He thought of running, but that act of cowardice was saved him at the last instant of grace by the sound of voices. It came from Mrs. Snow and Phil, who were walking very fast. They started a little when they saw Stephen at the gate.

"Mr. Snow came home, did he not?" asked Mrs. Snow.

Stephen told his story, even to his own part of having concealed himself.

"Which way did he go?" asked Phil.

Stephen pointed down the street.

"Poor boy! you've had no supper," said Phil's mother.

"Never mind for me, mother; do go in, you are wet and tired. I'll bring father home with me, never fear."

"Let me go with you," said Stephen, following Phil's swift run; and Mrs. Snow was left alone standing at the little gate with her sorrow.

Essie slept. Mrs. Snow waited. Phil and Stephen fled on in the night, pursuing, but *not* to find.

Midnight came, but no peace—no return of the father to his home.

Phil came home; his midnight meal was eaten in silence, and the tired boy went to his bed, while the wife and mother kept watch. How long will she watch? When will the last watcher keep the last watch? Watchman is hailing watchman all around the earth, and angels ward them while they watch.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

CHALLENGES are generally e-pistolary correspondence. S. W., JR.

LIBERTY.

O, God-descended Power, that in thy praise
Thy blessed spirit might inspire my lays—
Lift up my soul to Heaven's serenest height,
And bid it live in thine abode of light!

How plain, how grand the Law thou bringest man,
O Liberty!—his Heaven-appointed plan,
His guide, his joy, his safety, and his rest,
Whose sway alone can make him truly blest.
Whose guidance point him to his Heaven above,
Or bring him Heaven below—the Law of Love!

Now, patriot spirit, rouse thee in thy might,
Nerve the stout arm, and swiftly to the fight!
O Liberty, inspire thy chosen free
To peril all for Duty, God, and Thee!
Strike, valiant champions of human kind!
Turn back the bondage for your race designed!
Ay, as you love your country and your God,
Dash th' accursed traitors to the sod!
As you do love your homes, wives, children dear,
Save them, that never they a despot fear!
As you do love mankind with holy love,
Fight on, till Earth shall rest her white-winged Dove!

Ay, as, magnanimous, you fain would hold
Your enemy in ties that all enfold,
Spare not the life, the treasure, or the tie,
To stay his purpose, foul with infamy!

* * * * * * * * * *

Sons of heroic sires! with godlike will
Your noble purpose follow nobly still!
March on! march on! with never-ceasing tramp,
While horded traitors in the land encamp!
Spare not the labor, spare no needed life,
To win the victory and end the strife!
Full well ye know the prize ye shall receive—
A country Liberty shall never leave—
A people's blessed lot securely placed,
And in that lot a happier world embraced!
The past is with you, staked on your success—
The ages wait your efforts them to bless!
Bright cherub children in the happy years
Of distant time shall learn your love with tears,
And happy parents, grateful, thank their God
That you upon the earth before them trod!

Ye martyred heroes! happy is your lot!
Forever sacred where ye fell the spot!
Oh, if to life one heavenly blessing flows,
It is that so it dedicate its close,
Even as the Son of God His life resigned,
A holy sacrifice for all mankind!

And ye whose honorable scars remain,
In Duty done how great hath been your gain!
There are no nobler on the face of earth,
For human praise there is no higher worth!
Your rank the pride of princes shall excel,
Your crown of glory this—"I have done well."

And ye, unscathed, at home or in the field,
Let your glad hearts rejoicing tribute yield,
That it is given unto you to aid
The mighty Cause upon this Nation laid!
Fair countrywomen! with what patient task
Ye labor on, nor stay the end to ask!
Oh, there is compensation laid in store
For you that ye can ask of Heaven no more!

Come, then, advancing years, and take your place,
As welcome you this true, heroic race!
Ye shall no evil track along your ways,
Borne on degenerate from these living days.
Ye may behold a land as seathed by fire—
It is where men, not liberties, expire!
This people is immortal! Gather on,
Ye endless tribes of men, your joys are won!
Learn, as successive ye your being run,
The one great truth of life, the central sun,
That man shall only find his peaceful rest
In loving God and man, and so be blest.

—*From the Lady's Almanac.*

FIBBY CRISPO.

BY SOPHIE MAY.

I DON'T know what in the world ever tempted Mr. Kripner to name his first, only, and beloved boy, Mephibosheth! Surely he was the quietest little baby that ever sat on a father's knee and "trotted to Boston." Ah, indeed, the quietest baby! Even his little round eyes moved softly in his head as if afraid of making a noise. When he slept, you would think some stupid fairy had dropped poppy-juice on his eyelids; for you might sneeze yourself frantic over a handful of snuff, or scream at the top of your voice, or drop the shovel and tongs, and there was never any fear of spoiling his nap. And, for that matter, nothing seemed to startle him when he was wide awake.

"He is not an idiot," said the mother sometimes, "oh, no, not an idiot!" But if she was so very sure of that, why did her heart beat loud and her cheek grow pale while she was speaking?

"Very true," said the father, proudly; "I hope there is nobody so dull as to suppose such bright eyes could belong to an idiot!" And then he called him by his pet name, "Fibby Crispo, Fibby Crispo, look up at father, darling!"

But the baby only bent his eyes—and they *were* bright ones—very steadily on the rag carpet, for he openly despised his name, and never would pay the slightest attention when he was spoken to. Strange baby! He would not clap his hands at the ticking of a watch held close to his ear; he was neither amused by the roaring of a sea-shell nor frightened by the barking of a dog—in short, he was as deaf as a stone wall!

It was days and weeks and months before little Crispo knew that God had not made him quite like other children. Even then, he was not unhappy. The great round world, full of beauty and wonder, was always

standing ready to be looked at, and though his ears must be forever shut out from pleasant sounds, his eyes were wide open, seeing everything that was made to be seen. Of course he wanted to talk and let people know what was going on away down deep in the locked-up chambers of his mind. He wanted, too, to ask a thousand questions; but though he talked with great speed by the use of signs, the language was an odd one, and hard to be understood.

It made him feel sad sometimes to see other children moving their lips in such a mysterious way. He knew it was their way of talking, though he had no better conception of what *sound* is than we have of the songs of the angels in heaven. He liked to go to school, and had a good time in his own way, studying pictures and making out stories to fit them, or drawing on the slate. There was often a dejected look to be seen on his face when other boys of his age were called out to their classes; but if he could not recite he could play, and the children were usually careful to select games in which he could join. He could throw a ball with the best of them, climb a tree like a squirrel, and, strange to say, excelled everybody at blindman's buff. When they played the latter game of an evening in somebody's large kitchen, and Crispo was the "blindman," wo to the heavy boy who tried his best to trip lightly, for he was sure to betray himself by jarring the floor a little, and though Crispo could not hear a sound, he could FEEL a jar very keenly.

It was curious to see him converse. In those old times, the deaf and dumb alphabet was not at the tips of everybody's fingers as it is nowadays, and little Crispo had to talk by signs. He likes, of all places, to go to Squire Turner's, for there he found a large family of little folks who understood him perfectly, more especially fair young Betsey, who had such a tender heart that she loved him all the better for his infirmity, and, perhaps, would have loved him better still if he had been stone blind as well as deaf.

"Here comes little Crispo," the busy Mrs. Turner would say. "Now, Polly, you may as well stop your spinning, and Betsey, you may put away them beans, for the poor boy will most likely want to *talk*."

Everybody in the big kitchen had a bright smile for him. "How does your father do?" said Polly; and if you would like to know how she said it, I will tell you. She just pounded her forefinger twice, and Crispo knew that she meant to ask about his father, for he was a *blacksmith*.

In reply, Crispo expanded his chest and tossed back his head, as if he would say, "My father is very well, I thank you." Then wishing to tell her that his mother was poorly, he took an imaginary pinch of snuff, for that was always the sign for his mother, and let his head droop upon his hands to signify that she was unable to raise her head.

"Do you have a doctor?" said Betsey, and she tapped her left arm with her finger, as if she were using a *lancet;* for that was Crispo's sign for a physician.

"Yes," nodded Crispo, "Dr. Campbell," raising his hand high above his head, for Dr. Campbell was tall. If he had meant the short Dr. Smith, he would have lowered his hand several inches.

He had a peculiar sign for almost everybody. Thus, when he wished to speak of bright-eyed Sally McClinch.

he touched his eyes and then his jacket to indicate the blackest of eyes. For a shoemaker, he made motions as if drawing out thread; for a farmer, as if using a shovel and a hoe. He made a waving motion with his hands like the billows of the sea when talking of a sailor, and described the schoolmaster by slapping his hand smartly with an imaginary ferule.

He called the tears into soft-hearted Mrs. Turner's eyes one day by following her into the kitchen with a spindle in his hand, and making gestures that he would like to have her stick it through his ears to let in the hearing! He was ready to bear the pain of anything, and no doubt would have allowed Mrs. Turner to heat the iron red-hot and then pierce his head with it, if she had been willing to do it.

Now, about this time, his firm friend, little Betsey, while away from home on a visit, learned the deaf and dumb alphabet of a kind gentleman who was interested in all unfortunate people. This was a great joy to Betsey. She could hardly wait to get home, for she had made up her mind once for all, that Crispo must be taught to read and that she was the one to teach him. Now, some little girls might have had some such thoughts fly through their brains and out again as fast as birds on the wing; other little girls might have actually tried the experiment for a day or two; but Betsey Turner was not a child to begin anything and get discouraged in a hurry.

You see her in the first picture—she wears a "jockey" on her head, made of "foundation," and covered with blue cambric, and under the jockey is a sweet face with a patient, womanly look. If there is anybody happier than she, it must be Crispo himself, who has an idea that all the glorious and wonderful things in the world are pressed between the covers of books.

It must be confessed that little Betsey found the task much harder than she had expected. Crispo was very quick to take the idea that d, o, g, stands for dog, and m, a, n for man, but wondered what could be the meaning of such words as w, a, s, was, i, s, is, etc., etc.

However, an eager scholar must learn *something* from a patient teacher, and, in time, Crispo could get through a story quite tolerably, with the help of Betsey. At any rate he could make out enough of it to enjoy it very much; and it was even thought by many wise people that he understood books better than his cousin James, who had every one of his five senses.

If I had time, I should like to tell you of Betsey's big brothers and sisters, who took occasion to tease her about her young pupil, not knowing what a sensitive little girl she was.

"When you grow up," said John, drawing on a long face, "you will be a nice little wife for Crispo, and get so you can't speak except by signs."

"Oh, no!" said little Betsey, confidently, "he will marry a *dumb* woman, you know—that would be *properest.*"

"I'm very sorry to hurt your feelings," said John, as sober as a judge, "but I find, by looking in the Bible, that it is foreordained you shall marry Crispo."

"Why, why?" cried Betsey, beginning to tremble, "my name nor his isn't in the Bible."

"No," replied John, solemnly; "but weren't you born on the 8th of July, I'd like to know? and didn't you ever read your verse in the 31st chapter of Proverbs: 'Open thy mouth for the dumb in the cause of all such as are appointed to destruction?' Now, if that doesn't mean Crispo, I can't read straight."

Poor Betsey said no more, but she was very sad all day, only nobody noticed it; and when night came, and she was milking her little red cow in the yard all by herself, she looked up at the solemn, shining stars with overflowing eyes, and asked God, out of the depths of her troubled heart, if He *could* want her to marry a deaf and dumb boy, and to forget how to talk except by signs?

Betsey is now a gray-haired grandmother, just as loving and kind as ever, and she always smiles all over her face when she speaks of her little pupil, Crispo. After she had taught him to read in an imperfect way, the same kind gentleman from whom she had learned the alphabet signs, searched him out and had him sent to the Hartford Asylum. There he distinguished himself as a scholar, and often wrote letters to Betsey full of the gratitude he was just learning how to express in words. When he grew up he did marry a deaf and dumb lady, as little Betsey had said would be "properest;" but if there is any truth in "signs," or in words either, he has never forgotten his first teacher. Who would not like to be remembered all the days of one's life with gratitude?

"Are you in earnest? Seize this very minute!
What you can do, or think you can, begin it!
Boldness has genius, power, and magic in it!
Only *engage*, and then the mind grows heated;
Begin it, and the work will be completed!"

LINES TO A FRIEND.

Gladness and grief! gladness and grief!
First the green, then the withered leaf!
First the blossom, then the blight—
First the sunshine, then the night!
But spring returns, then winter's past—
No night of grief will always last.
My friend, there is a heavenly shore,
Where earthly woes will grieve no more.

Unfailing joy—unchanging bloom!
Eternal spring—unclouded sun!
There may we meet, dear friend, at last,
When life and sorrow both are past,
And through the great Redeemer's blood
Reign with our Saviour and our Lord.

Aunt Martha.

THE LEOPARD AND TIGER.

LEOPARD is a name by which the greater spotted *felines* are popularly known. They inhabit thick forests and borders of rivers. They ascend trees with the facility which we see in the domestic cat.

The ocelot is slender in form, and one of the most beautiful of the cat family. It feeds on birds, rabbits, and other small animals. It is found in South America.

The jaguar of America is like the leopard of the Old World. It is abundant in South America. It lives mainly on small animals, but will destroy cows and even horses. The jaguar *amuses* (?) himself in taking fish by this artifice —he drops his spittle on the surface of the water, and thus entices them to the top, and as they approach he dextrously knocks them out of the water upon the shore, by a stroke of his paw. He prefers the wooded and marshy districts of warm regions. He is very common in Brazil, that country so famed for its gold and diamonds—that country so rich in tropical produce, so beautiful and picturesque in its verdure that never fades. Here these

animals are very abundant; 2,000 skins are exported annually.

A Spaniard was once informed that a jaguar had attacked a horse, near the place where he was. Highly excited, he ran to the spot, and found the horse was killed, and a part of the beast devoured; and the jaguar, having probably been disturbed, had fled. The don caused his attendants to draw the body of the horse within musket-shot of a tree, and then said he would pass the night in the tree; "for," said he, "that jaguar will return for his victim, and I would willingly remain there all night, for the sake of bringing down the bold thief."

He then stationed a man to keep a good look-out for any movement in any direction, and then went to his *rancho* to make his preparations. While he was getting ready his powder and balls, and taking a meal which might serve him for the night, the jaguar swam from the opposite side of a large and deep river, seized the horse with his teeth, and dragging him some distance to the water, swam across, and then drew the carcass to a wood; and all the time in sight of the man upon the watch. So the don had his preparations—but no jaguar.

THE TIGER

is a splendid animal, three feet high and eight feet long; has six cutting-teeth in each jaw, and three tusks on each side, in both jaws; the tongue is beset with rough *papillæ*, which point backward; the feet are provided with sharp, hooked claws, lodged in a sheath. The tiger swims, but does not climb trees. Tiger-hunts are quite favorite sports in India. The hunters go out armed with rifles, on the backs of elephants trained for the purpose. Of course there is much danger attending these hunts, for the infuriated beast sometimes springs upon the elephant and reaches the hunter. It is amazing what a leap they can take.

An African tiger-cat was once taken very young by a hunter, which seemed quite willing to be tamed. It would rub its head and its back against one who fed it, and liked to be made much of and caressed. It seemed really attached to its feeders and benefactors.

But we shudder to think how those claws in the soft sheath, and those full-grown teeth and tusks could assert their nature. Such beasts can not be really tamed. We can only look at them in a menagerie—that is the only safe place.

While writing this for our young friends, we can not but think of their exposure to what we call "bad hab-

its," which have been often and aptly compared to beasts of prey—lurking or bold, but always ready to pounce upon and destroy their victims.

Let us drop in a word of caution or warning. Any wrong in thought, word, or act, repeated till it becomes a habit, sometimes appears not only harmless and comely, but even beautiful; but it is only so while its tusks and claws are not quite grown; then is your time, young friends, to put it behind iron bars, and only look at it to shun forever, and save yourselves.

THE LITTLE BOY AND JACK FROST.

"Oh, why will you leave me, my beautiful builder?
A worker so cunning no more can I find;
While I slept you were forming such wonderful castles,
With rivers and bridges, all just to my mind.

When first I awoke in the gray of the morning,
How gladly I watched for each curious trace
Of your swift-gliding pencil and keen-cutting chisel,
While sketching, or carving, with magical grace."

"It is true that I built for you wonderful castles, [fine;
And coral-roofed bridges, and palaces
That I penciled fair landscapes, with forest and mountains,
Festooned with soft foliage, or bristling with pine.

And if you had watched in the quiet of midnight,
When my pictures were silently *springing to life*,
Sights rarer than these might have greeted your vision,
Gay scenes of mock castles, with tilting and strife.

Fair ladies, whose coronets glittered with jewels,
All sparkling, and flashing, and glancing in light;
And with myriad star-pointed spangles bedecking
Each war-equipped soldier or most loyal knight.

But how would you like it, my brave little fellow,
If, when some fine sketch you had long been about,
Were just nicely finished, some mischievous trifler
Should slip up behind you and rub it all out?

So I, when my towers and my castles were glinting
In rose-tinted light, stopped my work to admire,
Up came the sly sun, with his great India-rubber,
And swept off each column, and pillar, and spire.

How quickly the knight's splintered lances he scattered
In silvery fragments, the battle-field o'er;
And shivered the helmets, and shook off their spangles,
And stole all the jewels the fine ladies wore.

And night after night, as with patience I labored, [done;
Each morning rejoicing in all I had
How great was my grief and chagrin to acknowledge
That all my best efforts were sport for the sun."

KRUNA.

THE PLAIN GOLD RING.

BY G. L. CRANMER.

"OH! I am so glad it is such a bright day," exclaimed Carrie Z. as she arose from her bed in the early morning. "To-day I can go up street and buy my doll, can't I, mother?"

"Yes," replied her mother, "as soon as you prepare yourself."

Carrie was the eldest child of Mr. and Mrs. ——, who had carefully trained and nurtured her. For days and weeks she had been accumulating little by little the necessary amount to enable her to purchase a doll similar to one which had been purchased by a playmate, and was the coveted object of all the children in the neighborhood.

The day had now arrived, when by patient addition of cent to cent and dime to dime, she had obtained a dollar, the amount requisite for securing the object of her anxious desires. So, after finishing her breakfast, she hurried to the nursery, made her toilet, and with buoyant heart started up the street with her dollar, all in change, pleasantly jingling in the little bag which hung on her arm. Like sweet music, soothing and pleasing in its influences sounded the jingling noise as she hastened with light step anticipating the joy of a speedy possession of the coveted object of her desires.

And now the toy shop is just in sight, and her gait is increased in swiftness until it becomes a run, when just as she was opposite the door, in the midst of her hurry and bustle her dress caught on a broken basket carried in the hand of a dejected, sad, and apparently broken-hearted woman, whose tattered garments also proclaimed her to be poverty-stricken.

This sudden check caused her to turn quickly with a view of releasing herself, when she exclaimed:

"Why, Mrs. Carroll, is this you? Mother has been wanting to see you for some time; what is the reason you have not been to our house?" "For three weeks, Carrie," she replied, "I have been watching by the bedside of my little girl, who is sick with typhoid fever, and I have just been to the apothecary's to get some medicine ordered for her by the doctor, but I failed to get it, as they refused to trust me, and I had not the money to pay for it;" and the tears burst out of the poor woman's eyes, and in great drops rolled over her sunken cheeks.

Carrie's sympathies were now fully aroused, nor could she restrain her own tears from gushing forth in unison. Within her breast a violent struggle was taking place. There was the doll sitting in the window, looking as it seemed right at her, pleading with her to take her home with her, and then in imagination she beheld the poor sick girl with parched lips and burning eyes tossing on her bed of pain, and the thought flashed across her mind, "If I was this poor sick child, and my parents had no money with which to purchase medicine for me, how thankful I would be if some kind friend should furnish the necessary means!" Charity pleaded in behalf of the sick—selfishness pleaded in behalf of interest. All these thoughts passed through her mind in shorter time than it has taken to write them.

Her better nature triumphed, and looking up through her tears, she inquired, "Pray, how much will it take

to pay for this medicine?" "One dollar," replied Mrs. Carroll.

"You shall have it," said Carrie, with gentle firmness. "With these savings I was about to purchase that beautiful doll you see in the window there," pointing to it as she spoke, "but it will give me more pleasure to bestow it on you. Take it, and welcome."

It was with unfeigned regret that Mrs. Carroll accepted the offer of the noble girl. Carrie wended her way home more thoughtful than when she started out.

Three weeks had passed, and Mrs. Carroll called at Carrie's house to see the little girl who had sacrificed her own pleasure to befriend her in an hour of need. Her face was lightened now with a smile of gratitude, and her eye was bright with hope. As Carrie entered the room she rose to greet her with a "God bless you, dear Carrie, for your timely kindness," and tears came gushing from her eyes, but not of sadness. As soon as she recovered herself, she related to her how the medicine which her money had purchased, had, under the blessing of God, restored her darling child to health once more, "And here," she continued, "is a plain gold ring, the only thing my little daughter has to bestow, which she sends with the request that you will wear it for her sake."

Carrie hesitated for a moment to accept it, but the poor woman entreated so earnestly, that fearing to wound her by a refusal, she took it and placed it on her finger. That day, when her father returned to his dinner, he put in Carrie's hand a five-dollar bill as a reward for her kindness to the poor and needy.

Carrie values that ring above all her possessions, and she never looks on it but it preaches her a sermon from the text, "Do unto others as you would they should do unto you." Nor has she ever regretted from that day to this, that she spent her money for the poor, sick child.

WHEELING ISLAND HOME, 1862.

BLUE AND GOLD.

IT is fit that Blue and Gold
Should the poet's thought enfold;
Just as meet a covering
As the purple for a king.

Long the heart of Bruce remained,
In a golden urn contained;
Shall we do a meaner part
By the poet's throbbing heart?

Alexander Great of old,
In a casket rich with gold,
Which, before, Darius had,
Treasured Homer's Iliad.

Hence the dainty volumes fold,
In their garb of Blue and Gold;
Just as meet a covering
As the purple for a king.

SAMUEL WILSON, JR.

WHEN tempest winds have wildly striven,
Ere they are lull'd to rest,
A glitt'ring rainbow spans the heaven,
With gladd'ning smiles imprest.
Thus, thus in life's tempestuous hour,
When adverse gales blow drear,
Amid the darkest clouds that lower,
The beams of Hope appear.

When the bright sun, wrapt thick in gloom,
Sinks mournfully away,
It leaves far up in yon bright dome
Full many a glimmering ray;
And thus, when earthly Hope seems lost,
To gild the spirit's night,
Still shining on the heavenly coast,
There rests a flood of light.

BE THANKFUL FOR A GOOD MOTHER.

RECENTLY, while traveling, we saw a crowd gathered at the station where the cars stopped. They appeared to be looking at some object with much interest. We pressed through and found a young man with a downcast look, who appeared to be the center of attraction. We could see nothing very peculiar in his appearance to excite such curiosity, until he started to step on board the cars; then we saw what was the matter. His feet were confined by a short, stout chain, and he was handcuffed. He was in charge of an officer who was conducting him to the State Prison. No wonder he looked sad.

We learned, upon inquiry, that this unhappy young man had just been sentenced to confinement and hard labor for twenty years. He had been convicted of burglary and attempting to shoot an officer. He had been known for years as a very desperate character. He was undoubtedly guilty of many robberies, and was strongly suspected of having murdered a man a few years before, but until this time he had managed to escape detection.

He had begun a wicked life while young. His father was rich, and allowed him plenty of spending-money. His mother was a wicked woman, and rather encouraged than dissuaded her children from vice. The father's business kept him away from home much of the time, and thus there was no one to restrain the family from ruin.

At first, when his children were brought into trouble by their follies and crimes, he spent money freely to get them out of it, and it is said that he had expended not less than twenty-five thousand dollars in this way. But at last he died, broken-hearted, and the children were fully left to their own evil ways. Two of the brothers died in prison, a third committed suicide, and the fourth has just entered prison, probably for life. The wretched mother is also in jail for crime, and thus the family are gathering the fruits of what was sown years ago. A bad mother brought the family to ruin. Thousands of us can say with thankful hearts, "Our *good* mothers have saved us from so sad a fate."

THE BLIND GIRL.

I HEAR them talk of day and night,
Of sunshine and of rain,
I hear them say "the stars are bright,"
And oh! it gives me pain.

What joy to know the cheerful light,
That other mortals see!
I'm weary of an endless night,
That has no day for me.

Yet sometimes gentle sounds I hear,
That thrill my very soul;
I sink, between delight and fear,
Beneath their strange control.

When they tell me it is "music"
That thus enraptures me,
My only answer is a sigh,
And a wish that I might see.

I feel my mother's fond embrace,
And her gentle, loving kiss,
And though I can not see her face,
There's happiness in this.

And when she whispers—"Peace, my child,
'Tis God hath sorrowed thee,"
Her gentle words my grief beguile—
I'm happy *not* to see.

For God is just—and, soon or late,
If, striving here aright,
Grateful for present joy, I wait,
This cloud will turn to light.

L. M.

AUNT SUE'S SCRAP-BAG.

AN EASTERN TALE. — In the tribe of Neggdeh there was a horse whose fame was spread far and near, and a Bedouin of another tribe, by name Daher, desired extremely to possess it. Having offered in vain for it his camels and his whole wealth, he hit at length upon the following device, by which he hoped to gain the object of his desire. He resolved to stain his face with an exquisite herb, to clothe himself in rags, to tie his legs and neck together, so as to appear like a lame beggar. Thus equipped he went to wait for Naber, the owner of the horse, who, he knew, was to pass that way. When he saw Naber approaching on his own beautiful steed, he cried out in a weak voice, "I am a poor stranger; for three days I have been unable to move from this spot to seek for food; I am dying—help me, and Heaven will reward you." The Bedouin kindly offered to take him up on his horse and carry him home; but the rogue replied, "I can not rise—I have no strength left." Naber, touched with pity, dismounted, led his horse to the spot, and, with great difficulty, set the seeming beggar on his back; but no sooner did Daher feel himself in the saddle than he set spurs to the horse and galloped off, calling out as he did so, "It is I, Daher—I have got the horse and am off with it." Naber called after him to stop and listen. Certain of not being pursued, he turned and halted at a short distance from Naber, who was armed with a spear. "You have taken my horse," said the latter; "since Heaven has willed it, I wish you joy of it, but I charge you never to tell any one how you obtained it. "And why not?" said Daher. "Because," said the noble Arab, "another man might be really ill, and men would fear to help him. You would be the cause of many refusing to perform an act of charity, for fear of being duped as I have been." Struck with shame at these words, Daher was silent for a moment, then springing from the horse, returned it to its owner, embracing him to his tent, where they spent a few days together, and became fast friends for life.

ECHO.—The shadow of a sound, a voice without a mouth, and words without a tongue. Echo, though represented as a female, never speaks until she is spoken to, and at every representation of what she has heard, continues to make it less, an example recommended to the special imitation of chatterboxes and scandal-mongers.

DIFFERENT USES.—A vain man's motto is, "Win gold and wear it;" a generous man's, "Win gold and share it;" a miser's, "Win gold and spare it;" a profligate's, "Win gold and spend it;" a broker's, "Win gold and lend it;" a fool's, "Win gold and end it;" a gambler's "Win gold and lose it;" a wise man's, "Win gold and use it."

A GOOD DOWRY.—The best dowry to advance the marriage of a young lady is when she has in her countenance mildness, in her speech wisdom, in her behavior modesty, and in her life virtue.

HUMILITY.—A Roman general when he triumphed was always accompanied by a slave, whose duty it was to remind him that, amid all his glory, he was yet a man.

WEBSTER ON FLIES. — From the "Private Correspondence of Daniel Webster" we take the following good advice to his son:

"I have recently been reading a book of Dr. Holland's, the eminent London physician. He has some very excellent chapters upon the effect of the mental affections upon the corporeal system, its diseases, etc. But I knew all this before Dr. Holland did. Any man may learn it by observation. Suppose yourself in your library of a very hot day in July; the flies bite, the mosquitoes sing, and the heat scorches. Now, if you wish to complete your misery, throw up your boots upon the table, and say, 'How horribly these flies bite! Confound these mosquitoes! This heat is intolerable! Do bring me some cool lemonade, and put in some St. Croix to kill the insects!' And drink it off, and repeat the draught, and by this time you will be in as complete a state of 'unwellness,' as they say in the West, as heart can desire.

"On the other hand, if you give your attention, with all your might, to some interesting and immediate subject before you, either of reading or writing, you will disregard the flies, never hear the buzz of the mosquitoes, nor care about the heat until it fires the zodiac. There! there is a piece of common sense worth remembering and acting upon."

THERE is a firm in Elgin, Illinois, known as "Gray and Lunt." Half their letters come to them directed to "Lay and Grunt."

A POOR fellow who pawned his watch says that he raised money with a lever.

USE pitch to keep water out, and a pitcher to keep it in."

THE DYING NEVER WEEP.—It is a striking fact—the dying never weep. The circle of sobbing, agonized hearts around produce not one tear. Is it that he is insensible and stiff already in the chill of dissolution? That can not be; for he asks for his father's hand, as if to gain strength in the mortal struggle, and leans on the breast of mother, brother, or sister, with still conscious affection; and just before expiring, at eve, after a long day's converse with the Angel of Summer, he says to his oldest brother—last audible "good-night" of earth—"Kiss me, kiss me!" It must be because the dying have reached a point too deep for our earthly crying and weeping. They are face to face with higher and holier beings, with the Father in heaven and His angel throng led on by the Son himself; and what are griefs of a morning, tears of a dying farewell—be it that they are shed by the dearest on earth—in that vision bright of immortal life and everlasting reunion!

I DO NOT KNOW.—Duval, librarian to Francis the First, often replied, "I do not know," to questions addressed to him on scientific subjects. "But," said some one to him, "to know is what the Emperor pays you for."

"He pays me for what I do know," replied Duval; "if he paid for what I do not know, the treasures of the empire would not suffice."

A DRAM, generally speaking, is a small quantity, taken in large quantities by those who have few grains of sobriety and no scruples of conscience.

To ridicule old age is like pouring in the morning cold water into the bed in which you may have to sleep at night."

SKATING WITH THE GIRLS.

BY SAMUEL WILSON, JR.

Gliding o'er the water,
Wheeling round and round,
Flitting o'er the surface,
With a crispy sound—
Dashing quickly forward,
Or in graceful whirls;
Bless me, this is pleasant,
Skating with the girls!

Oh! the airy motion,
As we flit along;
Oh! the glowing faces
Of the happy throng;
Oh! the roguish skaters,
Flinging back their curls;
Oh! the rapt enjoyment,
Skating with the girls—
Oh! dear!!!!

Merry's Monthly Chat with his Friends.

WAR! WAR! WAR! We have long looked for it. There were too many sons of Mars in the Chat to be satisfied with anything less than a general commotion. One and another have been rubbing their hands and rolling up their sleeves for months past, eagerly inquiring, and really *pining* for somebody to "*pitch* into." No doubt they will vote Dan Burnham a benefactor. A cabinet council has been held in the sanctum to consider the matter. As soon as the subject was broached, Uncle Hi began feeling for his hatchet. *It was gone.* He thinks Osceola must have taken it for a *tommy*-hawk. It is a dangerous weapon; there will be slaughter somewhere. Uncle Robert remarked that we can afford a war pretty well, provided the treasury be kept full. "If necessary," said he, "I shall issue some *small bills*, which ought to bring us an income." "Capital idea," replied Uncle William, "your old friends for whom you have worked so long, should be willing to cash them. Let it be *dun*." "But will you allow them to fight?" asked Uncle Hi.

"Oh! do let them enjoy themselves," said Aunt Sue. "What are combativeness and striking muscles good for if they can't be used?" She had been listening to a war sermon the day before, and was equal to any emergency.

Uncle William engaged to see fair play, and it was finally unanimously agreed, that a real Merry *row* would be perfectly in order, provided that "nobody shall be *hurt*," and other modern rules are fully observed. The decision was quickly flashed by telegraph from the ancient plains of Saratoga to the renowned city of Chicago; and forthwith the combatants began to "shell out." (Uncle Robert enjoys this last performance, and trusts it may be continued.)

COUSINS:—Do not, I pray you, imagine that that Burnham is a *real* specimen of Westerners. Were he, I would indeed make haste to cut all connections with so hoydenish a people. Let me explain, dear Chatters—fair and unfair—and then I pray you join with me in punishing the offender.

Some time since, I saw his request for the photo of the prettiest cousin. As I *had* a most tolerable opinion of my attractions, and being of somewhat an obliging disposition—therefore wishing to gratify his longing for the beautiful, if possible—I, regardless of time and expense, obtained a photo, which the artist said was an excellent likeness, and forwarded it to him.

Now, kind printer, pray allow me to correct a mistake you made in Dan's last. You made him ask Aunt Sue to make him a "corporal to save him from insult." He intended to say "porkeral." Now, being but a "ham," he thought, doubtless, if made "a whole hog," we would consider him too far beneath us to notice. Right considerate in you, Dan. I wish you would gratify him, Auntie, for then, you know, if he acts unruly, we can "sic" our Jumpup "at him." I've often wondered why the lions would not touch Dan when he was thrown into their den, and never until to-day could understand. Now, I conclude 'twas because he was so mean and insignificant a morsel that they would not deign to touch him.

Doubtless, Chatters, you wonder at and admire the equanimity and composure with which I have borne that "tremendous side wipe" of Dan's. Lend, oh, lend to me your sympathies, for 'twill be sweet at least to know that I have them. But really, to tell the truth, I haven't dared to go near a mirror since I opened the MUSEUM, for fear that the scales would fall from my eyes and I would behold myself as others—no! I mean as Dan saw me, for never in the world before did any animal, whether biped or quadruped, call me an "ugliest old hag." WINIFRED.

CHICAGO, *Jan.* 5, 1863.

Annie E. Drummond, did you hear that cry—"Down with Chicago?" Will

you and Prue stand that? Now you *are* shining, let the warmth of your rays be for *Chicago*.

William H. Coleman, I shall rely upon your support. I defended you once, though but *poorly*.

"The tribe of Dan" is ready for the combat; it defies to mortal conflict all who "stand up for the queen" (spoken of in the January MUSEUM). "Let them come—we are armed" for *inkshed*.

Then to commence this terrible war of words, let me *remark*—I did not mean to say *Winnie* was a hag, but I did mean to say the picture she sent to me was a hag. I believe Saucy tried the same game. Now, Leslie, that was decidedly *queenly*. I think she might do very well for a maid of honor, though *that* was not honorable.

We *might* have a *queenly* queen—Fleta Forrester or Annie Drummond; but Annie has got to stand up for Chicago, and it behooves the queen to keep silence until the final decision, and, besides—I—well, the fact is, I don't dare nominate her, because I should soon feel the penalties, hence I conclude it is best for my happiness to nominate our cousin Fleta. How many for *queenly* Queen Fleta?

Next, I will defend the *Burn-ham*, slice by slice, as it is attacked.

Common gallantry will not allow me to pass by my *Lady* Winnie without a short speech. When I spake to you *first*—or rather of you, I never dreamed I should be obliged to attack you in this violent manner. But stern necessity would make lions of us *all*, as it has in my case, you perceive. In my defense of myself and town I intend to be "wise as a serpent and gentle as a dove." Forlorn hope as I am, my friends forsake me.

I love you, lady, and wish you all the success I can without injury to the cause. Please send me your photograph. Now, cousins, that is what I call *uncommon* gallantry for *me*. It is seldom I am guilty of as long an harangue to any young lady.

Now please bring forward your indictments, one by one, and I shall be most happy to floor them. Saucy, Jasper, and Osceola, please send your faces to Box 5,763. Saucy, don't make *up* any more faces, but send the *natural* one.

S. D. H., I promise. Fleta, please relieve the anxiety upon my mind and send me a photograph by way of forgiveness; mine will appear directly upon beholding yours.

Wilforley, will you help me? I helped you! I hope you are satisfied about Prue, E. B. With success to our cause and no ill will to *Winnie*, I cry Queen *Fleta, honor* me with your reproaches.

Till further notice, in defiance,

DAN H. BURNHAM.

POINT GREEN, *Jan.* '63.

Fun! Uncles, fun! Yes, indeed, if you call *war* fun, we are to have plenty of it. Cousins, *I* do hereby raise the standard; flock round it all ye who wish to help defend our Merry Queen. She has been grossly insulted, and the offender *must* chew his words. Dan H. Burnham, Esq., Jr., your assertion is false, sir, for I have seen her. If you can say anything to the contrary, I can *prove* something to the contrary*er*. Girls, Dan is a—a, but there is no use, for I have hunted Webster's Dictionary through and through, and can't find anything *worse* enough to call him. But the standard is up—let's have a full regiment. "The tribe of Dan must be exterminated." LESLIE.

Was it not bad enough to call him a *butt?* Now, don't look sheepish about it.

Jan. 8, 1863.

"Pitch in," Leslie? Indeed *I* will, and into you, too! Might I ask, milord, how long it took you to work yourself up into that admirable frenzy which found vent in that startling, impassioned announcement—"Winifred, Winifred, thou art our acknowledged queen?" Now, as *you* are the only one who has "acknowledged" anything of the kind, I move that we take a vote on the question. Merrys! shall we be silent and see Fleta Forrester, who has held undisputed sway for so long, thus unceremoniously "ousted" from her throne? Annie D., Nellie V., Pertine, Blue-Eyes, and all ye "honorable maids," what say *you?*

And so, Dan-*yell*, you think I "talk like a man," do you? Well, I suppose you mean it as a compliment, but really I "don't see it in that light." Auntie, there *must* be something done for Dan to shield him from the "insults" of such "rude girls!" It is shameful, certainly, but, Dan, if you can only secure the aid of Jumpup you are saved! And Nellie V., here allow me to warn you to *—beware of dogs!*

Susie Walters, where are you? Did

you find that pumpkin-pie too much for you last Thanksgiving?

Pertine, I've seen you; guess where. All hail, Chips. Welcome, Cap D., Cora A., and all ye new-comers.

SAUCY NELL.

Who could refuse to *ring* such a *knell?*

WASHINGTON CITY, D. C., *Jan.* 14, 1863.

Good for you, Dan H. B! I will be a *wanderer* in the "tribe of Dan," in the war against the Queen-of-the-Chatterers-whose-palace-is-T. G. I-in-the-Kingdom-of-the-North! Now for some brilliant achievements in the land of Hi! Rally to the standard of Burnham! Our cry shall be, "Dan to the rescue!" Who is for and who against us?

Wilforley, how do you *side?* *De*-cide quick and don't side *long* unless you are *be*side yourself, for I tell you *a*side that a regular Jehu *pre*sides, and you had better keep on the *lee*-side; for you might as well commit *sui*cide as try to get to windward of him.

Annie E. D., as you have so much "cheek," you won't suit the queen, and had better join our standard. It will be more *meet* for you; you will live in *harmony*, and not have so much at *stake*.

Sid, if *green* and afraid of being *beet*(en), had better *side* with (*Burn*) ham, as ham and greens go well together, as do *Burn* and *side* also!) Keep all the lint for yourselves, girls—you may want it in the coming fray! WANDERER.

Young man, remember the fate of Ham! We would not make the *breach* wider, and therefore cut it down.

The following letter has been in type over two months, but has been unavoidably crowded out. We have letters enough to fill the entire magazine, but can only make room for a part. Let all continue to write, for all are welcome.

BOSTON, *November* 7, 1862.

DEAR CHATTERERS:—We are now in the midst of a driving snow-storm—the wind blowing very hard and the snow falling fast and no prospect of its stopping—and it really looks winterish.

Thanks, *ma chère* Blue-Eyes, for your acceptance. "When shall we have the game?" Just as soon as you wish—the sooner the better. I certainly do remember the wager, and am "*au fait.*" The photo you shall certainly have, and very soon too, so as to clinch the bargain. Can I be included in the "all others" before the wager?

Coz. Winifred, I shall be happy to "sojourn" at Saratoga next summer, if I am not under the GLORIOUS "stars and stripes" at that time, as I most sincerely hope to be, and as I should have been long, long ago, if I had been able.

Nellie Van, I can't believe that you are in earnest in your affirmation. Am I not right?

Lucy W. C., I know that there *are* some Merrys in N. H., for I found two there last year, both of whose names were Lucy, but none this year. I'll try to be there.

Certainly, *ma chère* Elfie, accept, "*con amore,*" a welcome from me, with as many "scarlet tulips" as you "wouldn't object to" receive.

Well, Pussy, I thought I knew you, but if you hail from New York, I'm mistaken. I am happy to see that you are still a champion of the Boston P. G.'s.

I hope, *ma cousine* Jennie B. D., that you won't "forget the number" when you come to old Notsob. I was told that you lived on the Merrimac, but I sit corrected. Yes—splendid weather to-day—snow three inches deep, and more coming.

Clementina, who do you apply No. 254 to?

No, my dear Coz. Mattie, I am not aware that I know you any more than through the Chat, but if you will make yourself known to me either through Uncle Merry or at 81 Harrison Avenue, Boston, I should be very glad to hear from you. Thanks, A. N.

FRED WARREN.

MASSACHUSETTS.

DEAR UNCLE MERRY AND COUSINS ALL:—Did you know you had a *Cousin* Sue as well as an *Aunt* Sue, and a wild romping one, too? I'm not quite alone in my racings. I've two or three boon companions, and together we skate, coast, study, ride horseback, and swim. Now, *don't* look down to the bottom of my letter to see if its not signed by a boy. Methinks I see "sage Wilforley" and "stately Fleta" looking at me aghast with astonishment. But I am sure Brown-Eyes, Saucy Nell, and the rest of my mad-cap cousins, are "after my own heart." Uncle Merry, mayn't I

call you "Uncle Rob?" I didn't *hardly* dare to this time, being a new-comer, and not knowing whether you would like it or not. COUSIN SUE.

P. S. Aunt Sue, I know that you will take me under your sheltering wing, for am I not your namesake?

If you "Rob" Uncle Merry, he will "Sue" you—that's all.

Oct. 3, 1862.

DEAR CHATTERERS:—What is the matter with A. Older? He seems to feel "riled." I hope, if he does not behave better, Uncle Hiram will "pitch into" him with his tomahawk, or Uncle William will give him a good *punch*.

Daisy, it is very seldom that an idea finds its way into my thick skull. When one does come, I do not like to have it put to flight as unceremoniously as the last was. No danger from that quarter now, as the "unbreathables" are among "the things that were."

Wilforley, how is *she?*

JESSIE LINWOOD.

BROOKLYN, *Jan.* 8, 1863.

DEAR UNCLES AND COUSINS:—Once more I am on the eve of departure; my health being once more restored, I shall now go forth again to help "conquer" those who are now trying to tear asunder our glorious "Union." Josie, may I hope to hear from you? it will strengthen me and help me to fight. Minerva, the *c. de v.* shall be sent as promised. Leslie, Ol and I were very much disappointed in not finding you at home. Osceola, I want to see that "Prettiest Girl" question settled, but it's rather hard that I should be picked out as the one to obtain the *c. de v.'s* of the "Brooklyn girls;" but come on with your Boston beauties, and I will do my best to carry off the laurels. Jasper, once more the "rolling sea" for me.

Adelbert Older, I agree with you; send on your candidates (on card) for the "P. G. question;" surely the "West" should be included in this great contest. Good Busy Bee, perhaps I may be more fortunate this time. Look out! for I may come upon you suddenly with a heap of magazines. Winifred, you can not imagine how cheerful and encouraging it is to know that while far away we are not forgotten by those at home. I pray of you, write to the "Merry soldiers" and cheer them on. I would be happy to exchange *c. de v.'s* with you. Cousins all, write to me and I will gladly reciprocate. Good-bye, and remember me in your prayers. Hoping that when you hear from me I shall be able to write another victory for the Navy, farewell! "TOMMY."

Good-bye, Tommy. God bless you! Remember us to Jasper, Eugene, Busy Bee, G. T. McKinney, etc., if you see them. Hattie says, Amen!

MY DEAR UNCLE:—I ask for just one moment; please don't refuse me. Jolly Jingle, and Blue-Eyes No. 2, I have something *severe* to say to you, and I want you to listen attentively. I want to ask you if your promises are to be relied upon, or are they merely words spoken with the *appearance* of sincerity and forgotten (purposely or not) tho next moment. I didn't think so formerly, but I am sorry to find myself coming to that belief—or that belief coming to me *now*. If I am mistaken, plaase convince me of my error.

Now, Uncle, good-bye—happy New Year to all. NELLIE VAN.

Never mind, Nellie, wait until this war is over.

Dec., 1862.

An extensive Chat this month! Leslie, and *Minerva*, the Goddess of Wisdom, in close proximity to the Goddess of Misrule, *Madcap!* What can they be putting their heads together for?

Thank you, Madcap, for your indorsement of my sentiments. I, for one, would like to hear oftener from the soldiers and sailors. And I miss, too, the "old, familiar faces," and in musical moments whistle "Departed Days," while mourning departed *Daisys*, Fletas & Co. I would wish you all a Merry Christmas and Happy New Year, but that my salutation would come "the day after the fair." Never mind, it will *keep*, so I *will* wish it. A. N.

NEW YORK, *Jan.* 8.

DEAR UNCLE MERRY:—Inclosed you will please find one dollar. Oliver Onley *did* call on me New Year's day in company with Tommy and Osceola. Did you acquaint them with my whereabouts? if so, please receive my most hearty thanks and *carte de visite* as a slight expression of them. Who is my *vis-à-vis?* Choose

somebody nice, won't you? What *has* become of Ellian? Uncle Hatchet, are you not also a *Cutter*. With love to Saucy Nell, Hattie Lee, and others,

Yours, *Merrily*, JOSIE.

Uncle Hi would be dull to say "No." Those in the album are *all* nice. Ask Dan Burnham if it isn't so?

NEW YORK, *Jan.*, 1863.

DEAR CHATTERBOXES:—A "Happy New Year" to you all! I've only a moment to write it, still the wish is as sincere as if I wrote and sent it from home, in my leisure. I have had the pleasure of personally greeting many of the Merrys this year, and propose for the next returning anniversary, that we all meet in this city and make a "New Year's call" upon our Uncles—Rob, Hi, and Will, and Aunt Sue. I assure you from my experience the calls will be pleasant ones.

OLIVER ONLEY.

We'll hire the Academy of Music if all will come, and deputize Wanderer to look after the crowd that would be unable to find room inside.

VINE-COVERED COTTAGE.

DEAR UNCLE MERRY:—As you have given me privilege to enter the noisy room, here I am. Give me a seat soon in some pleasant corner where I can see all who come in. I am trying to get up a club to get the *microscope*. I have obtained one subscriber this evening, and am going to start Monday for the rest. With love to Aunt Sue, Uncle Hi, and all the 20,000, I remain your niece,

MAY CLAYTON.

The microscope will be useful to find the pieces of sundry Chatterers after this *war* is over.

ADORABLE UNCLES:—I've been a martyr to anxiety, *regret*—and—curiosity (which "bein' as haow" I'm a girl is just what's expected of me) about several of our departed luminaries, until I am a fit candidate for canonization. I refer to Nip, Flibbertigibbet, Willie H. Coleman, and Sibyl Grey. I suspect that the last two named concluded to "kiss and make up," or else that they are still sailing about under false colors. One may be forgiven for being suspicious of one's *best* friends since that performance of Wilforley. There stands dear, bright Black-Eyes, as staunch and firm as a rock! She doesn't secede, bless her!

I wish *very* much to receive photogs of B.-Eyes, Willie H. Coleman, Sibyl Grey, and *Pertine*. I offer mine in return—though that will be no inducement, as I'm but a dull member of the cousinhood. The Uncles have my address. Wilforley, do you know the colonel of the 3d Sen. Reg. of N. Y.?

Yours forever, PRUE B. E

Some of our stars have very eccentric orbits; they will all appear "when the sign comes right." Flib. is still alive, and promises to let us hear from her again.

Extracted Essences.

ITALIA desires acquaintance with the circle, thinks the MUSEUM a good institution, and that interest in it ought not to flag. Certainly not—we will always sustain our flag with interest.

ISADORE asks if there be room for one more. Certainly; right opposite the window, Is-a-door.

DOWN EAST GIRL brings love to all the cousins, and *ten new subscribers*. She would like to exchange photos with all, and did not forget the Merry album. Please accept many thanks. Uncle Robert would be glad to receive the photographs of all the Merrys.

JOHNNY JUMPUP thinks Nelly Van an incorr*i*gible creature, is sorry Winifred has deserted him for Jim, is ready to "pitch in" with A. N., and wants Carrie S.'s dog to bark at Uncle Hi when he raises the hatchet.

MARGARITA is welcomed to a seat by Kittie F.

MADCAP wishes to sit by Winifred, despises home guards, wants everybody's carte, and Nellie Van's friendship.

CLARA's bouquet will be welcome; she proposes to scent it with extract of gold—an extravagant fancy in these times.

BENNIE P. IRISH must have the warm regards of all the circle—he is but ten years old and an orphan. Aunt Sue will give him her best care.

MARIAN sends warm greetings for all our soldier boys. She graduated at T. G. I. On second thoughts, Uncle William thinks those initials must mean Tall Girls Institute.

JIM wants to come on a *carte* on a *visite* to Fleta, and asks her to reciprocate.

TITANIA loves Aunt Sue, invites Black-Eyes to dinner, and claims regards of the other cousins.

JOLLY JINGLE asks Winnie for position as boot-black to the royal cortège, also if Winnie ever heard of such a thing as a big tree?

LOTTIE and HATTIE L. are old friends. Their names shall not be forgotten.

BELLE comes with a modest ring, and is welcome.

LOUISE and ALICE are bashful; they shall sit near Madcap and Saucy Nell.

ANITA is not an-i-o-ta unwelcome.

ANNE H. WILCOXON shall have a place with Margarita and Kittie F.

EXTRACT DE TOILET claims a place among the "Essences." She is welcomed with a flutter of handkerchiefs.

FLORA is teaching the young ideas to shoot among the hills of New Hampshire. We trust her Flora-culture may be successful.

GIPSY thinks Oliver, Only "nice." (Mr. Printer, mind your punctuation.)

FIDDLESTICKS is still flourishing; he would like some *cartes*.

MILTON GODENOW should be good *I* know. He moves that when anagrams are proposed, it shall be indicated what sort of a sentence or word the answer should be.

JESSIE LINWOOD, ALICE CLAYTON, and DAISY WILDWOOD, when shall we see you in the Merry album?

S. D. H., please send your address, as we have a letter for you.

J. H. L., we sent the photo of Robert Merry *to* all whose subscriptions have reached us; if it is not received, please send word, and it will be sent in the next number of the magazine.

THE CANON OF THE HOLY SCRIPTURES, examined in the light of History, published by the American Tract Society of Boston, is a valuable and elaborate work, and will be found an important aid to the Biblical student in answering the attacks of modern skepticism. We wish it could find its way to every household.

THE MILL GIRLS; A SECRET RESOLVED; THE SECOND BOOK OF 100 PICTURES.—The above books, published by the American Sunday School Union, are neatly printed and profusely illustrated. Like all the books which the Union publish, they will be found attractive and interesting, and will make a valuable addition to any library.

NEW MUSIC.—We have received the following excellent pieces of new music from O. Ditson & Co., Boston: "Where'er I Stray;" "To Canaan, Song of the Six Hundred Thousand;" "Come, Come Away with Me;" "Flag of Our Country;" "Oh! Where, Gentle West Wind;" "Skedaddle;" "Child Waltz," etc. Ditson always has the best assortment of new music in the market.

A WORD TO HOUSEKEEPERS.—We take pleasure in recommending Pyle's O. K. Soap as the best in the market for household use, having tested it ourselves to our entire satisfaction. It is the most economical soap in use, and will be found suitable for all washing purposes. All those who desire to be made clean and white we commend to Pyle, 350 Washington Street, New York.

$25 IN PRIZES!—The proprietors of the *Printer's Devil*, a handsome illustrated literary periodical, published in New York, wishing to give still greater attraction to their paper, have resolved to publish a series of *Rebuses*, and to offer valuable prizes for correct solutions. The first one appears in the present number, which contains all needful information, and a choice collection of entertaining matter. It will be sent to any one on receipt of *Five Cents*. Address "Editor *Printer's Devil*, Box 2,900, New York city."

Aunt Sue's Puzzle Drawer.

K. C. wins the prize for December, having correctly answered 24 puzzles.

Edward J. Hooper was the first to answer puzzle 380. *D. P. W.'s* photog. was sent him accordingly.

Questions, Enigmas, Charades, etc.

388. My first's a maiden's Scripture name,
My second's less than me,
My whole—ah! so unmerciful
I hope I ne'er shall be. *Johnny.*

389. Change my head several times, and make (1) the cause for some things, (2) to debate, (3) a foundation, (4) that which often covers it, (5 and 6) two different noises, (7) and part of the soil of America. *C. M. E.*

390. What cousin's name can be wholly expressed with less than half its number of letters. *Osceola.*

391. What beverage will *surely* change our pain? *Aunt Martha.*

ANAGRAMS.

(Fill the blanks with the words in italics, transposed.)

392. *Pray, Simon,* that I may be cured of ———. *H. A. D.*

393. A certain ——— used *green soap.* *H. A. D.*

394. *Cleon paints not* in ———. *Jasper.*

395. *Dire loss* is often sustained by ——. *W. R. Q.*

396. ——— can *stand carbon* pretty well. *Alpha.*

397. *Prejudice runs* even through ———. *Ellian.*

398. Transpose a taker into a keeper. *Geo. T. McKinney.*

399. Curtail a coin and leave a bird. *E. & A. Cherry Cheeks.*

400. Entire, I am a mixture; transposed, I am false; behead me, I am a tree; replace my head, curtail and reverse me, I am a nickname; take out my third letter and reverse me, I am part of the body; replace the third letter, behead and transpose, I am a verb. *C. F. Warren.*

401. Transpose a cupola into fashion. *O. O.*

402. Why is a very large man always sober? *A. Older.*

403. Transpose an army into what they use. *Venus.*

404. What flowers are always under a person's nose? *Fred W. C. C.*

405. Entire, I am a dog; behead and transpose, and I am used in almost every house. *Tommy.*

A LATIN INJUNCTION.

406. Me! men? Tom or I? *Wilforley.*

407. A planet and a plant. *Josie.*

408. Two girls' names. *Forget-me-not.*

409. A certain man's instrument of torture. *C. W. J.*

410. My first you are when over the ground [bank,
You lightly trip to the river's
Where my second may always be found; [dank,
Beware my whole, 'tis cold and
And fatal, too, to many a one
Who will not its danger carefully shun. *Vera Lee.*

411. I am composed of 12 letters:
My 3, 6, 11, 2 is a *puss-animalous* noise.
My 8, 1, 9, 5 can make one very comfortable at some seasons of the year.
My 4, 10, 12, 7 is a pronoun.
My whole is the name of a humorous writer. *Clementina.*

412. I am composed of 19 letters:
My 6, 7, 5 is an animal.
My 8, 19, 2 is a boy's nickname.
My 13, 14, 5 is an eatable.
My 18, 1, 4, 9 is government.
My 15, 17, 11, 12 are very painful.
My 16, 10, 1, 3, 17, 4, 9, 2, 11 is ferocious.
My whole is what we all wish for. *Heartsease.*

413. I am composed of 14 letters:
My 1, 5, 7, 14 is a companion.
My 4, 8 is an interjection.
My 10, 11, 13, 12, 2, 11, 3 is a scoundrel.
My 6, 11, 9 is in very common use in the kitchen.
My whole is a village on the Hudson. *Edith L.*

414. I am composed of 23 letters:
My 1, 4, 9, 13, 16, 15 is what a tiger will often do.
My 14, 18, 6, 23, 7, 12, 22 is one of the crying sins of the age.

My 2, 19, 10, 6, 7, 8 is what we should all be.
My 11, 17, 21, 5 is a piece of canvas.
My 20, 3 is an interjection.
My whole is a place famed for its misdeeds. *Yarm & Braddie.*

(*Answers to the foregoing puzzles must be sent in on or before the 10th of March.*)

Answers to Questions in Dec. No.

328. Now up and full, 'twixt earth and heaven,
Your great O turns to little o before eleven.
(The moon, which, rising about sunset, presents apparently a larger circle or round disc, but afterward, when higher up, a smaller one.)
329. I C U O 0. (I see you owe nothing.)
330. Regimentals.
331. Incendiarism.
332. Hailstones.
333. Margaretta
334. They are not forgiving.
335. Scowl, cowl, cow, sow, owl, low, lo!
336. Earnest.
337. Martin Luther.
338. Abe Lincoln.
339. Israel Putnam.
340. Alexander Pope.
341. Jefferson Davis.
342. John Overton Choules.
343. Hall, all.
344. It is summery (summary).
345. Zoonic.
346. Jacques Blumenthal.
347. Potomac.
348. Harper's Monthly Magazine.
349. Chester.
350. Hanover.
351. Culpepper.
352. Doge.
353. Succory.
354. Extenuate nothing vile.
355. Level, ewe, pip, eke, Laval: LEPEL.
356. Wart urns things (upside down), butt sum th in G S knee D writing. (War turns things upside down, but some things need righting.)

SOLUTION TO PRIZE PUZZLE IN OCT. NO.

"Caroline" = *Cornelia:* "is" = *si:* "lauding"=*languid:* "Nan's"=*Ann's:* "enumerations"=*mountaineers:* "but"=*tub:* "smile"=*miles, limes, slime, Selim:* "not"=*ton:* "smile not so"=*motionless:* "not so in"=*notions:* "so in"=*Sion:* "fun real"=*funeral:* "real"=*earl, lare, Lear:* "kind ants"=*inkstand:* "ants"=*tans:* "eat"=*ate, tea:* "salt"=*slat, last:* "eat salt corn I"=*altercations:* "corn I miss some"=*commissioners:* "some tin"=*moisten:* "tin"=*nit:* "some tin an"=*Minnesota:* "some tin an ax I"=*examinations:* "an ax I lost"=*laxations:* "ax I lost"=*ox-tails:* "I lost"=*toils:* "lost"=*lots, slot.*

No one has answered this entirely, but as Adelbert Older gives by far the largest number of the original words, we offer him his choice of the following books: "The China Mission," "Elements of Chemistry," "Life of George Washington," "Egypt, Arabia Petrea, and the Holy Land," "Summer Pictures from Copenhagen to Venice;" "Switzerland," or any one of Dickens' works.

K. C. answers all but 328, 342, 344, 345, 351.

Mary A. E. answers all but 336, 342, 344, 345, 351, 353.

Alpha answers all but 328, 342, 351, 353, 355, 356.

Birdie answers all but 328, 334, 342, 353, 355, 356.

Clementina answers all but 334, 342, 344, 345, 353, 355, 356.

C. W. J. answers all but 328, 342, 344, 345, 350, 351, 355, 356.

C. M. E. answers all but 328, 336, 339, 342, 344, 345, 353, 355, 356.

Bertha answers all but 328, 331, 342, 344, 345, 351, 353, 355, 356.

Alice Clayton answers all but 328, 334, 336, 337, 342, 344, 345, 353, 354, 355, 356.

Louisa Dolbeer answers all but 328, 329, 334, 337, 342, 346, 348, 350, 351, 353, 355, 356.

Arthur R. M. answers all but 328, 329, 334, 338, 339, 341, 342, 344, 345, 352, 353, 355.

Blanche answers all but 328, 331, 332, 333, 334, 337, 339, 342, 344, 345, 348, 355.

Fiddlesticks answers 330, 331, 332, 333, 335, 336, 338, 340, 341, 343, 346, 347, 348.

Amity Street answers 335, 336, 338, 343, 346, 347, 348, 349, 350, 354.

F. A. S. & J. S. answer 337, 340, 347, 348, 349.

C. S. & H. H. L. answer 338, 348, 349, 350.

Clara answers 340, 336

Echo answers 338.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

M. T.—Your list of answers, which equaled those that took the prize last month, did not reach me until after the "10th."

Dolly, an eight-year-old, wishes an introduction to the cousins. Who will take especial care of her? I dare say many of you will be glad of an excuse to tend a dolly again.

S. M. thinks the MUSEUM would be improved by omitting some of the enigmas composed of figures; *Belle*, *G. W. B.*, and several others prefer that kind to all the rest; so what are we to do about it? Let me beg of the cousins not to send me any of that style in 1863, for I have enough for several years now, even if I publish three or four a month.

Hoosier Boy.—Come earlier next time.

Winifred.—I don't know his "real name." Have you heard from *G. T. M.?*

Saucy Nell.—What conclusion did you arrive at concerning the "propriety" of writing to our soldier boys?

Daisy W.—I enjoyed your letter very much. I will believe all you say about *Elfie*. I don't deserve the credit you give me for discovering *J.'s* identity; I fancied I traced a likeness to the sister, and happened to be right. I will *try* to write to him. I do know "who *A. N.* is."

C. M. E. wishes me to inform *Long Bill* that he would like to exchange *cartes* with him, and that he intends sending one to *D. P. & W. W. W.* Why didn't you go to see the latter, Charlie, when you were visiting so near them? I know they would have given you a hearty welcome.

Belle.—There are many of the cousins who prefer the "transpositions" to all the rest. We *try* to please all parties by giving a few of each kind, so that every one may take his choice.

Alice Clayton wishes me to tell *Agnes* and *A. E. D.* that she has exhausted her stock of photographs, but expects to get some more taken soon. Will *Agnes* wait, or shall *Alice* return the one sent. She thanks *Wilforley* for his kind New Year's wishes, and sends greetings to all the uncles, aunts, and cousins.

K. C.—There was not quite as much "*moon*shine" about your poetry as there should have been.

Louisa Dolbeer.—I was very much interested in your home picture, and almost longed for a romp with Rover.

Nellie Van.—Truly the evidences of your great delight were long in coming, but they came in such good company that I was more than satisfied. Thanks for the *c. de v.*

Ida May would like the photog. of any of the cousins who would wish to send (do you mean to *exchange*, Ida?). Address 359 Third Avenue, New York.

O. O.—*Ida May* wants to know your opinion of *F. J.*

Osceola.—I have not added any stamps to the collection *Tommy* kindly prepared for me; but my cousins have over 1,300 varieties now. *I. M.* told me all that she threatened; as a punishment, you must not have any pie to-morrow.

Fred W. C. C.—Your letter and contents were forwarded to Mr. Stearns.

Nedloh.—I am sorry your answer to 380 came a little too late.

Blanche.—It is sometimes very much easier to make puzzles than to guess them.

Edward J. Hoopes.—Did the photograph reach you safely?

Maggie L. C.—We are waiting for your address.

Willie H. C.—Many thanks for the *c. de v.*; how you have grown!

Alpha.—I do not know his whereabouts.

Jeannie M.—You have my sincere sympathy; kiss little *Annie* for me.

Mary A. E.—Your answer to 344 was very ingenious, but not quite so perfect as the original.

Amity Street.—I am glad you liked your pen; you needn't apologize for your list of answers; it is very good for a beginner. In finding out anagrams, print the letters composing the anagram on paper, and then cut each letter separate; keep transposing their positions until you discover the original word. The better way is to keep a box of letters always at hand.

Thanks for enigmas, etc., to *Heartsease, Jr.*, *Josie*, *Jim*, *Johnny*, *J. S.*, *Gipsy*, *F. A. S.*, *Ida May*, *L. M. D.*, *Clementina*, *C. M. E.*, and *K. C.*

THE HOME SOCIETY.

SIXTH MEETING.

THE next time the children met on the appointed afternoon, they were surprised to find Uncle Fred not present at the usual hour. Frank and Susy were also absent. Where could they be? Mrs. Malcolm suggested that they might be in Uncle Fred's room, as she saw the two children going up stairs some time previous. Henrietta and Kate both went to look, and as they opened the door they saw the pleasant scene shown in the picture. Susy had taken Frank for her pony, and was having a fine frolic as he scampered about the floor, carrying her on his back. Uncle Fred sat, with a paper in his hand, thinking very intently about something; his spectacles were thrown back, and he scarcely noticed the entrance of the two girls.

"Now we've caught you, uncle," said Kate; "it's fifteen minutes past meeting-time."

Uncle Fred took out his watch, and

said, smilingly, "True enough—I was having a pleasant dream." He then joined the children, and all returned to the sitting-room.

"Can people sleep with their eyes open?" asked Henrietta, when they were all seated.

"Certainly," replied George; "we once had a man to work for us who used to get up in his sleep and go out and harness the horses and drive off, if he was not prevented, and his eyes would be wide open all the time."

"He was a somnambulist," remarked Uncle Fred.

John looked for the word in the dictionary, and found it to mean, "one who walks in sleep."

"What makes them do it?" asked Frank.

"It is caused by some disordered action of the brain," replied Uncle Fred. "Sleep was intended to be the time of rest to the mind and the body; but the brain, which is the part of the body through which the mind acts, may become diseased, and cause very strange conduct. I knew a somnambulist shoemaker who used to do a great deal of work while fast asleep."

"He must have earned a good deal," said Frank.

"No," replied his uncle; "his night-work so exhausted him that he could do but little in the daytime, and at last he had to leave his shop altogether and be placed in care of a physician for several months."

"Not long since," said Henrietta, "I read of a young girl who used to preach sermons in her sleep. People came in crowds to the house to hear her, and it was said her discourses were very eloquent."

"Many strange stories are told of somnambulists," said Uncle Fred. "There are many things about the matter which can not be explained Persons in such a state often do things of which they would not be capable in a waking state; as, for instance, walking over dangerous paths, climbing almost inaccessible places, and performing great feats of strength."

"What is supposed to cause such a disordered state of the brain?" inquired George.

"Sometimes it results from long-continued study or great excitement. It is related of a celebrated lawyer, that having an important case on hand, he rose in his sleep one night and wrote out a long argument on the subject. He discovered it the next day, and it was found to be so convincing that it gained him his cause. His mind was so full of the matter, that it worked on while his body was asleep and his consciousness was gone. But before we talk any more on this subject, please tell me, Henrietta, why you asked the question, whether people could sleep with their eyes open?"

"Because," replied Henrietta, "when we called you from your room, you

told us you were having a pleasant dream, and I observed that your eyes were not closed."

"I was not asleep; persons often dream without sleeping," said Uncle Fred. "When the mind is so busy with scenes not before the eye, that a person is unconscious of things immediately around them, it is a species of dreaming. I had just been reading about some ancient palaces, and in imagination I was walking through one of them."

"How did it look?" asked Frank.

"It was built of stone; the ceilings were very high and handsomely ornamented; there were beautiful pillars to support the roof; the sides were handsomely frescoed, and the floor was paved with marble of different colors."

"I had a funny dream last night," said Susie, who had kept quiet as long as it was possible.

"What was it, little chick?" asked Uncle Fred, kindly.

"Oh! I dreamed I saw the funniest little boy taking a ride on a fish. He had a great pitchfork in his hand, and he didn't have hardly any clothes on; and the fish had great big eyes and two big wings, and a long tail, and the boy didn't look a bit frightened; but I was frightened, and I cried right out and woke up."

"I know what made you dream that," said Kate. "Don't you remember I showed you some curious pictures yesterday, and there was one just like your dream? You were thinking about it in your sleep."

"Why does not the mind get tired out when it keeps on thinking during sleep?" asked John.

"Because it usually acts without special effort," replied Uncle Fred. "In sleep, we lose the power of direct-

ing thought to any particular subject, and ideas and fancies come and go without any act of the will. Involuntary action does not cause much fatigue; you know that breathing goes on without making a person tired, but if you use your lungs in blowing hard a short time, it is very wearying. So it is with the brain; involuntary thought is easy, but setting the mind intently at work upon a subject—that is, studying—soon causes fatigue."

"Why does a person dream more after eating a hearty meal just before sleeping?" asked George.

"Because," replied Uncle Fred, "the stomach keeps on working during sleep to digest the food, and there is a very intimate relation between the stomach and the brain. A large nerve connects the two organs, and when one is much excited, the other is affected."

"Do you believe in dreams?" asked George.

"I believe that persons have strange dreams," replied Uncle Fred, "and that very curious circumstances are sometimes connected with them; but it is so seldom that anything occurs according to previous dreams, that no dependence can be placed upon them as a means of foretelling the future."

Just then Bridget came to the door to announce the arrival of several friends, and the company adjourned to the parlor.

Safety of Silence.—I beg you to take to heart one maxim, which for myself I have ever observed and ever shall; it is, never to say more than is necessary. The unspoken word never does harm; what is once uttered can not be recalled, and no man can foresee its consequences.—*Kossuth.*

MY GOOD SLED.

We have no need of ponies;
My good sled and I!
From the top of the hillside
We whizz and we fly.

What's the steed of an Arab,
Though formed of the wind?
My good sled on an ice-hill
Is more to *my* mind.

When the summer-time hillside,
With clover bloom gay,
Drew the bees from the honey,
Buzz—buzzing all day,

Often on the green carpet
A lounger was I!
Now, good sled, down the hillside,
Whizz—whizzing we fly.

Laurel.

We have a little girl at our house who glories in being nearly five years old. One day we hired a "German" to do some gardening. Now Hans was a great whistler, and liked this kind of occupation very much. Mollie was watching him in his labor when Hans commenced whistling. Pretty soon, all agape, I noticed Mollie, but thought it was because of Han's superior whistling. When he stopped, Mollie came running up to me, nearly out of breath, and asked,

"Mamma, is Hans Dutch?"

I answered in the affirmative.

"Why, mamma," said Mollie, "*he don't whistle Dutch!*"

PHILIP SNOW'S WAR.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "KATE MORGAN'S SOLDIERS," "NAT'S SHOES," ETC.

CHAPTER IV.

A BIRD note fell out of a feathered throat into the early morning. It startled Mrs. Snow, sitting beside the window of little Essie's room.

Essie was restless in her sleep, and her mother had kept her watch near her.

Another bird picked up the fallen note, and scattered it. A crumb must have dropped into every nest, for as Philip stole into the room, a chorus of song came in with him.

"My dear mother," said the boy, "have you been here all night?"

"Yes, dear."

"Have you seen anything of father?"

"Nothing—not a sound."

"Do you think he will come back?"

"Not until he chooses."

"Mother, is father crazy?"

"No, Philip."

"Then why does he—?"

A hand, cold with night-dews, stopped Philip's question, and eyes that never looked at him in vain, implored the boy to say no more.

"Remember always, through *everything*, that he is your father."

"I will," said Philip, with a very determined air, "and that you are my mother," he added; "that is nice to remember always. Shall I go out now and look for father by daylight?"

"No, my son—we will wait—"

"For what?"

"For some light to guide us."

"Waiting is the hardest thing in the world to do, I think, mother."

"Oh, Phil, would you not rather wait until you are grown to be a man, and every day have the hope that your father was alive and might come back, than to know that he was dead?"

"Oh, mother, yes, a thousand times."

"Then we will quietly wait, dear."

"Let me ask one question; please, mother—"

"What is it?"

"You do not think that father would hurt himself?"

"I have no fear of that kind; he will come back, I trust, quite safe."

"I am sorry for you, mother," said Phil, looking into her eyes; and then suddenly kissing her, he darted out of the room.

At breakfast, Essie startled her mother and brother by the question, "Mamma! Phil! has papa anything to eat this morning?"

The same little gate whose voice had spoken so often the previous night, uttered its note of advent just as Essie had spoken, and saved Mrs. Snow the pain of answering Essie's question.

"Good-morning, Mrs. Clark," said Stephen Waite's cheery voice at the open window: "how d' y' do, Ned? Why, Essie, did you sleep nicely?"

"I deemed I was teaching you big boy how to say your prayers," said Essie.

Stephen darted his head out of the window to hide the crimson in his face, and after a brief minute entered by the door.

"Stay awhile," said Phil.

"No, I can't; I have not had my breakfast, and I ran away. I came to know if I can tell father about last night. He does not know where I staid so long."

"Certainly, Stephen, and ask him if he will do me the kindness to come and see me this morning."

"Yes, ma'am, I know he will come," replied Stephen, hastening away and whistling Hail Columbia under the poplar where he had waited for Phil Snow only the night before.

Stephen Waite's mind was relieved of a burden. He had arrived at home (as we know) at a very late hour the night previous, and he had found his parents waiting for him. To their eager questionings he had returned no answer, except that he had been staying with a little child, and that he would tell them more in the morning. Now that he found himself with full power to disclose the cause of his absence, Stephen went joyously homeward. He delivered Mrs. Snow's message, and started for school. He was on his way up the hill from where he had looked upon the rainbow. The adventure of the night before had made a strange impression upon the boy, and as he went on he found himself constantly looking about, as if to find something or somebody.

He exclaimed, as he reached the hill-top, "Nell, what are you sitting here for?"

Nell was sitting near a fallen tree by the roadside.

"Oh, Steve, is that you?" asked the child, with a start, for she had not seen Stephen coming. "I was too early for school, and my arms ached carrying this heavy satchel with all my books in it, and so I am taking a little rest, and you may carry it the rest of the way for me," she added, looking up with a smile that somehow made Stephen think of the rainbow of the night before.

"No snakes 'round here, I suppose?" said Steve.

Nell jumped up from her seat with a face that had lost all its morning brightness.

"What made you speak of snakes, Steve? How could you frighten me so?"

"I didn't think *you* were afraid of mere words, Nell."

Nell stooped to pick up her satchel that was lying near the tree. As she bent, something went flying past her, and nearly threw her down.

"Oh, I've got it, I've got it!" shouted Steve. "Don't run; don't be frightened, Nell."

Nell dared to disobey orders, and ran a little way; then she stopped and looked back at Stephen, who stood still, with his feet firmly fixed upon something.

Nell called, "What is it, Steve?"

"Come here and see."

Without the slightest idea of the cause of Stephen's sudden onset, Nell went back.

"Pick up that stick for me, quick; it's squirming strong," cried Stephen.

Nell obeyed, and walked up to him with it.

"It's a snake, Nell—a real creature this time, and no mistake. It crawled out of the tree just where you were sitting. Now hand me the switch, and then you run—run as far as the

pine-tree, and wait there until I call you."

"What will you do with it?" and Nell's voice was full of courage now that she saw one of her foes under Stephen's feet.

"I'll kill it; run."

"Oh, Stephen!" and Nell did not run.

"Shall I let it go?"

"Yes, just this time, Steve—please do."

"Take care, then, Nell; run."

Nell ran a little way, and hearing strokes falling on the snake, she ventured back.

"Oh, Steve—Stephen Waite, stop! don't kill the poor creature," she cried.

"Don't come—don't come here," shouted Stephen, switching away at the serpent with all his might; but Nell had lost all fear; she went quite close to the writhing creature, and even tried to take the switch out of the boy's hand.

"Oh, Stephen, it's wicked, it's cruel; let the snake go," she said.

"Who ever heard of such a thing? You are a goose."

The "goose" received the accusation with remarkable resignation, and having discovered that muscle couldn't save the writhing snake, Nell bethought herself of argument.

"Wait one minute, Stephen Waite; that snake might have bitten me just as well as not, and it didn't; now, then, some mercy upon the poor thing. You've whipped it awfully. I'd rather you'd whip me. Please stop."

Stephen stopped whipping, and threw down the switch.

"There's a dear, good boy, Steve," exclaimed Nell, and her glance of approval smote the boy.

"Don't praise me, Nell; I didn't stop until the snake was dead."

"Is it dead?" slowly asked Nell; and she went close to the quiet line that lay along the ground.

"It never will bite again."

"But it moves. See!"

"Never mind; it is dead. There rings the bell! Come, I'll carry your satchel for you. I see you *have* managed, though I don't admire the management; it is heavy."

"I told you so, and that is the reason why I stopped to rest; I wish I hadn't, and then you never would have killed the snake, Steve."

"And never known what a soft-hearted little goose Nell is. I declare, I do believe you are crying. You ought to return me a vote of thanks, with ever so many resolutions of life-long gratitude, for having saved you."

"I do, Steve."

"Then don't cry."

Nell didn't answer Stephen, for at the moment other children joined them, and Stephen was very busy telling the story to them, and three of the boys preferred a "mark" for tardiness to the loss of a sight of the monster that Stephen had announced to be lying dead or dying in the form of a rattlesnake near the roadside; they went back to look at it.

"Any more adventures this morning, Nell?" asked Steve, as he gave the last item of topography to an inquiring boy, and joined Nell, who, during the detention, had walked on.

"Not an adventure, precisely," said Nell; "I have found something that was lying back a little way in the road."

"See here!" added Nell, taking a knife from her pocket, "I wish I knew who had lost it—it has no name, only one letter."

Stephen took the knife from her and opened it.

"I declare, Nell, what a treasure! why, it is a real three-decker! Just look at the blades;" and Stephen counted them, adding, conclusively, "this knife is worth owning."

"What shall I do with it, Steve?"

"Why, keep it until an owner is heard of."

"Oh, I don't want it; you take it, please, and try to find out who has lost it."

"I am afraid I shan't care much about finding the owner. I don't believe I shall be faithful to my trust, Nell; I would rather not."

"Very well, Steve, I will keep it, and if I don't find any owner before Christmas, you shall have it."

"I hope you won't, Nell."

"Oh, Steve, I think you are growing very wicked. Suppose you get it on Christmas Day, and lose it at New Year's, what, then, do you not hope the finder will return it to you?"

"Of course I do, Nell; here is the letter on it, 'B.' I wonder who B. is!"

"I shall try to find out, Steve."

Stephen gave the knife to Nell; the troop of children who had stopped to examine the dead giant on the hill came hurrying on, very loud in their praises of Stephen Waite's courage, and shouting a boyish pean over the dead serpent that they bore with them to show to the schoolmaster.

"Come with me, Nell," said a little girl whose name was Mary Lee. "I have got something to tell you—something that's been happening to somebody, and its awful."

This summons was made during the mid-day hour, wherein the children were greatly divided in their interests between dinner and play.

"Wait a minute, Mary;" and Nell occupied the minute she had solicited in hurrying away books, dinner, doll, and all her wardrobe into her school-desk.

"Now, Mary, I am ready."

"You are not going without your hat, are you?"

"I forgot it, Mary—here it is;" and hastily putting it on, the two girls went out of the school-house.

"Come this way, Nell; let us go into the walnut grove, because, you see, this that I am going to tell you is a secret, and I wouldn't have anybody hear it for anything."

"There isn't anybody to hear now," said Nell, after they were at a distance from the school-house, and out of the sound of the children's voices.

"Oh, you haven't promised not to tell yet, Nell!"

"No, and I can't promise that."

"Then I won't tell you."

"I am sorry," said Nell, "but I can't promise."

"Very well, then, I won't tell, and I know you want to know, because it's about somebody you like, I know you do."

"Who, Mary? you can tell me that."

"Indeed I shall not; you can guess, if you are a mind to."

"I like so many people, and almost everybody is so good to me, that I can't think."

"Somebody that lives across the bridge there. If you can't guess now, you are stupid."

"Is it anything about Phil Snow?"

"I thought you'd have some curiosity."

"I do want to know very much indeed."

"You won't tell anybody, then, sure as you live?"

"I can not promise that—I told you so."

"Then I won't tell," very firmly said Mary, "and we may as well go back, and while you finish eating your dinner, you can be guessing what dreadful thing has been happening to Phil Snow."

Nell determined to ask Stephen Waite, for she knew that he had left her the night before to go to his friend; so she hurried her steps almost into a run to reach Stephen as quickly as possible.

"I want to know why you won't promise me, Nell?" asked Mary Lee, trying to keep pace with Nell.

"I told mother I wouldn't."

"Well, she is dead, now."

"Oh, but I promised; mother used to say that no little girl or boy ought to keep anything laid up—hidden away, you know, from their mother; and every single night, after I was in bed, mother used to come and sit by me, and I told her everything new that had happened that day."

"Oh, that was dreadful!" exclaimed Mary. "I shouldn't have liked it at all. Did you tell when you had been naughty?"

"Oh, yes, everything; I couldn't have gone to sleep if I hadn't."

"But you can't tell her now, so what difference does it make if you promise me now?"

"Mother asked me, before she died, to tell Aunt Clara everything, and I said, 'Yes, mamma, I will;' and so I must, you know."

"I suppose you can't help it, then?"

"I don't wish to help it; it keeps me from doing a great many naughty things that I know I should do if I didn't think about having to tell Aunt Clara."

"I didn't know about this promise, Nell, or I wouldn't have been cross about it. You may tell Aunt Clara, but ask her not to tell."

"That will do nicely," said Nell, getting anxious for the development.

"Well, let us sit down on this flat stone, and I'll tell you all about it."

Nell sat down, and Mary seated herself beside her with great satisfaction, now that she was at liberty to tell her story.

"You see, Nell," she began, "after I had gone to bed last night, and the house was all still, I heard somebody come in; it was Miss Croy, that lives across the river, up in the red house that has so many chimneys."

"Yes, I know," interrupted Nell, who was impatient.

"Well, the doors were a little way open, and I could hear every word that was said, lying still in bed. Miss Croy said that just as 'twas getting on toward night, she saw Dr. Snow, Phil's father, you know, that proud, queer man, coming up the street along the river, as if something had happened. She didn't know but what his house was burning up, he hurried so; but she looked down the road and didn't see any smoke or anything that looked like fire, so she watched Dr. Snow, and just before he got to her house he jumped over the stone wall, and went right through the deep grass till he came to the river; she thought he was going to jump in, but he didn't; he crept in by the bushes—hazel-nut and alders, you know—until she saw him run into the woods above. Then she went out to take a little walk. I guess she wanted to know what he was doing in the woods," added Mary, "because she said that it wasn't long before she met Phil, and he looked as if he had been running a long way, so she asked him what the matter was, and he said, 'Nothing;' only he didn't

stop a minute, but went right on, and into the same piece of woods; and this morning Miss Croy came again while we were at breakfast, and she said that Dr. Snow had gone, nobody knew where, only a man that lives by the river heard a boat going down the river in the night, and he looked out to see what anybody wanted to be rowing in the night for, and he says he saw a man in it without any hat on, and that he was rowing away as fast as ever he could, and that if Dr. Snow had ever been known to get into a boat or to row, he should say it was him. Anyhow, Nell, he has gone and left Mrs. Snow, and Phil, and Esther all alone."

"Oh, I am so sorry!" exclaimed Nell, rising up, "and I want to go straight home and tell Aunt Clara."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THE BOYS' BATTLE-SONG.

We are marching on to battle, boys,
Our banner 's floating high,
In the field of life before us, boys,
To conquer ere we die!
With Religion for our general,
And Honor as his Aid,
We'll face the thickest of the fight,
And never be afraid.
Chorus—For *we* are "Young America,"
And if our hearts are true,
There 's nothing right or possible
Our army can not do.

As we march along to manhood,
We must get a full supply
Of the scholar's ammunition, boys,
And keep our powder dry!
And we must build our fortresses
Of Faith, to keep out evil,
And if the Arch-fiend storms our walls,
We'll teach him to be civil.
Cho.—For we are "Young America,"
etc.

Let no jealousy or discontent
Our ranks divide—and then
If we can not all be officers,
We can at least be MEN!
Soon the legions of Temptation
May assail us ere we know—
We'll watch, and strike them as they come,
Nor take the second blow.
Cho.—For we are "Young America,"
etc.

In the contest for our principles,
Oh! Father, make us strong
To ever battle for the Right,
And struggle with the Wrong!
May we shield the weak and helpless,
And aid the striving soul,
And spread the Gospel's banner out
From icy pole to pole.
Cho.—For we are "Young America,"
etc.

Though our sires are bravely toiling,
They 'll leave *some* good undone;
And the heritage of noble work
Descends from sire to son.
Then shout aloud our battle-song—
Columbia joins the chorus—
And bids us speed to win ere long
The victories before us!
Cho.—For *we* are "Young America,"
And if our hearts are true,
There 's nothing great or possible
Our army can not do. M. E. D.

ONE day, Freddie's little sister Carrie, hearing her father and mother talking about a name for a new little baby brother that had been given to them a short time before, said, "Mamma, why don't you name it 'Hallowed?' It says in my prayer, 'hallowed be thy name,' and I think it a very pretty name too!"

THE DEER.

(CERVIDÆ.)

A GLANCE at this noble and beautiful animal, and we say that the antlers (without any play upon the word) are the *prominent* feature.

The development of these horns forms a remarkable part of the organization of these animals as weapons of attack and defense, and are indicative of a greater or less degree of vigorous power. For the production of these annually regenerated bony masses, Nature has provided with her usual care. Perhaps we have all known that these immense horns are cast every year; but we have scarcely thought for a moment what a process for such a bony, branching mass to grow and solidify, in less than a year, from the small and gracefully shaped head of a deer! Why, it almost outstrips the growth of the mushroom, from the gardener's prepared bed of mold, as you will see from the following extract:

"The budding horns of a male (deer) were several inches long in ten days from their first appearance; a month afterward there was an in-

terval of two feet between them, measuring from branch to branch."

The horn is a continuation of the bones from the outer table of the skull, and the velvet-like covering of the horn is continuous with the integuments of the head. It is in the spring generally that reproduction of the horns is begun. From the place where the old horn has been separated and cast, and which at first is apt to bleed, but is soon skinned over with a fine film, the new horn sprouts. At this time there is a strong determination of blood to the head—great in proportion to the demand for such an enormous and ultimately solid secretion. The vessels from the roots swell, and the horn pushes up, protected by a delicate and soft covering. In its early stage it is nearly cylindrical. Gradually the antlers appear, and become of the firmest solidity. The animal feels its powers, and proceeds to rub off the drying and decaying "velvet," which may be seen at this period hanging from the horn in ragged strips, against trees and other resisting bodies, leaving at last the magnificent ornament and weapon, with only the traces, on its now hard surface, of the blood-vessels which had produced it.

Then it is that the deer, conscious of strength, comes forth in all grandeur, ready to do battle with any creature who may dare to invade his haunts. Fierce fights now ensue, and often these antlers become so interlocked in the combat that the enraged animals can not separate themselves, and die of exhaustion and starvation.

The antlers do not attain their full size in the first years of the animal's life. In the red deer, the horns of the male do not appear till the second year, and the first which is shed is straight and single, like a small dagger. The next horn has generally but one antler—sometimes two, and even three, and so on. The oldest heads do not in general present more than ten or twelve antlers, though some have been seen that bore the great number of thirty-three. We have an account of such a splendid deer killed by a king of Prussia long ago. A single antler has been known to weigh sixty pounds!

As constituting the noblest objects of the chase, as well as affording choice subjects for the larder, these animals have been regarded with great interest by man. In the northern parts of America they live in troops, and are fond of marshy places. They were formerly found as far south as Ohio, but now occur only in more northern portions of the United States, and beyond the great lakes. They form small herds in Canada, but are solitary in more northern districts.

The red deer ranges in vast herds on the mountains in Scotland. Their flesh is poorer and less highly flavored than the fallow deer.

TIME.

Oh, never chide the wing of Time,
Or say 'tis tardy in its flight;
You'll find the days speed quick enough,
If you but husband them aright.

Thy span of life is waning fast;
Beware, unthinking youth, beware!
Thy soul's *eternity* depends
Upon the record *moments* bear.

The true hero fears God and his own conscience more than man.

CAROLINE THORPE.

BY SOPHIE MAY.

PEOPLE said Caroline Thorpe must have been created for a "try-patience," like the whole host of soft-voiced mosquitoes, gnats, and other troublesome insects. If she had a dear love for anything in the world, it was for mischief. When her mother seated herself with a sigh to teach her the alphabet, little Carrie's "eyes were with her thoughts, and those were far away." The obnoxious letters were at last insinuated into her brains by means of a cruel stick of whalebone; and many were the "rulings" and scoldings the child received before she would try to learn the easiest lessons.

When she had the hooping-cough, and was kept out of school for a whole winter, I am afraid Mr. Randall, the teacher, did not feel sorry enough. And the summer that she had the measles, got poisoned, and sprained her ankle, the school-girls declared that poor Miss Goodyear smiled twice as often as usual, and looked as happy as if somebody had left her a small legacy.

Carrie laughed a great deal, and in a disagreeable manner, but this might

have been forgiven if she had not been so unkind as to ridicule her playmates for personal defects. She called down showers of tears from the eyes of round-shouldered Julia Lane by nicknaming her "Rainbow." She laughed at Abby Gray when she was shedding her teeth, at red-haired Sarah Greene, at white-haired Mary Brown, and at Nancy Fletcher, whose hair fell out after a fever.

Years passed on, and Caroline had never got any higher up than the grammar school. When the pupils were examined for high school, she always found it convenient to have a severe cold or a toothache; and when asked seriously why she would not stay and answer the questions as well as she could, her impertinent reply was—

"I won't! I won't! Do you suppose I am going to be outdone by chits ever so much younger than I am?"

When the girls of her own age were all promoted to the upper rooms, and she was left to be the oldest and dullest girl in her class, her parents sent her away to a fashionable boarding-school, hoping she would find among strangers what she had never found at home—the love of her schoolfellows.

But bad habits are like certain kinds of weeds, very easy to grow, and very hard to root out—more particularly when one makes no effort to overcome them. I think it is not often that a girl becomes so reckless as Caroline. I can not help thinking somebody was to blame besides herself. If some of the kind, older girls at school had reasoned with her gently instead of avoiding her, she might not have grown so discouraged and indifferent to the opinions of her associates.

It is always a sad thing when a person gets to saying habitually, "I don't care! It's no matter what *I* do! Everybody despises me!" When we see young people in this sad frame of mind, we should try to do *something* to arouse them, and make them feel that there is some hope of their being respected and beloved, if they will only try. But Caroline was usually "let alone," and her acquaintances thought themselves wise in keeping out of her way.

It made her wayward heart ache with a dull pain to find everybody against her at the new school, and to revenge herself she tasked her ingenuity to find means for annoying the girls.

"They won't love me," thought Caroline, "and if they want to dislike me, I'll give them good reason."

The girls soon found that whoever sat next to Caroline at table was likely to become the victim of some practical joke, of which nobody could see the point but Caroline herself. I doubt if any one ever felt greatly amused on account of drinking salted tea, or eating meat snuffed instead of peppered. People do not enjoy discovering too late a little pitch inside their overshoes, or a chalk mark on the back of their cloaks; or if they do enjoy it, they must be very good-natured people indeed! It was Caroline's delight to make the girls break as many rules as possible; and if any one missed a pair of gloves when the hour came for walking, or a book just before recitation, she felt very little doubt as to the author of the mischief.

The teachers bore a great deal, as well as the pupils, but their patience could not last forever. At last she

grew so disorderly and unmanageable that it was found necessary to expel her from school. She received the announcement with her usual indifference, and seized the first opportunity of hiding the principal's embroidered handkerchief in such an unlikely place, that the poor lady spent hours in search of it.

As the hack drove away, Caroline leaned from the window and cried out:

"Good-bye, school! good-bye, teachers, good-bye cold buckwheats and saucy girls!" and this was her farewell.

When the Oakland School catalogue was made out, Caroline Thorpe's name was "starred," and the note at the foot of the page said, "Expelled for disorderly conduct." Reckless Caroline considered this her last opportunity for playing a practical joke; so what should she do but send the printer a letter in the name of some other person, announcing her own *death!*

It was a daring deed! Of course the duped printer innocently struck out the disgraceful words, "Expelled for disorderly conduct," and substituted "Deceased," naturally judging that if the ill-behaved pupil was dead, her faults should not be remembered against her.

People who saw the catalogue exclaimed,

"Ah! is Caroline Thorpe dead?" and added with a sigh, "I don't know who there will be to mourn, poor thing!"

As the seminary was in a distant State, the fraud was not discovered for some time, and then one of the Oakland girls fairly screamed with fright and astonishment at meeting her accidentally on Broadway.

The last known of thoughtless Caroline, she had nearly broken the hearts of her excellent parents by eloping with a foreign swindler, who may have carried her to the "Mountains of the Moon," for all that is yet known to the contrary.

I do not like to load a story with a heavy moral, and I think in this case it is needless. You all know that it is safest to correct the little faults before they get the upper hand. It is never best to indulge in practical jokes, for they have made a thousand enemies and never yet made one friend.

BOY-HEROES.

Boys have won, with spear and shield,
Honors on the battle-field,
And with dauntless hearts have stood
Fighting for their country's good,
Ever ready at her need
For her holy cause to bleed.

Does not boyhood's spirit flame
At the Boy-Crusader's fame?
And each youthful bosom swell
At the name of Albert Tell?
These were boys, but heroes bold,
In the gallant days of old.

Boys have mingled in the strife,
On the battle-fields of life;
And with hearts in virtue strong,
They have triumphed over wrong—
Triumphed o'er temptation's snares,
Spread to take them unawares.

On the bloody fields of strife,
On the battle-fields of life,
You must fight, if you would win;
You must triumph over sin,
And base passions trample down,
Ere you wear the hero's crown.

SAMUEL WILSON, JR.

THE WOODPECKER.

TAP, tap, tap, sounds out clear from the woods, as if a very young drummer were trying to beat the tattoo or reveille. Following the direction of the sound, you see high up on some tall oak a sprightly bird, now on one side, then on the other, sometimes on the trunk with head downward, and then clinging to the under side of a large branch, and occasionally knocking away vigorously with his bill, as though he were at a friend's door and in haste to be invited in. At once you recognize the woodpecker. He does not expect a welcome from the tenant at whose door he is knocking, therefore he unceremoniously batters away until he forces an opening, and then wo to the poor grub that lies snugly ensconced deep in the wood making his meal of its substance and his bed of the chewed fragments. He is snapped up in a twinkling, and either devoured or carried away to feed the young of the woodpecker.

This bird is the natural policeman of the woods. Many kinds of insects get their living by boring into the trees and eating the soft, green wood. Where many of these attack a limb, or even the trunk of a tree, it will soon die. But the industrious woodpecker goes hunting among the decaying branches, and wherever his practiced eye tells him one of these burglars is at work, he quickly captures him and gets a good savory morsel as his reward.

Many ignorant persons have shot the woodpecker, supposing that he injured the trees by boring holes for the purpose of sucking the sap. It is but little consolation to the poor bird to know that benefactors are very generally misunderstood and abused. But the ignorant or wanton sportsmen have been punished for the destruction of the woodpecker and many other small birds. The insects, left unchecked by their natural enemies, have multiplied so prodigiously that whole forests have been destroyed by them. They have also found their way to cultivated grounds, and thousands of fine shade-trees are destroyed by them every year, which the birds might have saved, had they been spared.

LEARNING TO READ.

LITTLE FREDDY was a fine little fellow. It was his mother's theory, that children should not be taught lessons very young, "no matter if they didn't know their letters until they were six years old," she would often say. But her *theory* was not Freddy's *practice.* He was not quite three years old when he would come every day with his "First Reader" (for he had learned his letters in some way, his mother could hardly tell how, before) and beg to "read a lesson in his 'Ax and Box Book.'" This was his "McGuffey's First Reader," and so called because he could already master its first words, A-X—ax (pronouncing by the pictures), and B-O-X, in the same manner. I know he pronounced by the pictures, because I heard him say, one day, "c-a-t—kitten;" and "r-a-t—mouse;" until his mother told him the true pronunciation. I looked over his shoulder the other day while he was reading to his mother, and was not a little pleased at his attempt to go from the capital letters to the small letters, which are given under each word in capitals. "B-O-X—Box," he said, and then began, "little b, little o, little x—little box." The smile on his mother's face being regarded as a sanction to this method, he proceeded: "little c, little a, little t—little pussy cat." But here his mother was obliged to stop his little proceedings, and not let him play and read at the same time. I do not think Freddy's lessons in his "Ax and Box Book" will hurt him. I think his mother's theory a good one, where children do not *wish* to get lessons, and that nothing is more foolish than to send little children to school at four and five years of age, to be taught their letters, unless it be the effort of teachers to make such little scholars sit up like old folks on a seat with no back, with a book before them, two hours at a time, with no leave to whisper or look from side to side, and expected to keep two little roving eyes nailed to a page of Greek or Hebrew, till the hour comes for them to READ.

No; give me the happy, laughing, little boy, with his ball and hammer, and a mother who isn't afraid of a little noise, and doesn't prescribe regular hours for a lesson in the *hated* "A-B-C's," or the still more abhorrent "a-b—abs." That is the way for love to spring up in the child's

mind for the book; and when the desire to learn A, or b-o-x, comes naturally, and the *child* asks to be taught, and says, as Freddy often does, "I *must* say my lesson now — I can't wait," then, whether three or six years old, is the time to listen to the request, and gently lead the little traveler in what will continually be to him increasing pleasant ways. KRUNA.

WATCHING ONE'S SELF.

"WHEN I was a boy," said an old man, "we had a schoolmaster who had an odd way of catching idle boys. One day he called out to us—

"'Boys, I must have closer attention to your books. The first one of you that sees another boy idle, I want you to inform me, and I will attend to the case.'

"Ah, thought I to myself, there is Joe Simmons that I don't like. I'll watch him, and if I see him look off his book, I'll tell. It was not long before I saw Joe look off his book, and immediately I informed the master.

"'Indeed,' said he, 'how did you know he was idle?'

"'I saw him,' said I.

"'You did! And were *your eyes on your book* when you saw him?'

"I was caught, and never watched for idle boys again."

If we are sufficiently watchful over our own conduct, we shall have no time to find fault with the conduct of others.

"I DO wish I could be cured of lying in bed so late in the morning," said a lazy doctor turning round upon his pillow. "Well, I'll try the water-cure," said his wife, pouring a tumblerful over him.

LOVE IN NATURE.

THERE'S love in every wind of earth,
And in each ocean wave;
Love smiles o'er every mortal birth,
And weeps o'er every grave.

There's love in every mountain height
That gazes up to heaven;
And to the valley's modest shades
Its sweetest spell is given.

And in the streamlet's murmuring song,
And in earth's evening tear,
In sighing winds that float along,
Is love found lurking near.

And in the forest trees are heard
Sweet whisperings of love;
Taught by the spell, each woodland bird
Carries the strain above.

The loveliest clouds that ever strayed
From morning's rosy light,
By love's sweet influence are made
The lifted tears of night.

If love were fled, all life, all mirth
From Nature's heart were riven;
Love is the only charm of earth
That likens it to heaven!

L. M.

MUSIC HEALTHFUL. — Music, like painting and statuary, refines, elevates, and ennobles. Song is the language of gladness, and it is the utterance of devotion. But coming lower down, it is physically beneficial. It rouses the circulation, wakes up the bodily energies, and diffuses life and animation around. Does a lazy man sing? Does a milk-and-water character ever strike a stirring note? Never! Song is the outlet of mental and physical activity, and increases both by its exercise.

CONCEIT CURED.

MASTER AUGUSTUS P. PELHAM had come the whole way from "the city," prepared for a two months' stay at Buttercup Lawn; for, as he told Fred Winton, "a fellow must unbend from business and rusticate now and then, if he don't want to use himself up prematurely."

The sound wisdom and close application of which remark every reader will see when they are told that Mr. Pelham was fourteen, and "business" with him consisted in wearing very good clothes and eating good dinners, together with the severe labor of certain "sums" in arithmetic, and pages in grammar and geography whenever his teacher positively would not excuse him.

There was no one waiting for him when he arrived at the little Butterville dépôt, so after inquiring the way he set out to walk half a mile to the farm-house.

He reached the farm-yard after an hour's walk, and could hardly believe that *was* cousin Dick Arden so busily grubbing the weeds from between rows of peas, his hat was so "shocking" and his boots so "atrocious."

Without further parley than a nod he entered the house, where his surprise, no less than deep commiseration, was excited on finding there Miss Lizzie Arden behind a great tow apron, plying a churn-dasher vigorously.

She blushed a little, but it was from a slight shyness, not a bit because of her occupation. She had never learned or dreamed of thinking *that* a thing to blush for before anybody.

The young folks at first were a little bashful before the fine city cousin, who wore nothing but Sunday clothes all the time, and who talked to Uncle and Aunt Arden just as if there were not a trifle of thirty years difference in his age and theirs.

And as to Dick and Lizzie, you would have thought him their uncle, to say the least.

His chief occupation seemed, in fact, to talk, and as Dick chopped wood and fetched and carried, Master Gus lounged and talked about the "gymnasium," and the wonderful performances there gone through, proving to *his own* perfect satisfaction that no "fellow's muscle" can be properly developed by any other means than beating the air with dumb-bells and swinging head downward from a bar.

He talked, too, about the temptation "a fellow" had to volunteer, and when Dick laughed and said, "Yes, Gus, you might volunteer under General Tom Thumb," Augustus turned red, and muttered something about "stupid clodhoppers."

But Gus was not a bad-looking fellow by any means, and his fine attire and easy manners were marked by a neighboring youth with apprehension.

Hal Daman had brought Lizzie Arden an apple to school nearly every day for two winters, and when the sliding was good, it was Hal's sled upon which Lizzie rode, and Hal himself "steered."

How could these things put together, in Butterville, fail of gaining him the distinction of being Lizzie Arden's "beau?"—a title which, though blushing under, he bore as proudly as if it had been that of Major-General.

Hal's disquiet was not without reason. Gus had an eye for "the ladies," and had already related to Dick many of his social triumphs at "parties," etc. The lady to whom he had given the

largest section of his regards that season was Miss Lucy Lanning; but he had already caught himself thinking how much prettier the ripple in cousin Lizzie's hair, no less than the red cheeks over which it lay, were than Miss Lanning's straight locks and yellow, pale face, though she wore a red chenille net and silk dress, with a velvet "Zouave jacket" all trimmed with bugles, which sparkled enough to put your eyes out.

But then, Lucy played the piano (a very little), and could polk and mazurka.

Nevertheless when, in the course of various berryings and other excursions with Dick and Lizzie, and young folks of the neighborhood, he discovered his pretty cousin had a *special* admirer, he formed the resolve instantly to "cut him out."

And Lizzie, being only a little girl, thought (as grown young ladies never do, of course) how rough, and sunburned, and cheaply clad Hal Daman was after all, contrasting him to dashing young Gus Pelham, who never came out of his room without his toilet complete from foot to neck-tie—who would talk away so bold and grand while Hal sat back against the wall, hands in his pocket, mum and bashful.

Lizzie *knew* that there was not a single boy more brave and gentle-hearted, more true and honest, in all Butterville—nay, in Butterbowl County itself, than Hal, and she had heard her parents say over and over, that these are the true things one must look for in friends.

But could not cousin Augustus have them all as well as Hal? She did not *know*, but was much inclined to give him what lawyers call, "*the benefit of the doubt.*"

It was a summer evening, warm and brilliantly moonlit. Dick had gone up to the head of the pond to set lines for eels and catch catfish.

Gus thought it more romantic to sit in the porch with Lizzie, but she, you know, was a little country girl, and they had not been there ten minutes before she proposed that they should take their poles and try their luck angling in the shining ripples they could see from the house.

So, collecting the tackle, they ran down the hill and were soon on the gravelly shore at the water's edge.

The little boat lay there, but it was padlocked to an iron bar in the bank: but they stepped in, and seating themselves at the farther end, threw out their lines.

But the fish here were no fonder of swimming in the spots where their enemies are most apt to seek them than they are in other ponds, and the young folks sat a quarter of an hour, and Lizzie only fancied one bite, and Gus not even that.

"This is altogether too slow," said Lizzie, rising at last, and drawing up her line. "The fish hardly ever come here; let's go over to Dick's fish-hole yonder in the shadow of the woods;" and she pointed in the direction.

It looked rather lonesome over there, and Gus made some objection as to the distance, but Lizzie, saying, "Oh! never mind, come on!" sprang out of the boat, skipped toward that part of the pond's margin which lay deep in the shadow of tall trees.

She would not have dared to go there alone, but Gus was with her, and he was a *boy*, and her idea and experience of such company was one of security and protection in a high degree.

The shore grew rougher as they ad-

vanced, and they had got where stumps and logs were pretty thick before they reached the fishing-hole, and once more cast their lines.

They had not lain in the water long when both felt them briskly pulled; jerking them out like a flash, they were greatly elated to find quite sizable fish at the end of each. Encouraged, as fishermen always are, by this early success, they fished on diligently, speaking only in whispers.

The fish did not bite very fast, and they had leisure to look about them. Lizzie could not help noticing with surprise that Gus—"*a boy*"—kept glancing along the shadowy shore and back, over his shoulder, toward the dark woods.

Surely Gus couldn't be *afraid?* Dick and Hal fished away off at the far end of the pond, and tramped among the great trees at night, moon or no moon. No, it could not be that which made Augustus P. Pelham, a boy who could out-talk and out-manner them both, fidget in that way.

She couldn't help feeling a little nervous, however, herself, and finally looking around at her companion, saw his startled eyes fixed on some object down the shore; following their direction, she could at first see nothing unusual, but in a minute more a light rose slowly and mysteriously out of a pile of brush, and moving straight toward them a short distance went down behind a log.

What could it be? She had not read or heard stories about strange lights and sights, but she knew, as all children do, that there *are* such stories.

As both young folks—having risen to their feet—stood quite silent, straining their eyes in the direction of the light, lo! there rose near where it had been, but it seemed right out of the water, a ghastly dripping figure with a long, white beard, which fled shrieking up the shore and into the woods!

For the first time in Lizzie's life the color all went out of her red cheeks, and the moon did not look that night on a paler face than hers. But it was only for a minute; her strong, healthy mind brought back her courage and the explanation of the apparition, and she turned to Gus with a gay smile of relief.

But the place where he had stood was empty, and looking dismayed along the shore she caught a glimpse of Master Pelham scampering out of sight toward the house with might and main!

"And he has run and left me here alone," was her indignant exclamation, "the cowardly boy."

"I mistrust I've skeered the city feller, Lizzie," said a voice behind her; and turning she found it belonged to the specter, who stood holding a lantern in one hand and a just killed musk-rat in the other.

"That's a pretty fair-sized varmint for these parts, aint it? I came within an ace of losin' him though, for after I druv him out o' the water he tuk to the woods, where, if he'd had the sense to streak it off into the dark 'stead o' divin' under a log, he might 've ben safe alive this minute, but then my puss would have ben twenty shillin' lighter when reck'nin' comes than it will now;" and with a satisfied chuckle old grand'ther Gregory jogged homeward.

Lizzie would have accompanied him, but she heard a noise in the brush, and saw a younger figure coming, which she judged was Dick, and so waited his approach, that they might enjoy the adventure together.

But the ears which received the re-

cital were more amused than even Dick's would have been, for they were Hal Daman's, and when, after the pleasantest of walks along the shore and up the hill, the farm-house gate was closed behind Lizzie, Hal turned home with the lightest of hearts, for he felt as sure as if she had told him (though they hadn't mentioned the subject), that whatever might stand between him and her favor it would not be Augustus P. Pelham.

When Lizzie went in, her first cavalier was nowhere to be seen. He had reached the house breathless with fright and speed. Mrs. Arden, seeing him come in thus headlong without Lizzie, was much alarmed until they drew from him the terrible story; then seeing old grand'ther Gregory in his description of the ghost, they laughed till the room fairly rang. In the midst of their mirth Augustus P., mortified beyond measure at this disclosure of his needless fright and sadly ungallant conduct, slunk off to bed.

He would have given a great deal the next morning could he have been suddenly transported to his own room in the city, and thus been spared meeting the group here assembled below stairs.

He need not have been afraid, however, for though a smile that could not be kept back showed itself now and then, they all, with true delicacy, forbore to mention the affair, which, as Dick would have said, "had taken the starch out of him."

But the lesson was not lost on Augustus. He gained a clearer view of his own merits than he had had before, and while Augustus P. Pelham fell several degrees in his own estimation, the country relations rose in just the same proportion.

So he fell into his proper place at the farm, and took a surer way than the use of his tongue to secure the regard of his friends. And if you, dear young reader, are for any reason out of favor, and want to know whether he succeeded, just try that "surer way" (you know what it is) and see the result.

But if it is your great happiness to have won the rare blessings of love and respect, you will know at once, for you've *tried it.*

SUNNY HOURS.

A DIAL formed of brass and wood
Within a little garden stood,
And on its face, so bright and fair,
Was graven with much skill and care—
Fitting it seemed among the flowers—
"I only mark the sunny hours."

The rain might pour in torrents down,
The clouds above might darkly frown,
The winds might shriek, the tempest blow,
The storm might seek its overthrow;
It took no heed of storms or showers,
It only marked the sunny hours.

Be this the motto of my life,
In storm or sunshine, peace or strife;
We'll bear no burden from past years
Of disppointments, griefs, and fears;
But while with willing hands we strive,
Our hopes, joys, love shall all survive;
We'll take no heed of fading flowers,
And only mark life's sunny hours.

IT is said that fishes found in the streams in Mammoth Cave are without eyes. If so, they might represent Justice, as they are blind and carry *scales.*

SAMUEL WILSON, JR.

THE SENTINEL.

The moon looks down on the silvery sea,
While I stand here on sentinel duty,
Drinking in with a lonely heart
The whole of this night of beauty.

The boys have been singing to-night in camp,
And the song 'twas "Annie Laurie;"
As I looked at them then by the moon's pale light,
Their faces were telling a story.

I've no need to tell what was written then,
For 'twas but the same old story
Of one—a dear one—they left at home,
For the sake of their country's glory.

I turned away, and lighting my pipe,
I whistled the last refrain,
For I thought of one with a sweet, pure face
Whom I never might meet again;
Whom I never might meet in our Northern land,
Down by the garden gate,
Where she used to stand in the calm June nights,
And there for my coming wait.

I thought how last I had seen my love
Stand under the shadowing vine;
How the red, warm blood came up to her cheek
When I kissed her and called her mine.

She gave me a rose of a crimson hue
From the braid of her dark-brown hair;
Wherever I go—wherever I turn,
I see but her face so fair.

I know that each night she prays for me,
And *her* prayer will be answered, I know,
That God and the angels will watch over me,
And keep me safe from the foe.

But my country calls, and I must obey;
I must patiently *fight* and wait,
And in God's own time we both shall meet—
Meet down by the garden gate.

PERTINE.

NOCTURNE.

Written expressly for "MERRY'S MUSEUM," *and dedicated to the* "COUSINS," *by* T. T. C.

Merry's Monthly Chat with his Friends.

HAS anybody seen anything of our winter? In this latitude old Boreas came in December, with a notable flourish of his mighty trumpet, promising that Jack Frost, attended by his courtiers, Snow and Hail, should pave the roads and floor the ponds and streams for the march of the stern season. But the northern blast failed to summon the wintry hosts. Save, now and then, a stray flock of snow-flakes, the storms have been those of autumn, dripping from the heavy clouds. Skaters have been melancholy, roads miry, stoves and furnaces only half appreciated, colds and coughs abundant. In short, the winter thus far has been most unseasonable. Perhaps February will be active enough to make up for past shortcomings (this is written early in that month). The weather is a wonderful matter. The wisest head can not predict its course for a single week. Only He who "holds the winds in his fists" can say whither their course shall tend. What lessons of dependence on His will are we daily taught by the changes of heat and cold, drouth and rain! These are levers in the great machinery of the world on which His hand always rests. None else know their springs or can guide their motion.

But it matters little in our cheery circle whether it blow high or low, keen or softly. There is an electricity here which sparkles and enlivens when storm clouds gather without. We make our own sunshine. Our storms are tempests of fun; our spring time lasts the year round. Never was the parlor so full—never more lively. Uncle Robert smiles serenely over the accumulating tokens of affection daily multiplying, Uncle William is more and more feeling himself at home, and Uncle Hiram, though long silent, enjoys many an hour of pleasant memories. Aunt Sue is by every one's side in turn, and fun follows in her wake.

More fortunate than our lamented country, we have only a short war in prospect. Fleta, who has so long been hid from sight, beams forth with a hopeful ray, serenely bright, to light us out of impending disaster and gloom. Hear her:

War? War? Is it true? And doth all this commotion
Just simply accrue from fair Winnie's promotion?
Save the mark! Why, for shame! Boys, what does this mean?
Pray, "what's in a name?" and who wants to be "Queen?"

Come, Winnie, let you and I make an alliance,
And set the whole world and Chat, too, at defiance.
If *war* is "to be," we'll both show the same feather!
If "Queens"—then *we two* will reign sweetly together!

We will prove to all men we can do without "Kings,"
And that women can rule without sanction of rings!*
All the block*ades* on earth we will break without trouble,
And all male block*heads* we will cause to see double.

In fact, we will rule on a plan of our own—
Two crowns and one mind, two heads and one throne!
The plan, how sublime! the act, how harmonious!
Our motto, how sounding and grandly euphonious!

Then think of the charity—truly delightful!—
Of waiving our claims which are equally rightful,
And reigning together, so mildly contented,
With friendship confirmed, and how proudly cemented!

* The plain gold kind.

We'll appoint all the boys, perhaps, "plenipotens,"
And trot them all off to earth's opposite ends,
With the salt sea between them to cool off their rage in,
And plenty of cannibal wars to engage in.

But now to make end of this long-winded chatter,
And come at the *gist*, not the *jest*, of the matter,
Let who will mount your throne, enough and more, too,
Is a place in your *hearts* for FLETA!—Adieu!

Won't our flowers thrive under such a *reign?*

DEAR UNCLES:—Will you please allow me to enter the circle?

Dan H. Burnham, I don't think you are a very gallant gentleman.

Willie H. Coleman, I think you are serving our country as much as the soldiers are.

A. E. D., I should like very well to get acquainted with you.

Winifred, Daisy, and Black-Eyes, I should be very much pleased if you would send me your *cartes de visite*.

JULIA E.

Julia must be tired, coming all the way from Nebraska; she shall have the easiest corner of the sofa.

ST. CLAIRSVILLE, *Jan.* 20, 1863.

Here I am, ye who have thought enough of me to mark my absence and ask, "Where are you?" I have been present in spirit all the while.

A. E. D., the once cousin of whom you asked has been and gone and married—at least the papers say so.

Jolly Jingle, do you think I'm going to answer such a provoking letter as your last? No, *ma'am*. Come out fair, be frank, send me your photo, and then—.

Blue-Eyes, pardon my silence. I was as destitute as yourself of the needful. If you secure first, please remember 150.

Nellie Van, where have we met? Surely your face is familiar to me. Many, many thanks. I'll answer some time.

Wil., I was sorry to send it, but could do no better then. Sorry, too, I forgot to inclose the other. The supply is exhausted now, and the original in the "grand army."

Winifred, our opinions coincide. I certainly shall.

Dan, Dan! How dare you?

Here's my hand, Willie H. C. I look upon every one as a personal friend who has entered the service of our beloved country from pure and patriotic motives.

BLACK-EYES.

Uncle William claims a *reflection* from Black-Eyes.

DEAR MERRYS ALL:—Don't you think we have a handsome uncle? Uncle Hi, don't you be jealous, for I have not seen you. Aunt Sue, I don't know whether you are handsome or not; you only gave a side view of your face. I like that very well. Next time, please face about.

WOOD NYMPH.

Handsome is that handsome does; of *course* Uncle Rob is a handsome man.

CINCINNATI, *Feb.* 7, 1863.

DEAR MERRYS:—Will any one welcome me to the Chat? Girls, don't you want a "Beau?" And, Uncle Hi, don't you want a "clerc" to relieve you from some of your "hard work?" I will take it for granted you both do, and will step in. Now please don't give me the "cold shoulder," for I won't bore you long.

Sid., O. O., A. O., and Jasper, I believe we used to meet occasionally in the B. and G. O. Is it not so?

BEAUCLERC.

You shall take notes of the Chat. If you can keep up, you will be a good reporter for a frog concert.

CHICAGO, ILL.

DEAR CHAT:—No one has advanced any indictment *except* Leslie, who should have kept quiet until he knew a fact or two which had not *then* been made known.

Gen.-in-Chief Winifred attacked my *name*, but *that* is about all. I beg your pardon, Winifred, but your last was really "*Vox et proete rea nihil.*"

Some will say I called Winifred herself a "hag." I would request such to look at *mine* in the *January*, where they will see "The ugliest old hag which my loving and devoted cousins could find," meaning, of course, the false photograph they sent. (Saucy Nell and the Gen.)

Saucy, I *will* yell, and against *you*. Fellows, let me unmask a *spy*. This Saucy Nell also sent me the photograph of an old woman (as I have stated about three times), and now, under an *assumed* appearance of virtue and innocence, has stolen into our camp and tried to enlist under our banner.

Wanderer, I thank you for that *broad*-side on *our* side. They may as well *sub*-side as try to beat us from our ground.

Queen Fleta, may you *live long* and *reign happily*. General Winifred, I thank you for your forbearance and ladylike conduct. Accept my love.

DAN H. BURNHAM.

BROOKLYN.

DEAR UNCLE MERRY:—I am coming to join the Merry band of cousins as you have given me permission to do so. I should like to sit by Aunt Sue, if she will allow me, until I get acquainted with the cousins. Leslie, I am coming, so be ready to receive me any time—we don't live very far apart. Love to the cousins that want it. A kiss for Winifred, Blue-Eyes, and Minerva.

HEARTSEASE.

You shall sit between Aunt Sue and Winifred.

BROOKLYN, *Feb.* 6, 1863.

DEAR BELLIGERENTS:—So you are at it. Well, it is decidedly a pretty fight as it stands, a kind of three-cornered contest, with Dan Burnham and Leslie at each end of the base-line and Winifred at the apex.

If there *is* to be a queen, it seems to me that we had better allow Fleta F. to *retain* the high position which has so long been tacitly, and is now openly, conceded to her in the Chat. Winnie, I hardly think you want to be queen, do you? Queens usually have their talking done *for* them, and that would never suit you—or us either. Wanderer, had you a stitch in your *side* when you last wrote to the Chat? If you hadn't, I guess you brought one on. Josie, that was a very nice specimen of a New York girl that you sent me.

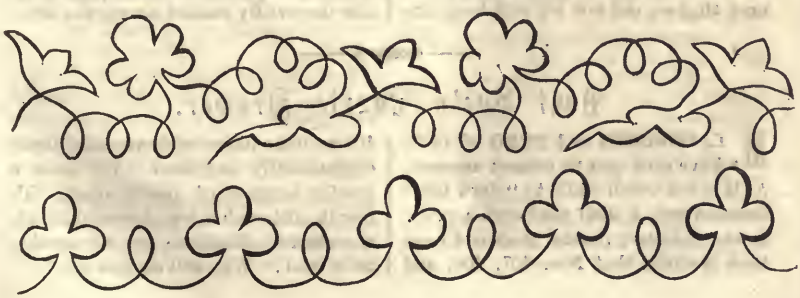
Willie H. Coleman, you're trumps, at last. Though "Chief nurse" may not be as high a rank as brigadier-general, the service which you render the cause is as important, and *more* affectionate than that of some of our brig.-gens. You will hear from us. Saucy Nell, how do you and Winnie prosper in the photographing business? I wish that all the Merrys who are coming on their cartes to see me, *would* come, that's all; and that will do for this time. WILFORLEY.

Uncle William has found the hatchet, eh?

THE WORK-TABLE.

As chain-stitched handkerchiefs are now so fashionable, we give this month some very pretty designs for marking them. Get a hem-stitched handkerchief, trace the pattern through with a pencil, and chain-stitch over it with red marking cotton. The designs will also answer for braiding: draw them through on to strips of tissue paper, baste the paper on to the cloth to be embroidered, and sew the braid on through tissue paper and all. When finished, tear the tissue paper out. This plan saves much trouble in marking the cloth.

Next month we shall give two more pretty designs. AUNT SUE.



Extracted Essences.

ALICE CLAYTON writes that her brother, one of our beloved circle, S. D. H., has gone to rest in his better home. He was for years an invalid, able to write to his friends in the Chat only by the help of his sister in guiding his hand, but was always patient and cheerful. There is a hush in the circle, as we all sympathize with Alice.

FRED W. C. C. calls obstreperously for peace. He thinks being in Washington has had a *warful* effect on Wanderer's *caricature*, and wants him to govern his come-at-iveness.

BLUE BELLE is welcomed among the flowers in the parlor. Direct your letters as before.

CHARLIE wishes to know if "Uncle Robert was at Tom Thumb's wedding." Certainly, he was. Thanks to our friend Mr. Barnum, who knows that we love to be where the "little folks" have a good time, we had a front seat in the church and tickets to the reception. You have seen the full account in the papers. We can only add that the ceremony was properly performed, and that everybody, including the celebrated Commodore Nutt and little Miss Minnie, seemed to enjoy it exceedingly; and, by the way, we advise everybody who desires to see the two biggest *little* folks in the world to go to the Museum at once, and see the Commodore and the "Empress of Beauty."

EVERYBODY in the Chat was *condensed* this month. You know a gallon will hold but four quarts, yet some may feel hurt that we did not try and heap the measure by putting in their *extra pint*. There were many good *pints* left out, but we know there are plenty more where they came from, and each one will be pleased to think "others had a chance to speak by my being cut short." Now, if any persist in pouting, they shall be seated opposite the looking-glass.

SCHOOL HARMONIUMS.—We desire to call attention to the new and beautiful instrument manufactured by Mason & Hamlin, of Boston. Having used the instrument in our Sunday School, we must say we are delighted with it, and wonder how we ever got along without it.

It is neat and compact in form and finish, and is just the thing for schools and churches. It has a double bellows and two blow-pedals, but the greatest feature is the "Automatic Bellows Swell," which is a contrivance for increasing or diminishing the sound at pleasure, simply by the action of the feet, so that from the low, sweet, gentle note to the full-toned organ sound, together with the corresponding decrease, are obtained by blowing. They should find a place in every school in the country.

A GOOD MOVE.—We are pleased to notice that our friend W. B. Bradbury has taken more commodious rooms for his rapidly increasing sales of pianos and musical books. He may now be found corner of Broome and Crosby streets, New York. Send him a letter with that direction, containing an order for Golden Chains, Golden Showers, or Pilgrim's Songs, if you have not already procured them, for your Sunday School. We have tried them, and pronounce them the *best* collections of Sunday School music yet published. His pianos are also deservedly ranked among the first.

Aunt Sue's Puzzle Drawer.

M. L. DOLBEER and FRED W. C. C. have each sent 26 correct answers. As it is not worth while to "draw lots" between two, I shall send each a prize. In the February puzzles it should have been specified that Nos. 407, 408, and 409 were the names of flowers and plants enigmatically expressed. We show a goodly number of puzzle-solvers this month, although many of our old friends are absent. Shall we get up another prize trial? Who will suggest one?

Questions, Enigmas, Charades, etc.

415. My first, though originally an animal, now-a-days often goes by steam; though commonly used for eating, is now much used to punch holes with; though hitherto considered rather sheepish than otherwise, in these times goes to war. My second lies before you; waits to do your bidding; is both black and white at the same time; can draw tears or provoke laughter; carry messages and convey instruction. Entire, I imply a disturbed state of mind, which has extended itself to the body, leading a looker-on to indulge great expectations that something is going to happen. *Wilforley.*

416. Why may muslin and flour be considered safe articles in market? *Minx.*

417. Of what trade are we when we walk in the snow? *Ida May.*

418. With three letters ask *Black-Eyes* a question containing four words and thirteen letters. *K. C.*

419. Take away the bees from something we frequently eat, and make it read and speak. *M. E. D.*

420. An animal before a mountain, with the right kind of article, makes a tree. *Blanche.*

421. Transpose some animals into a salutation. *Clementina.*

422. I am composed of 15 letters:
My 9, 7, 8 is what wicked children often do.
My 14, 7, 3, 8 affords amusement to boys.
My 7, 13 is a preposition.
My 11, 2, 3, 4 is often pleasant in summer.
My 5, 1, 6, 12 is a girl's name.
My 15, 12, 10 is often taken from trees.
My whole is the name of one of our generals. *Minnie.*

(Explain the sentences in italics in the following puzzle.)

423. I knew a man, not many years gone by,
Who had a *block of timber* in each eye,
Without impairing, in the least, his sight,
Or filling those who saw him with affright.
And what was more amazing, free to roam,
Fur-covered thousands made his head their home;
Two heavy buildings also rested there,
By them unnoticed, and no less his care.
A curse upon his meals he often had,
And saw with joy it made another glad.
Strangest of all, for every house he let,
A *half a score of insects* did beset.
At length he did become *a seasoned dish*,
To grace a throne, which suited well his wish;
And all this while *an arrow, mind*, was in him,
Which to the things he loved did firmly pin him. *Minx.*

FRUITS, FLOWERS, AND PLANTS.

424. A boy's nickname and a fruit.

425. A bird and a branch. *Olive.*

426. Add what we all love to what we all have. *Alpha.*

427. The nicknames of two popular persons. *Frank.*

428. To deplore. *Mary A. E.*

429. Curtail one of the fair sex, and leave one of the *un*fair sex. *Ned W.*

430. My first, in distant lands
Full many a temple stands,
Once builded by his hands.

The marble from the mine,
His hand hath caused to shine
In beauty half divine.

My next in tropic lands
Grows where the roving bands
Roam o'er the desert sands.

My whole went forth; the world,
From chaos rudely hurled,
Along its orbit whirled. *Adelbert Older.*

431. I am composed of 9 letters:
My 1, 2, 3, 4, 5 has done more damage than my 6, 7, 8, 9.
My whole is, at present, deplorable. *Buckeye Ike.*

432. I am composed of 13 letters:
My 9, 10, 7, 1 was a good man.
My 4, 5, 13, 2, 8 is an unhappy wretch.
My 11, 12, 3, 6 is an adjective.
My whole is an extraordinary tale. *F. A. S. & J. S.*

433. I am composed of 9 letters:
My 1, 2, 3, 7, 2, 8 is a boy's nickname.
My 3, 2, 8 is an abomination.
My 1, 2, 7, 9 is sly.
My 4, 5, 6 is a preposition.
My whole is a contributor to the MUSEUM. *Jr.*

ANAGRAMS.

434. LO! I HELP MA. *Lina.*

435. I COME TO CLEAR THIS. *H. A. D.*

436. C. L. M. stand in earnest. *Gracie Aimwell.*

437. ST. BEN, ON! *Eddie.*

438. PHIL GOT A CENT. *Clite Clinton.*

439. SHOW ME LEO. *Fred W. C. C.*

440. If you will properly add 601 to the half of beer, you will produce a pleasant beverage. *Bertha.*

441.

442. Behead a fruit, and leave something painful. *Willie.*

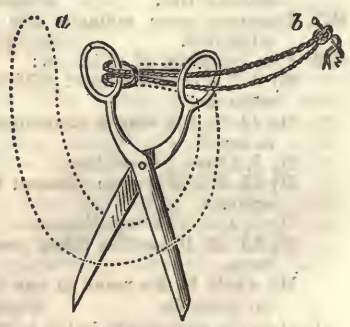
443. X. (That will express two different words; one containing five letters, the other six. What are they?) *Jeannie M.*

(*Answers to the foregoing puzzles must be sent in on or before the 10th of April.*)

Answers to Questions in Jan. No.

357. Pineapple.
358. Prometheus.
359. Range, rage.
360. Feeling.
361. Furlong.
362. Flagrant.
363. Apathy.
364. It is a pig-got.
365. Indianapolis.
366. Paris.
367. London.
368. Horseradish.
369. Snapdragon.
370. Snowflake.
371. Keel, eel, E E (ease).
372. Votes, stove.
373. Polyanthus.
374. Isabella.
375. Washington.
376. Gum, mug. (Many have answered this "palm, lamp.")
377. Depend not on fortune, but conduct. (This was the only one of all the puzzles not answered. *F. W. C. C.* came the nearest to it; he got as far as "depend not on fortune, but"—)
378. Tenacity. (Several have given "exact," which is certainly *exact*).
379. Agrimony.
380. Blackburnian Warbler.
381. A nod from a king is a breakfast for a fool.
382. Connecticut.
383. Potomac.
384. Hatteras.
385. Christ was blindfolded: see Luke xxii. 64.
386. Peace, to be secure, requires justice. (Peace two B s e cur e re quires just ice.)

387.



To Remove the Shears—Take the loop end of the string; put it through the right handle, and carry the loop around to *a*, as shown by the dotted line here given. Let the loop be carried still farther toward *b*, until it has passed entirely around the whole shears, and you can then remove them, as they will slip out through the handles.

M. L. Dolbeer answers all but 358, 364, 377, 382, 385.

Fred W. C. C. answers all but 359, 364, 370, 377, 385.

Jeannie M. answers all but 363, 364, 365, 369, 377, 380.

Mary A. E. answers all but 362, 363, 364, 370, 377, 379, 380.

Bob O' Link answers all but 362, 366, 377, 379, 380, 381, 385.

Clementina answers all but 362, 363, 364, 377, 379, 382, 385, 386.

C. M. E. answers all but 362, 364, 368, 370, 373, 377, 380, 382.

Heber answers all but 362, 363, 364, 365, 370, 377, 385, 386.

Fiddlesticks answers all but 360, 362, 364, 368, 369, 370, 377, 379, 380, 385.

M. T. answers all but 362, 363, 364, 367, 370, 377, 379, 384, 386, 389.

A. S. W. answers all but 357, 362, 363, 364, 368, 369, 370, 377, 385, 386, 387.

Harry Bowles answers all but 362, 363, 364, 370, 377, 379, 380, 381, 382, 385, 386.

Birdie answers all but 362, 363, 364, 368, 369, 370, 376, 377, 379, 380, 381, 385, 386.

Lina answers all but 357, 359, 362, 363, 364, 370, 371, 376, 377, 379, 381, 385, 386.

Monica & Anna answer 362, 364, 367, 368, 369, 370, 376, 377, 379, 381, 382, 383, 385.

Anie answers 359, 360, 363, 364, 367, 370, 371, 373, 376, 377, 379, 381, 385, 387.

Tuttler answers 360, 361, 362, 363, 364, 366, 367, 370, 371, 377, 380, 382, 385, 386.

Josie answers 360, 362, 363, 364, 367, 368, 369, 376, 377, 380, 383, 385, 386, 387.

Mac answers 360, 361, 362, 363, 364, 367, 369, 370, 376, 377, 380, 383, 385, 386, 387.

L. W. R. answers 357, 360, 361, 365, 366, 371, 372, 374, 375, 376, 378, 383, 384, 386, 387.

Arthur R. M. answers 357, 365, 366, 367, 371, 372, 373, 374, 375, 376, 378, 384, 385, 386, 387.

Juanita answers 357, 358, 361, 363, 366, 367, 372, 374, 375, 384.

Beauclerc answers 358, 359, 361, 367, 372, 375, 378, 383, 384.

W. A. R. answers 361, 364, 366, 372, 374, 380, 384, 387.

Nora answers 357, 358, 363, 366, 367, 374, 375, 384.

Jersey Boy answers 359, 368, 375, 378, 383, 384, 387.

R. M. B. answers 357, 359, 361, 365, 374, 383, 384.

Louisa B. answers 368, 372, 373, 375, 378, 384.

C. S. & H. H. L. answer 359, 361, 375, 376, 383, 384.

Mamie E. M. answers 365, 366, 375, 384.

Julia E. answers 375, 381, 384, 387.

Down East Girl answers 357, 375, 378, 384.

Osceola answers 357, 359, 365.

Sunbeam answers 363, 373, 375.

A. B. S. answers 357, 375.

Edward J. Hoopes, *C. W. J.*, *Nedloh*, and *Alice Clayton* each answer 380.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

D. P. & W. W. W.—Your answers to December puzzles did not reach me until the 13th. I have one of your photogs. in my album, the other I sent to E. J. Hoopes, who was the first to answer your enigma; there are plenty of customers for more, if you have any to spare. You can see by the list how many answered 380.

Monica & Anna.—Your letter reached me safely; come again the same way.

Birdie.—Thanks for the photog.

M. E. D.—Your puzzles are filed away as "good." Your remarks on cant express my sentiments to the letter.

Alice Clayton sends her love to the cousins. Thanks for your sympathy, *Alice*, on the prize question.

Minnie.—Your letter was very welcome.

Myrtle.—Your sentence came "a day after the fair," but perhaps it will comfort you to know that it would not have won a prize had it come in time, as you used one letter twice in "madam," twice in "inn," twice in "dined," etc.

Jim.—I shall keep your *promissory* note. Thank you. Mr. Stearns has given me a splendid new photograph album—it holds a hundred! that is, there is room for that number. I have no *Jim* in it yet: *verb. sap.* May I give your address to any who may inquire for it?

C. M. E.—I shall be sorry to say good-bye.

L. G. D.—Do you ask those "questions" for your own information, or to puzzle others?

Gipsie.—We already have one *Gipsy* among the cousins; had you not better assume some other name to avoid confusion? The "sentence" prize trial was decided in January. Your mere wish to "join the Merry group" made you at once a member.

W. A. R.—Your initials are decidedly belligerent, and I think I ought to warn the puzzlers that they *mean* something, too. I would *tell* them that you enter the lists of puzzle-solvers, with *H. A. D.* to back you, if I were not afraid that a great many timid ones would run.

Harry Bowles.—How long will it take to establish your faith in me? I would not lose the confidence of my nephews and nieces by publishing an unsolvable enigma for anything that could be offered to me. *Tommy* is still above-board.

C. F. W.—*Clementina* says that 254 applied especially to you.

Clementina.—Webster says "Z, as a numeral, stands for 2,000," etc.

Luella.—Much love returned.

A. B. S. desires an introduction to the Merry family. The money was safely received.

Orange Blossom.—Your letter was forwarded as requested.

Jasper.—I was very glad to get your letter. Not a word from dear *Busy Bee.* Do find her if you can.

Louisa.—Would you like a scat by *Saucy Nell?*

Alice Clayton.—Thank you for that letter; I sympathize with every word.

Osceola.—I congratulate you on the reception of photogs. from *Winifred* and *Wanderer*, and the letter from *Jasper.*

Josie.—I don't think I could have received your answers last month, as I am very careful to publish all I do receive. I have not seen or heard from *Tommy* since New Year's Day. Give my love to *Gipsy* and *Margarita.*

Bob O'Link.—One puzzle or one answer is a ticket of admission to the Drawer. I am right glad to welcome any of the *B. and G. O.*

Emma H. Bonnell. — The sentences made from one word of six letters were concluded in January. It was a prize trial.

Tattler.—Where *have* you been?

Nora and Juanita desire to be admitted into the Merry circle.

Winifred.—*Juanita* wishes to know if you will exchange *c. de v.'s.*

Arthur R. M. and *Arthur* (Brooklyn). Will you not assume some *nom de plume* to avoid confusion?

Susie E. Van.—Do not forget your promise.

Onie.—You are very fortunate in having such an ally. We are very glad to see you.

R. M. B.—You need not write the puzzle when you send the answer to it. Please answer them in rotation, as they are placed in the magazine, "357, 358, 359," and so on, instead of skipping back and forth—"375, 359, 383, 357," as you had them. I could hardly tell which was which and which wasn't!

Edward J. Hoopes.—*D. P. W.'s* photog. was sent to your address as given in your note. Did you receive it.

Blue-Eyes.—You were the first to inform me of that "calamity." I do, indeed, deeply sympathize. I was aware that *C.'s* writing was done by proxy; it is perfectly fair. I have no photog. of either *Brown-Eyes* or *Blue-Eyes.* I suppose they do not care to exchange with their venerable auntie.

Pertine.—*Blue-Eyes* says I am to scold you for not answering a certain letter. I don't know how; so please consider yourself severely punished.

Fred W. C. C. would like to exchange *c. de v.* with the cousins. Box 166, Newark P. O., N. J.

Geo. T. McKinney.—Your long silence, after your promise, makes us feel anxious about you. *Winifred* makes particular inquiries about you.

Thanks for enigmas, etc., to *Arthur R. M.*, *Fred W. C. C.*, *Birdie*, *Arthur* (Brooklyn), *Willie F. Fuller*, *D. P. & W. W. W.*, *Sunbeam*, *C. M. E.*, *Minx*, *M. E. D.*, *Minnie*, *Julia E.*, *Louisa*, *A. B. S.*, *Clementina*, *French Buckeye*, *Willie ho! Ned W.*, and *Wilforley.*

THE HOME SOCIETY.

SEVETH MEETING.

THE previous meeting had been interrupted by the arrival of company. It proved to be a brother of Mrs. Malcolm with his wife, who had just returned from a journey in Europe. There was great rejoicing, for Uncle Robert and Aunt Hatty were general favorites. The children were made very happy by the presents brought for each one of them. Frank was in the highest glee. His uncle had brought for him a magnificent English mastiff, and his aunt gave him a full dress of Scottish costume. The dog's name was Bounce. He was kind and docile, and as playful as a kitten. He seemed to become attached to his young master at once, and when Frank dressed himself in his bright-colored plaid, and stood beside Bounce, he might have passed for a young Scottish chief. The other children were equally pleased

with their gifts. Henrietta received a beautiful collection of new books. Kate had a handsome work-box and a portfolio of engravings, and little Susie a large wax doll with wardrobe complete, and a full set of china dishes. For John there was a neat electrical machine and other apparatus, and George was made happy by a fine fowling-piece with powder-flask, shot-pouch, and game-bag complete.

At the next meeting there were plenty of subjects for discussion. George wanted to know at the commencement how gunpowder could exert such great force when a small charge of it was confined in a gun.

"Because it explodes," said Frank.

"That reminds me of an answer made by a woman to a school-teacher," remarked Uncle Fred. "The teacher asked the woman's daughter why the fire burned hotter when she blew it. The girl did not know. 'I should think anybody could tell that,' said the woman. 'What is your explanation?' asked the teacher. 'Why, because you blow it,' replied the woman. Frank explained the explosion of gunpowder by saying, 'because it explodes.'"

Henrietta modestly said she had been reading an article on that subject in one of her new books, and proceeded to give the following explanation: "Gunpowder is made of charcoal, saltpeter, and sulphur. When these are burned together they form a kind of air or gas. This gas is very bulky in proportion to its weight. An ounce of powder burned would produce enough gas to occupy more than a barrel of space. As gas is instantly formed by burning the powder, it expands very suddenly, and if confined in a tube like a gun-barrel, it rushes out with great force, carrying the wad and bullet or shot with it."

"And what makes the gun 'bang' so?" asked Susie.

"That's a good question," said John; and, with Uncle Fred's permission, I will try and answer it, although I may not make it clear enough for little Susie to understand. Every sound is supposed to be caused by the air around us being set into a trembling motion, called vibration. This vibration of the air acts upon the inner parts of the ear, which are also made to vibrate, and this produces the sensation of sound. When two bodies come forcibly together, or the air is suddenly disturbed by any cause, it produces vibrations. The explosion of gunpowder disturbs the surrounding air very suddenly and forcibly, and the vibrations are rapid and strong, and the noise is sharp and loud.

"Is there any kind of powder which goes off without making a noise?" asked Frank. "I have heard of a white powder which would shoot without a report."

"There is no such powder," said Uncle Fred. "It would be a sad thing for game if such an invention were made."

"But it would be fun for the hunters," replied George.

"It might be for a little while," said Henrietta, "but then they would soon kill all the game, and then their sport would be entirely gone."

"It is interesting to notice how the Creator has contrived all things to harmonize together," remarked Uncle Fred. "Not only are animals provided with peculiar faculties for discovering and escaping from danger, but, as we have just seen, the most deadly weapon contrived for their destruction is made to give a loud report to frighten them out of harm's way. But for this, a sportsman could secure a whole flock

of birds, by concealing himself near them, and bringing down one after another."

"I'm glad of it," said Kate. "I think it's real cruel to hunt game at all. I was reading the other day how a hare got away from the men and dogs that were after him, and it pleased me very much. He ran along by a stone wall for some distance, jumped over and ran back on the other side, until he had passed the hounds, and finally jumped over again into his old track, and so retracing his steps, completely puzzled the dogs who were following by the scent, until he had time to escape safe to his hole."

"I'm sure you like rabbit pie," said Frank.

"And I like my rabbit muff and tippet," said Susy.

"It is not pleasant to merely think of taking the life of animals of any kind," said Uncle Fred. But there is something else to consider besides their pleasure. They were created principally for the comfort and convenience of man. It is not right to deprive them of life merely for sport; but it is right to combine sport with the means necessary to secure them for useful purposes. Hunting is one of the most exhilarating and invigorating pastimes. I never found more exciting pleasure than in following the hounds in a fox-hunt.

"But hares are such innocent little creatures," pleaded Kate.

"Not always," replied Henrietta. "I have heard that in newly-settled countries they often do much damage by nibbling the bark from young fruit trees and vines."

"It is a curious fact," remarked Uncle Fred, "that for this reason, settlers in such places have sometimes regretted having destroyed all the wolves and foxes, which formerly kept the hares from multiplying so as to become troublesome. But probably the hares have done less mischief than their enemies would have committed among the lambs and other young stock."

"Is it right to shoot birds?" asked Kate."

"That depends upon circumstances," replied Uncle Fred. "Men have found out to their cost that it is bad policy at least to kill many kinds of birds. Large numbers of these live almost wholly upon insects. Of late years, since birds have become scarce, insects have multiplied so enormously, that scarcely any tree, fruit, grain, or vegetable is free from their ravages."

THE EAGLE.

Just then a great outcry was heard in a field near the house where they were assembled. They looked out of the window, and saw the fowls flying in every direction, and the servant-man running. Suddenly George darted down the stairs, and John and Frank following him saw that he had seized his gun, which he had left standing by the door. He ran to the field, and almost immediately they heard a report, and a shout of triumph.

"I've got him! I've got him," exclaimed George; and they discovered him returning with a large bird in his hand.

"It is a hawk," said Frank.

"What a monstrous one!" exclaimed John.

"He was sitting on the fence, just the other side of the barn," said George, "and he didn't seem at all afraid of me. I had a first-rate chance at him, but I wonder I brought him, my hand trembled so."

"Pretty well done, my lad," said Uncle Fred, who now joined them. "You have killed an eagle."

"An eagle!" exclaimed all.

"Yes; poor fellow! he must have been very hungry to have ventured so boldly. But he had strayed far from his mountain home, and was no doubt pressed by hunger. See how thin his body is!"

This brought the meeting to a close, for George was anxious to get home and exhibit his eagle, which he declared he would have stuffed, and keep as a trophy.

New England is the brain of this Union. If I were disposed to classify, I would call the West the body, while the South is as certainly the legs, for they're always running away.

Samuel Wilson, Jr.

CHILDREN'S STORIES.

How beautiful they seemed to me,
When I was small and young,
The stories of the nursery,
The songs my mother sung!

I never tired to hear them told,
Or read them o'er and o'er;
They were more precious far than gold,
A rich, unfailing store.

And though some years have passed away,
I still recall with joy
The stories playful, sad, and gay,
That charmed me when a boy.

And memory repeats the tales
In her own mellow tone,
And softens down their rougher shades
To beauty of her own.

Again the fairies dance at night
Beneath the moonbeams pale,
While hare-bells ring out their delight
Upon the listening vale.

And Cinderella's dainty form
Amid their games appears;
But when Red Riding Hood goes by,
My eyes are filled with tears.

And Robin Hood goes pacing by,
With all the Sherwood clan,
While on her palfrey merrily
Sits sweet Maid Marian.

A calm and holy influence
From these sweet memories flow,
That is from sin a great defense,
And keeps our hearts as snow.

Still beautiful they seem to me,
The songs my mother sung,
The stories of the nursery,
I heard when I was young.

Mattie Bell.

OBITUARY.

READ TO THE CHILDREN ON CHRISTMAS EVE.

THERE'S weeping at the cottage gate;
  There's weeping in the hall;
The shadow of a sorrow great
  Has fallen on us all.

This morn, alas, our squirrel pet
  Was nowhere to be found;
But turned up, ere the sun had set,
  In treacherous wash-tub *drowned*.

And sleeping now the last, long sleep
  That ends his mortal days,
We must in rhyme his memory keep,
  And write in verse his praise.

He doubtless was of noble race,
  Of forest ancestry;
Though, Indian-like, we fail to *trace*
  His squirrel pedigree.

A striped aboriginal,
  Roaming the woodlands free,
But plundering once on garden wall,
  He lost his liberty.

And now, his roving habits o'er,
  A quiet pet became, [more,
Who longed for mountain-range no
  But settled down quite tame.

His *house* was nicely fixed inside,
  And of convenient size,
With windows, drawer, and bed sup-
  And wheel for exercise. [plied,

At top, a grated window wide
  Admitted circulation;
For why—his predecessors died
  For want of *ventilation*.

(And those who pet the squirrel race,
  Should from this hint beware;
And give them, in their sleeping-place,
  Abundance of *fresh air*.

And then, with strips of tin or zinc,
  Should fortify their cages;
For 'tis no sin, our squirrels think,
  To gnaw exposed edges.)

His *bed* of shreds appeared to be,
  Yet made most wondrous neat;
Side-door and rounded cavity,
  Just big enough to fit.

And then, though wintry storms pre-
    vail,
  No care nor thought had he,
He tucked his sheets, drew in his tail,
  And "dreamed of all things free."

But, Yankee-like, he made his nest
  A *double* service pay—
A cosy place at night to rest,
  And store his nuts by day.

For great ideas of *thrift* he had,
  And gathered winter store;
And seemed, like very miser, glad
  To add one chestnut more.

A nut, wherever put, he'd find,
  Though you should closely lock it,
And dive for nuts of any kind
  Into your deepest pocket.

And then, with one in either cheek,
  The funniest look he wore,
As off he ran to store them quick,
  And scampered back for more.

And *full* he was of winsome ways—
  Would sit upon your knee,
And cock his tail, and wink his eyes,
  As cunning as could be.

But little Tom's brief race is run;
  His wheel is standing still;
A *short* race, yet an *endless* one,
  'Twas run *within a wheel*.

Now children, and grown people, too,
  May learn from squirrel Tom,
How much a *little one* can do
  To make a *happy home*.

MINNIE.

CHRISTMAS, 1862.

JOHN GILPIN.

THE diverting history of John Gilpin, showing how he went farther than he intended, and came safe home again, was written, as probably every reader knows, by William Cowper. The story was related to him by Lady Austen, who had heard it in her childhood, and made so vivid an impression upon the poet, that the next morning he told her the ludicrous incident had kept him awake with laughter during the night, and that he had converted it into a ballad. It first appeared anonymously, in the *Public Advertiser*, 1782; and, with the help of the public recitations given of it by Henderson the comedian, with all the humor his comic powers could throw into it, speedily obtained, and has ever since enjoyed, unrivaled popularity. It was first

published as Cowper's avowed production in the second volume of his Poems.

Now go and get your volume of Cowper s poems, or, if you have not that at hand, get your First Class-Book, and read the ballad of "John Gilpin," and you will then be able to appreciate the excellences of the graphic sketch which our artist has given of that most ludicrous scene. Poor Captain Gilpin never made so great a sensation before. He little thought when he saw that famous race that he was on the high way to immortal fame. Thanks to his balking nag, he was bound to be a hero whether he would or no. His "loving spouse" and "children dear" have gone before in chaise to enjoy the wedding anniversary. You see in the cut how zealously he is bringing up the rear. The wicked eye of his mad steed tells plainly enough that poor John has got a long way to ride yet. His "hat and wig" have gone to the winds, and his cloak has "followed after." His bottle of choice wine, hung with a leathern girdle to his waist, has shared a sort of Maine Law fate, and ingloriously licked the dust, or, if you choose, the dust has licked the wine. See how "with might and main" the poor captain holds on to his flying steed. The post-boy, in hot pursuit, in vain belabors his reeking beast. The old man behind the stile flourishes his cocked hat in fun. Did anybody ever see such a hubbub before? The whole village is astir.

"The dogs did bark, the children screamed,
Up flew the windows all,
And every soul cried out 'Well done!'
As loud as he could bawl."

The fat apple-woman lies sprawling on the ground at the foot of the stairs, while poor piggy is running for his life to escape—he knows not what—and there is not a goose or a duck, or anything that can cackle in all the village, that is not astir with keen excitement. See that poor duck, that in its excessive zeal to escape the general *melée*, has fallen off the stone bridge! Ten to one it don't get a *ducking*.

"Six gentlemen upon the road,
Thus seeing Gilpin fly,
With post-boy scampering in the rear,
They raised the hue-and-cry:
'Stop thief! stop thief! a highwayman!'
Not one of them was mute,
And all and each that passed that way
Did join in the pursuit.

And now the turnpike gates again
Flew open in short space,
The tollman thinking as before,
That Gilpin rode a race."

Pleasures.—There is not a little generalship and stratagem required in the managing and marshaling of our pleasures, so that each shall not mutually encroach to the destruction of all. For pleasures are very voracious, too apt to worry one another, and each, like Aaron's serpent, is prone to swallow up the rest.

Conversation.—He who sedulously listens, pointedly asks, calmly speaks, coolly answers, and ceases when he has no more to say to the point, evinces most common sense and promptness of character, and shows that he is fitted for business, and likely to succeed in it.

PHILIP SNOW'S WAR.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "KATE MORGAN'S SOLDIERS," "NAT'S SHOES," ETC.

CHAPTER V.

"HOW pretty Dr. Snow's house looks!" said Nell, as she drew near to it on the evening of the day she had heard the story from her little friend. "See, Aunt Clara, how bright it looks, like a big white blossom hanging from the trees on the other side; it don't look as if the people that live in it *ever* had anything to trouble them."

"Every one in the world has the same trouble," replied Nell's aunt.

"Oh! no, no, auntie, you forget, now; here is Mrs. Snow; she has the trouble of an ugly, proud, disagreeable-old-fellow-of-a-husband; now, you know *you* haven't any such trouble. You have only naughty Nell Hoffman to take care of, who comes bothering you every night with a list of dull, bad things that she has done, and strings of wicked words longer than a kite could carry; I should think you'd get *very* tired of *your trouble.* And then there is Stephen Waite; his trouble is blind Benny that he reads to, and carries about, and tells long stories to, just as if the 'Arabian Nights' were printed somewhere up in his head; but what *is* the matter, Aunt Clara? your face is very pink—red pink; are you warm, or tired?"

"Neither, dear," replied the young lady, as she took off her sun-hat under the shade of the trees, "and I am not tired of my trouble that is named Nell Hoffman; but it is very true that all trouble is the same."

"I don't see, I can't understand what you mean, aunt."

"I mean that there is but one trouble in the world, and that trouble makes war upon us every hour; its uniform changes every day; and do you know that the only way we can recognize an old enemy is by looking into its eyes; *they* always betray their owner—do you understand me, Nell?"

"No, aunt; I think you are talking a parable to me."

"I mean that sin is our enemy and our trouble, and we must fight with it as long as we live, and that if it were not for sin, Dr. Snow would not give his wife so much pain; if it were not that my Nell did wrong, and said thoughtless words, she would not have them to confess, neither should I listen to the confession."

"But, aunty, you forget blind Benny."

"No, I had not forgotten him. It certainly is some form of wrong—some broken law of God—that has caused Benny's blindness; but here we are at the gate."

Very pretty looked the little house from whence, not many years before, Mrs. Snow had gone forth with her husband to a new life; it was the home of Mrs. Snow's childhood.

It is many summers since the beams of its chambers were hewn from the forest; many frosts have worked their winter creases into the solid rocks since its foundation-stones were quarried out of the ledges of rock that glance in the sun over the river. Many sorrows, *many more blessings*, have fallen on the house into which Miss Hoffman and Nell went, since the workmen thereof said, "It is finished."

"I is *so* glad you've come!," said

Essie; and dolly, who had laughed at the thunder, was suddenly dismissed from her hand.

"I want to tell you a story," said the child, "and you must come 'way off to hear it, so's mother won't cry, for she's been *so* sorry all day;" and Essie drew Nell out upon the grass by the door, where the plantain withes, with which Stephen Waite had switched at the moon, lay withered by the sun, and she told Nell the story how her father "never came home to breakfast, nor to dinner," and how "she guessed somebody had caught him up and carried him right off."

"Well, Essie, never mind," said Nell; "don't you cry about it."

"Oh, I don't; I've had such a dood time to-day, making as much noise as the river, and nobody said 'hush!' to me once."

"Maybe your father will come back very soon," added Nell, by way of comfort."

"I wish he wouldn't," said Essie.

"Oh, Essie! that is wicked."

"Is it?" asked the child, with her eyes widely open. "There's the sun all gone to bed, and my Julie's wide awake," she suddenly exclaimed; and the child left Nell and ran in to pay due attention to her neglected doll. Just as Essie disappeared, and Nell was within the open doorway, she heard some one speaking very low. She turned and saw Philip Snow.

His face was red, his boots were covered with mud, and the boy was breathing very quickly, but he made a signal of silence to Nell, and indicated a wish to see her, as he disappeared behind a hedge that grew near the house.

In a moment Nell had followed Philip to the shelter of the hedge. She stood beside him in simple amazement, without speaking, until he said, "I've been in the swamp, Nell."

"You look as if you had been under it, Phil. What has happened?"

"Some one said that a boat had been rowed down the river in the night, and I could not feel satisfied until I walked down to the falls, so I've been through the swamp to get along by the river, you know."

"And what did you find?"

"Only an old boat that lies close to the bank, half hidden in the rushes and the sedge. I don't think it has been used in a long time, but it is hard to tell, for it is half full of water."

"Any oars in it?"

"Oh, no, of course there would not be, it has lain there so long."

"And you don't think it has anything to do with your father's going down the river?"

"No—but, Nell, I found a handkerchief on the shore that *was* father's; see the name on it;" and Phil drew the wet handkerchief out of his pocket, and Nell examined it.

Suddenly the remembrance of the knife that she had found on her way to school came to Nell, and she told the story, adding, "But that could not have been *your* father's, for it had B. on it."

"Oh, I know," said Phil, as if speaking to himself, "the B must have been for Uncle Ben, and that was the reason why father thought so much of the knife that he would never lend it to me, because it was Uncle Ben's.

"Who is Uncle Ben? I never heard of him; but Stephen Waite has the knife; he will give it to you," said Nell."

"Oh, I know it, it has square ends and six blades, and the B is on a bit of true silver on one end of the knife," replied Phil.

"That is just it; but how did it get on the hill where I found it?"

"I don't know; but, Nell, we are staying too long, and I don't wish mother to hear anything about this boat business, or to know where I have been, and you must help me to get another pair of boots; I can't get into the house without being seen."

"Pray, tell how I shall manage it? Essie is up stairs putting the Lady Julie asleep—a nightly performance—and you must make believe that you want to go up stairs and see her, then, when you get there, you step into my room, and hide a pair of shoes for me —there's a hero."

Nell laughed at Phil's idea of a hero, but, seeing that the case was urgent, she went in.

Mrs. Snow and Miss Hoffman were so much interested in their conversation, that Nell only paused an instant to say, "May I go up and find Essie?"

That small woman was busily employed in preparing for the nightly comfort of the Lady Julie, and took slight notice of her visitor in consequence, so that when, with trembling steps, Nell Hoffman ventured into Phil's room and stole a pair of shoes, Essie knew nothing of the theft.

"He is all mud, pretty well dried through in the sun," thought Nell, "and I may as well take this brush to him."

Having secreted the shoes and the brush to the best of her ability, Nell returned to Essie, just in time to see the last kiss given upon the never-fading cheek of dolly, and to hear the last injunction to "lie still and go right to sleep like a lady."

"Now, Nell, I'm doin' right down stairs," said Essie, offering her hand to Nell; and the two children went down.

"I shall be ready to go presently," Miss Hoffman said to Nell.

"Yes, auntie, you'll find me waiting when you are ready;" and Nell was trying to find some occupation for Essie, to keep from her the knowledge of Philip's whereabouts, when the child chanced to see some lilies far down the garden and said,

"Oh, don't you want some of our nice lilies?"

"Please get some of them for me," said Nell; and Essie, starting on her mission, Nell was soon safely out of sight, behind the hedge.

"I feel mean, hiding here," said Philip; "what made you stay so long?"

"You know I had to watch my time to steal. *I feel mean stealing boys' shoes*, and clothes-brushes, and things," said Nell, producing her concealed property and delivering it.

"You are clever to bring the brush," said Philip.

"Yes, I thought so; but I must leave you to use it, for Essie will be calling me," said Nell;" and she left Philip on the grass untying his muddy shoes, and ran back just in time to meet Essie, who came up the garden-walk with her hands filled with pale yellow lilies.

"They's all gold off of the sun, isn't they?" said Essie, opening her tiny hands, and letting their burden of shining color fall into Nell's.

"Thank you, dear; there comes auntie; now for a good-night," said Nell, and Essie's arms went around her neck, and Essie's rosy lips left a kiss on Nell's lips. Nell told the story of the swamp, the boat, the knife, and the stolen shoes that night to Miss Hoffman.

Three weeks later, boatmen going down the river, past the marshes,

found the body of a man. It was beyond recognition, having lain so long in the water. The boat and the handkerchief were the only tokens of the possibility of its having been Dr. Snow. No one claimed the body, and it was buried in the little churchyard, close to the church, in nobody's lot.

Philip took a strange pleasure in keeping the grass cut over the nameless grave, and somebody put fresh flowers there, for the sun to wither and the night dew to freshen—flowers on the grave of the man who was drowned in the river—on the grave, without a name, in nobody's lot, in the churchyard.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

VOICELESS VERSE.

THE world is rife with nobler thought
Than trembles on the tongue;
The world is full of melody
Unwritten and unsung.
The music of a march is sweet,
But action is sublime,
And you may live a nobler verse
Than can be told in rhyme!

Let lyres and lutes, with tinkling breath,
To love-sick girls belong;
The rhythm of a well-spent life
Is sweeter far than song.
I'm weary of the waste of words—
Our world were not so dead
If half our bards would cease to write,
And live their poems instead!

LIFE is made up, not of great sacrifices or duties, but of little things, in which smiles, and kindness, and small obligations given habitually, are what win and preserve the heart, and secure comfort.

TO THE BOY

WHO WILL BE PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES A.D. 1900.

The boy is now living who will be President of the United States in the year 1900.—*Daily Paper.*

A GLORIOUS destiny is thine,
To rule this land of Freedom's birth,
When it has reached the highest niche
Among the nations of the earth;
When stretching from the Polar Sea
To ever-blooming Darien,
It feels alone the tread of free,
Of brave, and loyal-hearted men.

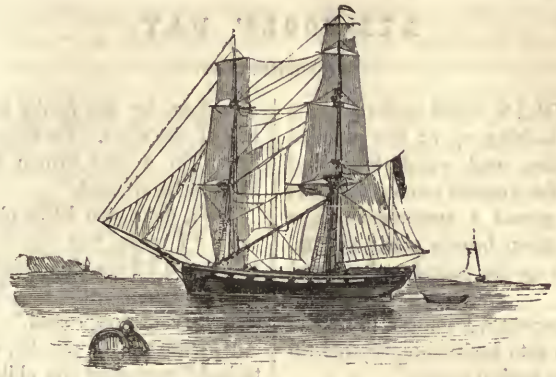
Doth Fancy sometimes lift the vail
That hides the future, dim and vast,
And show how high a nation's voice
Will elevate thy name at last?
Or no bright visions, no fair views,
Pictured in golden hues by Hope,
Glorious and bright with radiant light,
Appear in Fancy's horoscope?

Perhaps thy hand, which yet will wield
The rod of empire o'er this soil,
Now swings the sickle in the field,
And gathers strength from manly toil.
Is poverty thy daily lot?
Does study waste thy midnight oil?
Still must the ancient fight be fought
By those who gather learning's spoil.

How few of us now, stout of heart,
And strong of limb and keen of eye,
Will ever hear the shouts that send
Thy name in triumph to the sky!
Will ever see the glorious day
That ushers in thy new-born state,
When for a time to thee is given
The molding of a nation's fate!

Whatever be thy present lot,
Or rich or poor, or high or low,
To us, to you, it matters not,
So thou in truth and wisdom grow;
And may thy prayer be that of him
The wisest being God designed,
Who asked not wealth or honors great,
But, better, a discerning mind.

SAMUEL WILSON, JR.

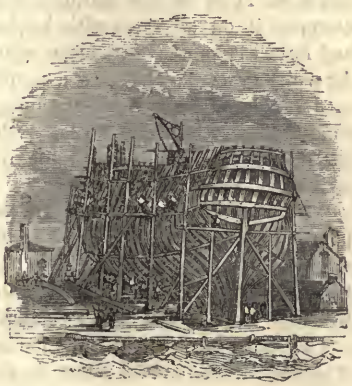


IMPROVEMENTS IN SHIP-BUILDING.

A SHIP of the present day is a volume containing the records of man's ingenuity for thousands of years. Since the first navigator was borne across a stream bestriding a log, each successive generation has made some improvement upon vessels, until they appear to us to be nearly perfected. But our forefathers supposed *they* had attained the highest possible excellence in ship-building, and now we despise the clumsy craft with which they ventured to sea. No doubt the ingenious man who first hollowed out his log, and sharpened each end that it might more easily glide through the water, was looked upon as the great architect of his day; and when some daring genius contrived a sail and a rudder for his boat, it was thought that human ingenuity could go little further. But this was only a beginning. Men soon learned how to rig the sails in such a way as to make even a contrary wind serve their purpose. The shape of vessels was also improved, rendering them swifter and safer, so that by Solomon's time navigators were able to venture upon long voyages.

The invention of the mariner's compass gave a great impetus to the art of ship-building; for men were desirous of possessing vessels with which they could fearlessly venture out upon the mighty ocean, and sail to the most distant parts of the earth. Thus, little by little, ship-building improved, until the use of steam gave another and most wonderful impulse to the improvement of sailing vessels.

Without doubt, there are other and even more startling inventions yet to be brought out, so that not many years hence our finest steamers, splendid as they appear to us, may be considered only bungling contrivances.



ALL-FOOLS' DAY.

BY SOPHIE MAY.

MRS. DOLAN stood at the grocery door, looking up at the peaceful evening sky, and wondering what would be the weather to-morrow. She had just served a customer with a pound of damp brown sugar, saying, as she tied up the parcel and clipped the string,

"It's poor stuff, I confess, but when Mr. Dolan gets back to-morrow, he'll bring some capital sugar."

"Dear me," thought Mrs. Dolan, pacing the pavement in front of the store, "I wish he was at home this minute, it seems so lonesome at night, with only me and Susan and Willy. What are you doing, my child?"

The last remark was addressed to Willy, a little fellow about three years old, who was trying to balance a patent washboard against a tree which grew out of the brick pavement. It was a large, scrawny tree, looking as if it was obliged to live there, but didn't want to, and was determined to be as sulky about it as possible. Under happier circumstances, it might have been a very respectable tree, but it was surely an ignoble destiny which cramped it on all sides with bricks, and forced it, moreover, to bear signs for a city grocer! Just now a couple of dun-colored hams were depending from the lower branches, to say nothing of a painted board with the inscription, "Good Family Butter."

"Hark, Willy," said Mrs. Dolan, pointing upward, "the little birds are singing 'good-night.' Run into the house, and tell Susan you don't want the birds to go to bed before you do."

The little boy dropped his patent washboard, and trotted along to the side-door, for the family lived in one end of the store. He found his Aunt Susan in a very brown study, and hard to be aroused.

"Oh, dear, you little plague," said she; "I mean, you cunning darling! Can't you let me alone just a minute? You're a nice little boy, but I don't always want you 'round."

"Please get my nightie, and put me to bed," entreated the child.

"Yes, yes!" said Susan, thinking aloud; "seems as if I should fly! The first of April doesn't come but once a year, and here it is 'most night, and I haven't made a fool of anybody yet—that is, not a *regular* fool!"

Poor girl! But she had not been idle. Every customer, large and small, except the minister, had that day been suddenly warned to "Look down quick, and see that spider!" or to "Just peek out of the window, and see that queer-looking thing coming down street!" But Susan was not satisfied. She felt that she was capable of making "a real up-and-down fool" of somebody, and there was no time to be lost.

"I'll tell you what I'll do, Willy," said she, as a bright thought seized her. "I'll put you in my bed, and then, if you don't cry, there'll be a lump of sugar under your pillow in the morning."

"But I want to sleep in my crib," said the boy.

"Oh, I never!" muttered Susan; "well, so you shall, dear."

And she darted into the bed-room, seized the light crib, and drew it up stairs, Willy following in open-eyed amazement.

"Now," said Susan, as she hurried off his clothes, "you kneel down, and say your little prayer as quick as ever you can, for I must go down stairs."

"Did Willy make any fuss about going to bed?" said Mrs. Dolan, when she came in from her solitary promenade before the shop door.

"No, indeed," said Susan, "you don't catch him making a fuss."

Mrs. Dolan took out her knitting, and made her fingers fly at their greatest speed, while Susan twisted the corner of her apron, and watched the shades of night, which were fast gathering about them, her young brain full of thoughts of her "capital joke."

"I believe I shall go to bed," said she, affecting a yawn.

"Well, if you do, I shall," replied Mrs. Dolan briskly. "I've locked the store, and you may fasten the side-door. I'll be along in a minute. Seems to me I wouldn't take a light, Susan. I'm so afraid you'll set something afire. You know if I ever fidget about anything, it's about fires."

"Oh, no, we shan't need a light with this moon," replied Susan, smiling unperceived, as she put the candle back on the shelf and crept very softly up stairs in the dark.

Of course Mrs. Dolan was profoundly amazed upon retiring to her room a quarter of an hour afterward, to find neither Susan nor Willy there. But as Susan was celebrated throughout the family for her practical jokes, and as this was "April-fool Day," it did not require the wisdom of a Solomon to unriddle the riddle.

All Mrs. Dolan did upon this occasion was to go up stairs and get into Susan's bed, give her "a piece of her mind," indulge in a hearty laugh, and go to sleep.

Little dreamed she or Susan that this cunningly unimportant joke was in reality a matter of life or death.

Susan had done a wonderful thing, but quite as unconsciously as the stupid spider, when he festooned with his web the entrance to a cave, and saved a man's life without knowing it.

All three were wrapped in refreshing slumber, and the whole house was quiet, unless, perhaps, now and then, the sly rat treated himself to a nibble of wood; but if he did, he was quite safe, for nobody heard him.

The night wore on, the stars began to fade, and already there were tokens of a coming sunrise, when suddenly a loud report, like a cannon, roused Mrs. Dalton to her feet. The house was shaken to its foundation, as if by an earthquake. The chamber was filled with smoke and flames.

"Merciful heavens! what is it?" cried Mrs. Dolan; but without wasting a moment, she seized her trembling little boy from his crib and bore him down the tottering stairs, followed by the bewildered, half-frantic Susan.

Not a moment too soon! The building fell together with a terrific crash, those parts of it which had not fallen at first; the roof was blown off into the street; the windows were shivered to atoms; and a thousand tongues of flame leaped madly upward from the heap of ruins. In the midst of flying firebrands and falling bricks, Mrs. Dolan stood like one in a dream, and could only gaze at the wreck of her home and all her earthly goods, and cry,

"Oh, my God! my God! what saved *us?* what saved *us?*"

In another instant the loud bells clanged for fire; shouts of men were heard in the street; the lumbering fire-engine, with its leaky hose, was trundled out; but the feeble play of

the water upon those devouring flames was but idle mockery.

"Turn that watering pot t'other way," shouted the crowd. "If you want to do something, sprinkle the *neighbors'* houses!"

Some one took Mrs. Dolan by the arm and kindly tried to lead her out of the commotion and danger; but a fearful fascination seemed to hold her.

"Look at those walls!" gasped she, "the walls of my bed-room! They fell in first, and that was what woke me—they fell and crushed the bed where I *should* have slept—where Susan and Willy would have slept! Oh, what was it that saved us from that terrible death?"

Everybody was ready with sympathy. A kind friend opened her house to the three shivering creatures so suddenly deprived of shelter. A supply of clothing was provided for each; and in the course of an hour a considerable donation of money was collected from the compassionate crowd.

Everybody was eager to discover the cause of such a terrible outbreak, and after a great deal of discussion it was pretty generally decided that the store must have taken fire from the inside, burned through the floor into the cellar, and so ignited a keg of gunpowder which was kept there. Of course the powder was the cause of the explosion, but what was the cause of the fire?

"There was no candle in the store," said Susan, with chattering teeth, "and not a spark of fire."

"It's clear to me," said Mrs. Dolan, "that it must have been rats nibbling at matches. What else could it be? But, oh, how little do I care! My husband is ruined, but he is safe! My child is in my arms! Oh, Susan, we have escaped as if by a miracle. Don't you see the hand of God in it? Can't you thank Him for this mercy?"

When her neighbors and friends came to condole with the good woman, she said, with her characteristic energy of tone,

"Rejoice with me, but don't you pity me!"

It was a reply worthy of a Christian. She felt that not a sparrow "falleth to the ground without your Father," and that such a God could make even the foolish thoughts in a little girl's brain help to work out His wise and loving plans.

LATE-ITUDINARIAN—There is a class of people who are always late. They are inevitably late to the cars, and they invariably have to jump for it, if they are going upon a steamboat jaunt. Everything with these people is put off until the last moment, and then, if the plank is removed, they stand a capital chance of jumping overboard in attempting to leap upon the deck after the paddle-wheels have commenced revolving. If the boat started an hour later, it would be all the same to them, for they would just as inevitably be behind time, and come up or down a little too late to take things cool and comfortable. These late people have to stir their stumps, or be left behind, when they have steamboats or railroad cars to deal with; but they are the bane of the existence of punctual persons with whom they have dealings, and who have no resource in the way of tapping a big bell or blowing upon a steam whistle to hurry up the delinquent eleventh-hour men. One procrastinating man will derange the best laid plans of hundreds, by failing to come up to time, and he wastes hours for others in his disregard for minutes.

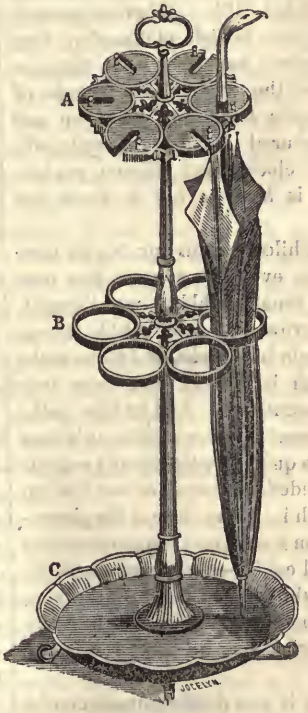
AN UMBRELLA SAFE.

THE inventor of umbrellas ought to have had his name handed down to posterity. Not merely because of the welcome protection they afford, though that is no slight matter. What would be the fashion of hats and bonnets, were there no umbrellas to shield them from the despoiling rain and sunshine? The best hatter, or the most tasteful milliner, could scarcely construct a "magnificent" chapeau, or a "love of a bonnet," were they obliged to use only India-rubber cloth, or oiled-silk, or other water-proof and sun-defying material.

But there is also a world of pleasant thought connected with umbrellas. Who does not remember the family umbrella, beneath whose wide roof all the children crowded on their way to school of a rainy morning? What cosy chats and tender avowals have been heard under its friendly shelter.

But may not the inventor of umbrellas be also held responsible, in some measure, for the looseness of public morals? The custom of stealing umbrellas has become well-nigh universal. Who can tell what other crimes this has led to? Seriously, the insecurity of this useful article has become a public nuisance; and we are glad to notice an invention that promises to abate the evil.

The accompanying engraving represents an umbrella stand, from which no one but the rightful owner can take an umbrella. Its top is fitted with simple, but secure, locks, from one to twenty, or more, as desired. The umbrella handle is slipped into the opening made for it, part of the lock is turned, which fastens it there, the key slips out into the hand of the owner, and all is safe, until he chooses to insert the key and remove the umbrella. Each lock is fitted with a key of different pattern. When not in use, the key remains concealed within the lock. The whole forms a very neat article of furniture, suitable for any private or public hall, and is sold at a reasonable price, $1 for each lock.



It is manufactured and for sale by the well-known sewing-machine makers, Messrs. Wheeler & Wilson, 505 Broadway, New York.

Having had one of these stands in use for some time, we can fully recommend it both for safety of umbrellas, and as a stand to keep the dripping moisture from annoying the housekeeper and spoiling carpets.

AUNT FREELOVE'S WORK-BAG.

BY UNCLE TIM.

IN the State of Connecticut, some twenty-five years ago, there was a range of high hills lying about eight or ten miles northeast of the city of New Haven, which were sometimes called Setocket Mountains, but were generally called by the people around them Soket Hills. Whether, according to our boyish philosophy, they have grown any since that time, or whether the enterprising people of those parts have dug them up and manufactured them into railroads, wooden clocks, and Boston pocket-knives, is hard to tell in these fast times.

Our philosophy in our boyish days was that everything grew like ourselves. Small pebbles, we thought, would grow up into cobble-stones, these again into rocks, and these rocks and earth into hills, and these into young mountains. And by this method of reasoning Soket Hill by this time should be quite a venerable old mountain, provided, of course, no one has ran away with it. Our ideas of the planetary system was a great improvement on rocks and cobble-stones, and decidedly so—for who has not heard of the man in the moon? But what was he there for and what was he doing? was *the* question.

At last it was decided unanimously by us, that he was piling up moonshine, a little every day, to make it grow, and when he had finished it, made it perfectly round, and all right; he then cut off a long strip from the other side to make stars, by chopping them into little bits and sowing them in the sky.

Whether our reasoning was correct or not, others must judge, but the application we have made a thousand times since is this: That all great talkers and writers, who talk or write for the sake of satisfying themselves or others of how much talking or writing can come out of them, are piling up moonshine.

Well, to come back to our story. We conclude Soket Hill is there yet, or ought to be, for it was not of much account, only to raise rock oak and sugar-maple trees and unknown quantities of juniper berries, with a limited quantity of stunted grass, which nothing could get but sharp-nosed sheep.

No one thought of living on it, of course, and yet fine farms were made up to the very base of the hill, and snug cottages for the farmers to live in. On the sunny side, then, of Setocket Mountain, a great many years ago, lived a thrifty, worthy farmer, who owned hundreds of broad acres in the plains below. He was a leading member of the church, had been for a long time selectman of the town, member of the Legislature, and, to crown all, brigadier-general of the militia of the State. He left at his death three sons and two daughters, but they are gone, all gone, and those broad acres have passed into other hands.

One of these daughters passed with the singular name of Freelove; but whether her parents, in giving her this name, intended she should be free to love all or none, was never known, for she lived and died an old maid.

Aunt Freelove was a constant attendant on church at all times, in all weather, or all kinds of weather, took a deep interest in the mission to the

Sandwich Islands, besides having a constant watch and care over all of us youngsters in the neighborhood.

But the greatest curiosity about Aunt Freelove was a large silk work-bag, which she carried with her at all times and on all occasions. It really seemed to be a vast receptacle for odds and ends of everything lost, forgotten, or done on earth. Bits of orange-peel and vials of peppermint, fennel, and carraway-seed, to keep her ideas awake in meeting-time, and the neatest little box of Maccaboy snuff, when more simple applications failed. Then, again, hymn-books and handkerchiefs lay snugly side by side; night-caps, and nice collars, thimbles, tracts, and thread went to fill up the wonderful receptacle, and found a lodgement there. But the greatest mystery of the whole matter was the perfect knowledge that work-bag had of our shortcomings and misconduct on every occasion.

If we young folks neglected our reading-books or catechism, she would say, "Well, my loves, how do you get along with your studies to-day?" and we supposed conduct and catechism all right, she would say, "Well, my dears, I will look in my work-bag, and see what report that will give."

She would then take out a slip of paper, and read off a correct account of hundreds of golden moments lost, spent in play, or squandered in some way—in short, the work-bag seemed to know all about us, what we were saying or doing.

One Sabbath our minister preached a sermon on conscience—how every one had an innate principle within, which kept a perfect record of every wrong action. "I know what the minister was talking about to-day," said my little cousin Lucy that evening, to her mother, at the tea-table, at which sat both the minister and Aunt Freelove, sipping their tea. "Well, my dear, what was it?" said her mother. "It was—it was—it was Aunt Freelove's work-bag," said the little wit. Now, Aunt Freelove taught us all that it was a great sin to laugh on Sundays, and never allowed us even to smile; but the unintentional shot of the little wit hit her tickle spot, which no one ever even knew she had before, or even suspected it. She was the first to break her own laws. But Aunt Freelove's work-bag came to a bad end, seceded from her watch and care, and made a successful secession. It was done in this manner: One of my cousins was a sailor, and often made trips from the port of New Haven to the West Indies and the coast of South America. On one of his return trips he brought home a monkey, which soon became a great pet among us. Jacko, as we called him, had a box for his home, which stood on a shelf in the corner of the kitchen.

Now, Aunt Freelove had an inveterate dislike to Jacko and all his family connections, because it is written in the Law of Moses that the monkey is an unclean animal; and she showed her dislike to Jacko on all occasions, and Jacko felt it and knew it. He also knew that work-bag was her property, and his great anxiety seemed to be to get hold of it, and hers to keep it from him. Finally, one day while we were at dinner we heard a great chattering in the other room, and ran in to see what the matter was. There sat Jacko on the top of a chair, work-bag and contents scattered over the floor, and snuff-box in hand.

Jacko knew his time had come, and

made the most of it. Down into the snuff he plunged his open mouth, and caught as much as his mouth, eyes, and nose could hold, and then started for his box. Poor fellow, what a time he did have of it! we thought he would die. He would cough, sneeze, and cry, and then cry, sneeze, and cough at the same time. Poor Jacko took his first and last pinch of snuff. Snuff-boxes and work-bags were a perfect terror to him ever after that, as long as he lived. Aunt Freelove's work-bag was excluded from civilized society ever after that. She was certainly one of the most pious, kind, and motherly old maids that ever lived, and mankind have not as yet reaped all the fruits of her teachings, her kindness, and her motherly love from those who have had the benefits of those teachings. It is much to be feared that the class of teachers to which Aunt Freelove belonged—and she stood first on the list—has become nearly extinct, and at a time, too, when the world needs more rather than less of them. Fathers and mothers need them, and our little folks need them. Perhaps we may be accused of fogyism when we say it, but it certainly seems that most of the teaching our little folks get is too superficial, too much varnished to cover up defects, rather than to trim off those defects and use less varnish.

WORDS.

A little said, and truly said,
Can deeper joys impart,
Than hosts of words which reach the head,
But never touch the heart;
The voice that wins its sunny way,
A lonely home to cheer,
Hath oft the fewest words to say,
But oh! those few how dear!

NETTIE'S GARDEN.

Little Nettie's eye is sparkling—
Taps she at the gardener's cot;
Auntie's filled her pretty basket—
Bulbs and seeds—what has she not?
Come, good Jake, rake out her plot.

Plant her pink seeds, set her tulips—
Put her daisies in a row; [ones—
Then her violets—blue ones, white
How the darling things will throw
Sweetest perfume as they blow!

Mignonette and rich carnation,
Phlox, verbena, and sweet pea—
In the sunshine as they're growing,
Nicely kept the whole shall be;
Nettie's aunt must come and see.

Laurel.

Good reader, if you and I ever reach our Father's house, we will look back and see that the sharp-tongued, rough-visaged teacher Disappointment was one of our best guides to bring us thither. He often took us by thorny paths. He often stripped us of our overload of worldly goods; but that was only to make us travel the freer and the faster on our heavenward way. He often led us into the valley of the death-shadow; but never did the promises read so sweetly to us as when read by the light of faith in that very valley.

ABOUT NESTS.

I SUPPOSE there are many children who have never seen a bird's nest on its own tree, shaded by green leaves and inhabited by its owners. I am sorry indeed for such children. Some birds make their nests in the *grass*. I have no doubt but that they know their own business best; but if I were one, I should never think of *settling down* in the weeds and rushes when there were tulip-trees and maples away up toward the sun by day and the stars by night—where every branch rocks like a cradle in the breeze, and bird's-eye views are in plenty. That would be my choice, and much safer, I should judge. However, there are things to be considered—if wicked eyes of nest-robbers could not so easily find, the horrid gun could reach, and cats could prowl.

The building of a nest is quite a process. They labor untiringly to collect their materials, horse-hair and fine grass, bits of thread, etc. It is very interesting to see them form the inside to roundness by pressing their bodies against the sides, and while fluttering their wings to move round and round against its walls.

Their instinct amounts almost to intelligence, occasionally, as we observe them—perhaps oftener, if we observed them attentively. A canary-bird raised in a cage had been nearly killed by a rat; one claw, all but the thumb, was bitten off, and the bird otherwise hurt. The foot was dressed carefully and the little thing laid back in its cage, where it appeared to be already dead when its mistress discovered the hurt. She left the room for a couple of hours, and when she returned, to her astonishment Cherry was hopping on the poor stump anxiously about the cage. Cherry recovered, but could never after cling to the perch, and was obliged to sleep on the floor, and limp. In process of time Cherry was furnished with materials for building a nest, which were hung up in the cage, in the small nest-box or frame, as is usually done. Both Cherry and her mate, without ever attempting to form the nest in the box, took the materials out and began to build on the floor. Cherry's mistress put it back in the box, and they removed it again; this was done three times, and then she let them have their own way. A stone, about three inches one way and two the other, was in the cage, for sharpening the bill, etc., and that stone these birds removed a distance of three inches to the corner of the cage, using the two sides of the corner and this stone for the other wall of the nest! Inside that *almost* cosy fixing they built the nest. It was very wonderful to me. I saw it many times, and saw the brood of four plump little songsters, which she hatched there.

It seemed to me very wonderful that they could thus accommodate her crippled condition.

If there are children who have never seen birds' nests, there are many adults as well as children who have never seen the nests built by fishes!

Few of us could ever have done so, were it not for Mr. Barnum. In his "Museum," where he has collected so many beautiful and curious things, there is, this very month of April, in the beautiful *Aquaria*, a family of minnows, and a nest is building of some mossy-looking sea-weed—a tiny nest on the pebbly bottom of the tank. The little builder deposits some material from his mouth, then drops his small body (he is two inches in length) on the whole, and flutters his fins and presses his body to shape and make firm the whole, precisely like a bird. It is worth going there purposely to behold. LAURA ELMER.

OBJECT LESSONS—A NEW PLAN.

IT is the commono pinion of our best educators, that the more interesting studies are made to appear to children, the greater will be the progress made in them. By means of "objects" or object lessons the dryest subject may become, in the hands of a skillful teacher, not only interesting, but instructive. But it has been found that the common methods of teaching by object lessons can be still further improved. Especially geographical lessons admit of a variety of changes from the present method that can not fail to exercise a salutary influence upon the student. In the various lessons upon different countries, the best method to keep alive interest in the subject is to distribute among the members of the class the products—especially fruits—you are able to obtain of the various countries. If the lesson treated of the island of Ceylon, the names of the principal productions—cinnamon and a variety of other spices—might be mentioned. These facts you may impress indelibly upon the minds of the children by distributing a few sticks of cinnamon among them to dispose of at their leisure. Cinnamon and the island of Ceylon will be ever afterward associated in their memory. If the recitation should be on the islands of the Pacific, be sure you have a few cocoanuts, bananas, or pineapples to distribute. A lesson on Brazil may be most interesting by a free distribution of Brazil nuts; one on Spain by allowing a child a few handfuls of almonds and oranges; while Syria may be long remembered by a free distribution of figs. Children are not satisfied with seeing or even with handling; tasting is necessary to make a deep impression on their memory. Adam being the first man was probably the first teacher, and if we follow his example, we shall find there is nothing like *eating* of the tree of knowledge. It is the only method by which some people are enabled to digest their learning. The teacher must exercise considerable judgment in distributing articles. If the lesson were on India, and some facts were stated in regard to opium, I would not consider it advisable to give the children any. The same remark might apply to arrack, aloes, arsenic, and other products. I respectfully submit the above for the consideration of teachers. They all know how dry and uninteresting geography is as usually taught, but I pledge my word that by the foregoing method it may be made the most interesting study in school. SAMUEL WILSON, JR.

SARAH'S REWARD.

SARAH MENDON was called a strange girl by her companions. She was so amiable and kind that they all loved her, but they said she was so sober, so "old maidish," some of them called it. If any one of them had a difficult example in arithmetic, or wanted help in writing a composition, Sarah was always ready to assist; but she seemed to care so little for her own gratification that the thoughtless girls seldom seemed to think they could do anything to assist her or give her pleasure.

But Sarah never seemed to mind it when she was left uninvited to their parties or forgotten in their distribution of good things which school-girls often share with their companions.

The truth was, Sarah had learned the great truth—"It is more blessed to give than to receive," and thus she never stopped to inquire what reward she should receive for doing a kindness. She could even afford to bear unpleasantness and ridicule for the sake of doing good to others. As sometimes happens, however, her kindness was once rewarded in an unexpected manner.

There lived with Sarah's parents a colored girl who had formerly been a slave. She was very ignorant, but willing to learn, and Sarah was delighted to teach her to read. She sat patiently with her by the hour, until she had the satisfaction of hearing her read from the Bible the blessed truths which were so precious to herself.

Soon after this, Sarah was taken very ill, and the physician pronounced her disease the small-pox. Her friends were so alarmed, that no one dared visit her. Had her own mother been living, she would have cared for her, but she had an unfeeling and selfish stepmother, who left the house as soon as she heard the disease named. But Nancy, the colored girl, who had become devotedly attached to her young mistress, would not leave her. Day and night she watched with her, and cared for her with the most tender solicitude, and the physician said, when she finally recovered, that her life was saved as much by Nancy's careful nursing as by the medicine.

Afterward, when Sarah asked Nancy how she dared thus to risk her life, she replied, with tears in her eyes, "Oh, missus, you teach me de way to live to die, in de good book, and den I never 'fraid to live or die." And in addition to what the poor girl had already done for her, this reply made Sarah happier than any earthly reward which could have been given her.

TEACHERS should be well drilled in the manual of arms, in order the better "to teach the young idea how to shoot."

A CANNON that should have been discharged some years ago—Bu-chanan.

S. WILSON, JR.

Merry's Monthly Chat with his Friends.

BOYS! boys! girls! but no, we will not scold. It's the 1st of April, and who can keep quiet then? *Apropos* to the occasion, "what a long *tale* our *chat's got!*" It's far ahead of any cat-o'-nine-tails for number. Never before was there so much to say or so many to say it. Since the hatchet has been lost, Uncle William has invented a double-back-action-high-pressure-condensatory-manipulator, which is now on trial. It may not work very smoothly at first, particularly if the hopper be crowded too full. N.B.—It is not yet geared to digest *foreign quotations*, so don't attempt to put them through it.

"Kerr-clickety-crunch—kerr-clickety-crunch." What's that? Oh, nothing but the manipulator getting to work. Here are specimens of what it turns out:

WEST HARTFORD, CT., *Feb.*, 1863.

DEAR UNCLES, AUNT, AND COUSINS:—I received MUSEUM for Feb., and, turning to the Chat, I found that "impassioned announcement" of Leslie's, and the answer, had led to "civil war!" I *had* thought that the most perfect harmony—well, not perfect, but something pretty near it—existed between the members of the Chat; but instead, alas! Well, Uncles and Aunt don't object, that's one consolation, and we are fighting for a queen, that's another. Winifred, *pray* exchange *c. de v.'s* with me, for I am anxious to know whether you are an "ugliest old hag." Uncle Merry, can't you decide this question? Cousin Sue, I think you and I would do for "boon companions," for I must "plead guilty" of enjoying your favorite amusements—all but the swimming. I like fishing better. Brown-Eyes, I wish we could have a *gallop* together on our "ponies." Now all ye Merry cousins, won't you exchange photographs? Especially Fleta, A. E. Drummond, and Wilforley. Uncle Merry has my address.

Adieu. FLIBBERTIGIBBET.

We are all glad to see you again in the midst of our Merry circle—but you should have first deposited your *c. de v.* in the Merry Album. You will recollect your promise.

I think Dan is correct in regard to the "ugliest old hag"—but am in some doubt as to whether the photo that Winifred "obtained," and which the "artist said was an excellent likeness," was in reality an "excellent likeness" of *her* or, of ——; well, never mind, we are pledged to see fair play. Meantime shall be happy to forward any photos to Flib. which the cousins may send.

PENSACOLA, *Jan.* 16, 1863.

DEAR MERRYS:—I have been amusing myself looking over last year's MUSEUMS, and I would like to say a few words, and as I come so seldom, you ought to let me have a long "say."

Oliver Onley, Wilforley, have you both forgotten me? You have neither written nor said one word to me in the Chat for an age. Just wait until I come home, and then—

H. A. B., how could you? I wrote last, and yet you went away without leaving any address or even sending a message.

Wanderer, there's but few of us left. J. R. and D. W. have gone, and over one hundred others. Do you ever write to the old ship? If so, send me a message.

Annie E. D., have you finished those socks you promised? I'm waiting.

E. F. W., and others, concerning "pretty girls." *I* can vouch for *one* in Brooklyn! When I come back you'll find me in Boston some day, and you can then show me some of your favorites. Love to Fleta. I'm afraid to say any more to her, lest we get into some argument, when I would have to give in.

Leslie, I have heard of you from T. H. Will you write?

Winifred, did you ever know it to snow here? it is coming down now splendidly. What a pity it is that you are not here now, for I then would have some one to think of and see. Love to Josie, A. N., Osceola, and Jim, who have all been kind enough to write me. Also to Saucy Nell, Aunt Sue, and—every one. JASPER.

DEAR UNCLE MERRY :—I think that if my Merry cousins should examine your waste paper box, *there* they might find the remains of their letters to mourn over (as Jolly Jingle says).

Osceola, are you a soldier?

Tommy, my best wishes go with you.

I think that the first clause of Adelbert Older's prize sentence is very applicable to some one at the present time.

Love and kisses to Marian and Winifred, also greetings to all our Merry soldier cousins.

I give my vote for queen—Winifred.

MINNIE J.

WILLIAMSPORT, *Feb.*, 1863.

MR. MERRY :—I have just been reading the letters in the February number, and then, of course, came the wish that I had a "finger in the pie." Now I have been wondering whether we have to bring credentials for character, honesty, etc. Here are my colors: "Liberty to all, and the Union forever." Is not that satisfactory? As to the honesty, I am a real Yankee from the old Bay State, and my great big grandfather was one that overthrew the tea in Boston harbor, and you know the geographies say the inhabitants thereof are noted for sobriety, industry, and *honesty*.

Your warm friend and admirer,

ELFELDA.

We admit Elfelda to be geographically honest, and give her a seat beside Winifred.

BALTIMORE, *Jan.* 21, 1863.

How very mythological we are becoming—with "Venus" and "Minerva" and "Sybil," etc. Uncle, couldn't you somehow convert "No. III." into "Olympus," and yourself and "Aunt Sue" into "Jove" and "Juno?" Oliver, according to a certain young lady's verdict, you would be "Pluto." "Fair Annie," would it be too great a condescension to become "Hebe?" "W. H. C.," instead of seeing "the *likes* o' you," we see your "weritable" self—glad to see it in the right place, though "Dan," I's well, and accept both. I never did see why boys couldn't kiss each other, did you? "Brown-Eyes" and "Madcap," I'll join you with "Hiawatha" or "Minawawa"—which shall it be? JIM.

When we are Jupiter, Jim shall be Mercury.

UNCLE :—This isn't the first time *ham* has been a *bone* of contention, so I am *middling* safe; but if you *chop* me much, you reduce me to *spare-ribs*, and put me in almost as bad a pickle as *pig's feet* seem to have stepped into.

Leslie, I have heard of a "*calf's head*" being made the *butt* of conversation, but never a *ham!* "*La même chose*," say you?

Uncles, of course you are privileged about the *breaches*, but I *trow*, *sirs*, you will *pant* before the war is over. Thanks for promoting me to position of doorkeeper at the family gathering. I will serve.

N. B. Front seats reserved for representatives from Saratoga and Chicago.

WANDERER.

Wanderer is already evidently perplexed about our seats.

WEST PHILADELPHIA, *Jan.* 9, 1863.

DEAR UNCLE MERRY :—I have come at last to beg admission into the Merry circle, after taking the MUSEUM for six years, and never begging admittance before; not because I was afraid of the hatchet, for it has never harmed any one yet, but because I see so many new cousins that get the door open for them, and I thought, perhaps, you would open it for AMY R*******.

You are right, Amy; the hatchet only cuts off excrescences—that will not harm any one.

POINT GREEN, *Feb.* 7, 1863.

Again I make the assertion, "Hail, Winifred! thou art our acknowledged queen." May your reign be a long, a prosperous, and a happy one.

Fleta, I don't wish to insinuate, but I think that *Mr.* Fleta F. will be after Dan with a sharp stick, if he don't look out. Fairest of the fair, you shall be first among all the ladies of the court; as *such* I humbly bow before you, and await your pleasure.

Nell, it is plain enough to all that the green monster has been hugging you *tight*.

Wanderer, you spoke of the *lee side;* did you mean *Hattie* Lee? she is on *our* side.

Winifred, you have a poor champion,
But *battered* shall be his escutcheon;
Ere he will leave thee to thy fate,
Dan shall have a broken pate.

LESLIE.

BOSTON, *Feb.*, 1863.

MY PUGNACIOUS COUSINS :—

Fear not the braggart's boasting talk,
'Tis like a parrot's—let him squawk!
'Tis not a worthy foeman's cry,
Pitch in! hurrah for victory!
In spite of Burnham's porky snore,
In spite of Wanderer's windy roar,
Pitch in! not fear to breast the shock;
Be firm! be worthy Merry's stock.

Porkeral Dan! Ha! ha! Give him his guard, Auntie, and be sure that Saucy Nell is included. Annie, I believe you. There surely isn't anything nicer! I certainly shall not look outside the parlor! Willie H. C.—C. N.—(late B. G.), so you are not totally extinguished? Good; I'm glad there's a little smoldering fire left, from which, by occasionally stirring, we may see a spark arise.

Now, Merrys, "a long scratch, a strong scratch, and a scratch altogether," and victory is ours. OLIVER ONLEY.

TREE-TOP, *Sometime* 1*st*, 1863.

DEAR UNCLES, AUNT, AND COUSINS :—Having a desire to join the Chat, I thought I would wait until somebody opened the door, and then try to fly in. So here I am.

Please to inform me of the amount of the initiation fee, dues, etc., and also the fine for kissing any pretty girl of the Chat.

I say, you Burn(t)ham, don't you dare to say anything about hags in connection with Winifred; if you do you'll get terribly *cut up*. Dr. (?) Coleman will oblige you to take your own pills. Busy Bee will sting your nose, Osceola will dig up his hatchet, and your eyes will be pecked out by BOB O'LINK.

One of your *dolorous* notes pays yearly dues, but don't come presenting your *bill* in that style to the girls, or you'll get into a *peck* of trouble.

ST. LOUIS, *Jan.*, 1863.

It's ever so long since I was one of you. So now, Uncle Hi, you *must* let me in. But, dear me! how strange everybody looks! What has become of Fleta and of Black-Eyes? and who's this Winifred that you've set up here for us to fall down and worship? Not a bit of it, say I. And what do you say, Cousin Ol? and you, Willie Coleman? and you, Adelbert Older? What? Will you allow a young Green Pointer to speak for us without ever asking our permission?

And who's this new star? Wanderer, they're running wild over you. Won't you exchange with me? If you'll send your photo to Uncle Robert, he'll forward it to me, and I'll promise to send mine back just as soon as the mail will carry it. I don't mean this only for Wanderer, but for all of you. Have you forgotten me, Daisy? and you, Saucy Nell? A bushel of love and two kisses for each of you.

NANNIE NIGHTINGALE.

Spring must be coming, the gale comes sweetly from the south, and the birds are coming back to their old haunts.

SARATOGA SPRINGS, *Feb.*, 1863.

DEAR CHATTERERS :—The young ladies of "T. G. I." are very much amused at the futile attempts of Uncle Merry to explain the mystical letters. I will inform the Merry cousins that to the initiated these letters expand and form the sentence, "True Genius Inside."

I hereby acknowledge my loyalty to Winnie, and as I entertain no doubts of her being chosen queen. I hope to be chief among the maids of honor.

Your Merry cousin, MARIAN.

Being among the uninitiated, we will guess again that T. G. I. means Terrible Girls Indeed.

NEW YORK, *Feb.* 6, 1863.

UNCLE HIRAM :—Why don't you have some *c. de v.'s* taken with a hatchet in your hand?

I think Uncle Robert's picture wears quite a *Merry* look. I wish you would give me a formal introduction to the Merrys. I am somewhat bashful, and do not like to write to them without an introduction. Your affectionate nephew,

FIDDLESTICKS.

"Fiddlesticks, Merrys;" is that *à la* Chesterfield?

ADORABLE UNCLES :—Allow me to speak just a word to Winnie. Why so hot and hasty, *ma cousine?* Are you thinking of the olden time when Matilda of Boulogne led *in propria persona* her loyal armies against the rebellious foe?

Methinks that queens—or would-be-queens—of the present time, might see in the beloved and honored Victoria of

England an example better worthy their imitation.

Merrys, choose your leader! General Winifred, who commands in person her (?) own party, or Dan H. Burnham for Fleta and the "tribe of Dan." For myself, I declare in favor of neither party—but am *ever* for the Merry *Union*.

PRUE E. B——.

Prue will certainly accept Fleta's *Union* compromise.

JAMESTOWN, *Feb.* 7, 1863.

DEAR UNCLES AND COUSINS:—I am afraid I shall be but a poor hand at fighting, but, "Winnie," if my (claws) will be of any service to you, they shall be used in your defense. Fred Warren, I am a Bostonian, but I don't know that I am acquainted with you. If you will send me your photo I can very soon decide the question. PUSS.

Puss will please accept thanks for her *c. de v.*

ILLINOIS.

If you please, Uncle Hi, I would like to tell the cousins how dearly I love them all, and how much I should like to exchange *c. de v.'s* with any that desire it; how I would like to say God-speed you, and God keep you, to all of the soldier boys.

So then, at last, good-bye. My letter, you see, is like Carl Krinken's Christmas stocking, which had "love at the bottom, and love at the top, and love filling up all the cracks between." With very much love to old and young Merrys, VERA LEE.

If that's your disposition, we shall find many cousins drifting *lee*wards. Thanks for *c. de v.*

NEWARK, N. J., *Feb.* 7, 1863.

DEAR AUNT SUE:—I appeal to you to introduce me to all of them as their new cousin. As I am very "bashful," I hope you will give me a seat by some chatty, lively person. Tell the cousins that I am willing to exchange *c. de v.'s* with any or all of the cousins, and if you want one, why, "speak for it," as we tell our dog Rover. I always "speak" for one in return.

Give my love to all the cousins, and accept for yourself the sincere love and best wishes of

Your affectionate niece, LOUISA.

NEW YORK, *March*, 1863.

DEAR UNCLE MERRY:—Your printer made me talk rather ridiculously in the last Chat, in calling W. H. C.'s services as chief nurse "affectionate," instead of *effectual*, as I tried to say, but *in*effectually. No doubt they *are* affectionate as well as effectual, but those of our brigadier-generals are not—or *should* not be—as I seemed to imply they generally were. That some of them *have* been too affectionate toward our "wayward sisters" there can be no doubt, and "that's just what's the matter."

Affectionately yours, WILFORLEY.

'Merrycans! where is your patriotism? your democracy? Has the spirit of republican institutions become so diluted that you offer no resistance to these *Dan*ish and other factions? *Queens* forsooth! *One* has often ruined a nation, and what will become of us with *two?* This audacious proposition not only "caps the climax," but crowns the "apex" (according to Wilforley).

Look at the (woe to man!)ifesto issued by Fleta, and mark this line: "All the blockades on earth we will break without trouble"—intervention the first thing!

Be not deceived by the speci(e)ous motto, "*Two crowns and one mind, two heads and one throne!*"

It is two to one that the "mind" and "throne" will be too weak to sustain so great a weight of sovereignty. Fair friends, beware! "Uneasy lies the head that wears a crown." Don't "try it on!"

"My voice is still for war," but not for queens. So "rally round the FLAG, boys!" and let not the courtiers flaunt their old ban(Dan)ners in our faces any longer. A. N.

COUSIN DAN:—Your apology (for as such I suppose you meant it) was carefully worded and well written generally; but I can't see that it helps the matter any. It is but a modification of your previous statement.

I positively assert—and so does the artist who made it—that the photo in question was an excellent likeness, and yet you declare *a second time*, and right out before all the cousins, that it "was a hag." That's what I call adding injury to insult. Ah, me! why did I ever patronize so "*ordinary*" a person?

Cousin Leslie, I veto all such pro-

posals as you have made. I am perfectly satisfied with our existing form of government. And, too, "queenly honors" are not to my taste. As Wilforley says, I'd have to have all my talking done for me, and do you suppose I could stand that? and then the absurdity of a little know-nothing like me being set up to run contrariwise to our dear, wise Fleta. No, sir! I can't think of it. Just drop these new-fangled notions, and help me to coerce this Dan.

So you mean "to insinuate" that I don't write to the point! Thank your invisible stars that I didn't, for had I, it would have become entangled in your crooked, scattered brains, and then you wouldn't have been alive now to thank me for my "forbearance and ladylike conduct" (I only wonder that you could appreciate it), and to send me your love, which, by the way, you will need for yourself before you get through. But, my friend, as you value your head, *modify* your words with regard to Nell. You little know whom you have to deal with when you offend her.

Heartsease, come and see me, *via* either Leslie or Minerva. I'll return the call.

Dear little Bennie Irish, come over to my corner, and sit by me—mayn't he, Uncle?

Beauclerc, we *all* welcome you—come again, and see if we don't.

Dear Black-Eyes and Fleta: if this war was what brought you to us again, I welcome it.

Julia E., Juanita, Jessie K., and "Chips:" my address for *exchange* of photos was given last November.

Sweet, "Blue-Eyed Adeline," are you lost to us as a chatter?

Minerva, come oftener.

Now, Uncle, if you'll give my love to our dearest Aunty Sue, and to Hattie Lee, and will tell Wanderer to "be a good little boy," I'll bid you good-night.

WINIFRED.

UNCLE MERRY:—I must declare my allegiance to Queen Winifred and her cause. I intend recruiting a regiment, declare myself colonel, and then down with that audacious Burnham. Leslie, do you want an appointment on my staff?—if so, hurry and enlist. I am fond of war, and rejoice that Burnham behaved as he did. Wilforley, did you receive my *carte?* Was the exchange satisfactory? Cousin Sue, I am not one of the sober cousins by any means. Minnie J., I have never attended T. G. I. H. A. Danker, have you gone to war again? we never hear from you. Adelbert Older, don't propose algebra—it is dreadful, as I know by sad experience. Love to all.

BLUE-EYES.

Extracted Essences.

IRVING is welcomed to the Chat, and to a seat by Hattie.

FANNY N. LEWIS would like to receive cartes.

BONNY BELLE sounds well, and is welcome.

WANDERER thinks Dan should have six years' tuition in the school of reform, five and a half of the time to be passed in the "Department of Elegant Speech," for his attack upon Saucy Nell.

"W. E." is hesitating which side to take in the war. Take both sides.

SNOWDROP shall sit beside Saucy Nell, to make her look cool.

JUANITA is enjoying skating in Maine. We envy her. She invites the Merrys to visit her, and wants to X with Daniel and Winifred.

BEAUCLERC wants another prize trial. He shall be gratified.

WILD FLOWER declares for Winnie, and shall have a seat by her side.

HUMMING BIRD flits about Saucy Nell, and wants to see Orange Blossom and Fleta. She inquires particularly for Grasshopper, who may safely trust such a bird.

HEARTSEASE sends love to Aunt Sue, thanks to Osceola, and takes her place on the side of Winifred.

PERTINE, DAISY WILDWOOD, and JASPER are the latest arrivals, and are quietly located in the Merry Album. We will gladly exchange with all who desire.

SCHOOL GIRLS OF QUEEN'S MAY; THE HAUNTED HOUSE; THE BLUE SOCKS.—These are three very interesting and useful books, published by the American Sunday School Union. They are above the average of our S. S. library books,

and will be found improving and elevating to the character, and, we trust, will be read by all the Merry family.

NAT'S SHOES, published by the same, will commend itself to all the readers of the MUSEUM, from the fact of being written by the author of "Philip Snow's War."

THE GOLDEN CHAIN AND SHOWER have been bound together, and make the best book for Sunday School singing we have ever seen. Published by Wm. B. Bradbury, New York city.

THE ARMY AND NAVY POCKET DICTIONARY.—This is the title of a neat and valuable collection of words and terms peculiar to military and naval description, published by Mason & Brothers, New York, and Mason & Hamlin, Boston. It is what every person needs in reading the history of the times in which we live, and this cheap and popular work will be found acceptable to every one interested in reading the accounts of our country's battles.

We have received the following songs from O. Ditson, Boston, which we commend to all lovers of music, viz.: "The Laughing Song," "Gentle Annie Ray;" also, "Forest Flowers," "General Butler's Grand March," and "General Hooker's Quickstep." The last two are embellished with good likenesses of these fighting generals.

Aunt Sue's Puzzle Drawer.

LUCY W. C. wins the prize for January, having sent 25 correct answers. Those 25 answers released me from a peck of difficulties; I was wondering how I should decide between the eight 24's. Are *you* going to leave us now, Lucy, because you have won your third prize?

Questions, Enigmas, Charades, etc.

444. We are a numerous company,
And some of us you often see.
Of mischief oft we're made the tool,
And always may be seen at school;
There the young learner much perplex,
And older pupils ofttimes vex,
To find our names and uses out,
And tell what we are all about.
We're found, too, in such varying mood—
Sometimes we're bad and sometimes good,
Sometimes we're pleasant and polite,
Again we're harsh and cruel quite;
We're sometimes full of bitter hate—
Again, we're most affectionate;
Sometimes with healing we abound,
But oft inflict a hateful wound;
Sometimes our looks may seem to please you—
Again, we nothing do but tease you.
But time would fail, and paper, too,
To tell you half that we can do.
We'll leave you now to guess our name—
Five letters, just, will spell the same. *M. & M. C.*

445. My first is a mischievous creature; my second (in sound) is a pronoun; my third is the result of a blow; I hope you are not my whole. *A. S. W.*

446. Transpose what a bear might give a man into what the man would consider it. *Minx.*

447. You may find my first in all countries; my second is a dwelling for animals; my third is an entrance; my whole is the surname of the writer. *Arthur R.*

448. My first (without the last letter) some people drink; my second some people eat; my whole some people wear. *A. O.*

449. Transpose a kind of fruit into a prude. *Clementina.*

450. Entire, I am found on the ocean; beheaded, I am found in the fields; curtailed, I am found in the forest. *Willie F. Fuller.*

451. Change my head several times, and make (1) something used in the water; (2) a noise; (3) a measure; (4) to gain; (5) something found in most kitchens; (6) something deplorable; (7) a fastening; (8) a medicine; (9) what every cousin has; and (10) a receptacle. *Birdie.*

452. My first is a very intelligent animal; my second belongs to the feathered tribe; the root of my whole is used as a medicine, and my fruit is liked by many.
Willie ho!

453. What household article is it that, though it can't walk in the daytime, is always able after tea.
M. E. D.

454. My first is a nickname of either boy or girl, my second is a very useful article, my third is a kitchen utensil, and my whole is a cape. *French Buckeye.*

455. My first is a boy's nickname, my second a stream, my third a pronoun, my fourth the name of an extinct political party, and my whole is very interesting. *Bob O' Link.*

456. Make sense of the following puzzle:
Virtuous friendship persons
5II0S50able. *Alpha.*

457. I am composed of 13 letters:
My 3, 11, 5, 6 is often attached to a house.
My 9, 10, 2, 13, 1, 2 is an article of food.
My 7, 8, 4, 12 is strength.
My whole is a very useful article in a house. *F. A. S. & J. S.*

458. I am composed of 10 letters:
My 4, 1, 9, 10 is a liquor
My 9, 5, 7 is a seed vessel.
My 2, 8, 6, 10 is humid.
My 10, 3, 7 is a bundle of heath.
My whole is a range of mountains.
H. A. Danker.

459. 50U10U are why. *Robin Hood.*

460. 80M80. *A. O.*

461. I am composed of 19 letters:
My 9, 10, 3, 11, 4 is to calculate.
My 18, 17, 8, 14, 19 is what all children like.
My 1, 5, 2, 6 is an article of apparel.
My 16, 15, 12, 13, 7 is to allude.
My whole is presumptuous.
Coralie.

462. I am composed of 12 letters:
My 6, 7, 8, 4, 10, 5 is a boy's nickname.
My 12, 11, 7, 9 is an ancient coat.
My 3, 11, 2, 5 is sometimes an assistance, sometimes a terror.
My 3, 1, 5 is a hint.
My whole is a great favorite with the Merrys. *Hunter Boy.*

463. I am composed of 10 letters:
My 9, 2, 8, 5 is a mineral.
My 6, 8, 3 is a vegetable.
My 7, 4, 10, 5 is to touch.
My 1, 4 is a pronoun.
My whole is one of the Merry cousins. *Josie.*

464. Behead one tool and leave another.
C. F. W.

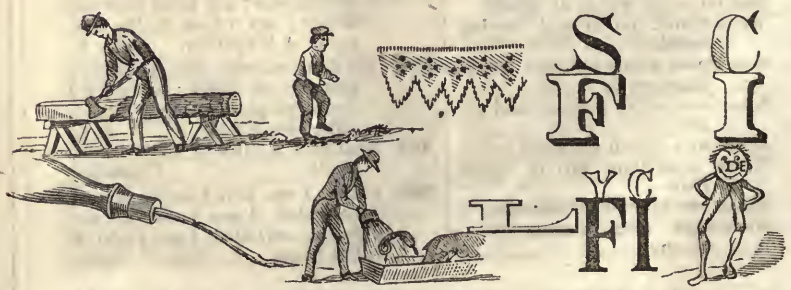
465. Behead a border and leave a border. *G. T. McK.*

466. Behead an implement and leave a dwelling; behead the dwelling and transpose it into something heavenly. *Blanche.*

(Fill the following blanks with the same word transposed, so that it will make sense.)

467. The —— —— —— not to ——
C. M. E.

463. Hieroglyphical Rebus.



(*Answers to the foregoing puzzles must be sent in on or before the 10th of May.*)

Answers to Questions in Feb. No.

388. Ruthless. [soot.
389. Root, moot, foot, boot, hoot, toot,
390. B Z B (*Busy Bee*).
391. A little tea (t) will change pain into paint.
392. Parsimony.
393. Personage.
394. Constantinople.
395. Soldiers.
396. Contrabands.
397. Jurisprudence.
398. Drawer, warder.
399. Crown, crow.
400. Marsh, sham, ash, Sam, has.
401. Dome, mode.
402. He is a man of great gravity.
403. Host, shot.
404. Tulips (two lips).
405. Tyke, key.
406. Memento mori.
407. Sun-flower.
408. Rosemary.
409. Aaron's rod.
410. Quicksand.
411. Orpheus C. Kerr.
412. Uncle Robert's picture.
413. Manhattanville.
414. Charleston, South Carolina.

Lucy W. C. answers all but 402, 405.
Jennie M. answers all but 398, 405, 412.
A. P. T. answers all but 398, 402, 405.
Frank answers all but 388, 398, 403.
Clementina answers all but 390, 391, 398.
Lina answers all but 390, 398, 402.
M. D. answers all but 398, 405, 407.
F. W. C. C. answers all but 398, 405, 409.
Ned W. answers all but 390, 405, 412.
Tattler answers all but 398, 405, 407, 409.
A. S. W. answers all but 389, 391, 398, 405.
W. C. C. answers all but 389, 390, 391, 398, 405.
Birdie answers all but 391, 398, 402, 405, 409.
Fanchon answers all but 389, 390, 402, 403, 405, 411.
C. W. J. answers all but 389, 390, 391, 398, 405, 410.
Josie answers all but 389, 390, 391, 398, 402, 405, 412.
Harry Bowles answers all but 389, 390, 398, 402, 405, 412.
Merrimac answers all but 389, 391, 398, 402, 403, 405, 412.
Louisa B. answers all but 389, 391, 398, 405, 407, 409, 412.
Nedloh answers all but 390, 391, 398, 400, 402, 405, 409, 410, 412.
Fiddlesticks answers all but 390, 391, 398, 402, 405, 406, 407, 408, 409, 414.
Louisa Dolbeer answers all but 389, 390, 391, 396, 400, 402, 405, 411, 412, 414.
Juliette answers all but 389, 390, 391, 397, 398, 402, 403, 405, 406, 409, 412.
W. E. answers all but 389, 390, 391, 394, 398, 399, 402, 403, 405, 407 409, 410.
Sucker Girl answers all but 389, 390, 391, 396, 398, 399, 400, 403, 405, 406, 407, 408, 409.
Juanita answers all but 389, 390, 391, 394, 395, 398, 399, 402, 403, 405, 407, 409, 410.
Mars answers 388, 390, 391, 392, 393, 394, 395, 397, 399, 401, 406, 411, 414.
Heber answers 388, 392, 393, 395, 397, 400, 401, 404, 407, 408, 409, 411, 414.
Monica & Anna answer 388, 392, 393, 395, 397, 399, 404, 406, 412, 413, 414.
Beauclerc answers 390, 392, 393, 395, 396, 397, 401, 411, 413, 414.
John K. Howe answers 392, 393, 395, 396, 397, 399, 401, 404, 411, 413.
Mac answers 392, 393, 398, 399, 401, 403, 404, 413, 414.
A. J. B. answers 388, 392, 393, 395, 399, 401, 404, 413, 414.
Forestina answers 392, 393, 395, 396, 401, 403, 408, 413, 414.
Julia E. answers 388, 392, 393, 395, 396, 402, 413, 414.
F. A. S. & J. S. answer 388, 392, 393, 395, 397, 401, 404, 413.
Ben Fisher answers 388, 395, 401, 403, 404, 407, 413.
Heartsease answers 388, 391, 392, 399, 401, 404, 413.
Elfelda answers 392, 393, 395, 399, 404.
Snowdrop answers 388, 392, 395, 401, 413, 414.
Belle answers 388, 392, 401, 404, 412, 413.
Mamie E. M. answers 388, 404, 411, 414.
Echo answers 393, 399, 401, 404.
Arthur B. S. answers 393, 401.
Elizabeth answers 393, 404.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Little Mac.—Over what signature have I seen your writing in days gone by?

May Clayton.—Uncle Merry says he sent you the portrait twice. I hope you have received it by this time. I am sorry you were disappointed in your efforts, but still think you succeeded wonderfully well.

Forestina.—Welcome to our ranks.

Adelbert Older.—Thanks for the photog. The artist's background is certainly rather *blanket-y*, but never mind—the picture is far better than none.

Ellen H.—Such letters as yours help me very pleasantly in my "labors of love." I won't "forget" when I go "to Pittsburg"—thank you.

Saucy Nell.—You have never been "guilty" of sending me letters to "forward, without inclosing a postage-stamp." Your picture of the "Lakes" is very attractive.

Leslie.—Try again.

Winifred.—Shall I tell *Leslie* what you called him? Your letter was duly forwarded.

Jessie R.—I am requested to tell you, that if you will call at Temple Grove, *Winifred* will make up some kind of a face for you.

Louisa.—Thank you for the photog. I am glad mine is associated with such a "darling."

Little Mac.—McCauley's enigma has been published in MERRY'S MUSEUM.

Wanderer.—I think you have hit it exactly—the "why" chirographical correspondence is so pleasant. I enjoy your letters, though I may not respond satisfactorily. Yes, I "*comprenez.*"

Harry Bowles wishes to know if *Saucy Nell* and *B. E.* received his letters.

Humming-Bird.—I fancy you and *Orange-Blossom* are both in the same box—?

Clementina.—*Uncle Hiram* will heartily enjoy that joke.

Wood-Nymph.—If you will "exchange," I will show you a front face.

Monica & Anna.—In crediting your list of answers, the "all but" was accidentally omitted, which makes all the difference.

Tattler.—I hope the "mud" has disappeared.

Lucy W. C.—I don't think I ever met with the conundrum, "What two companions did Robinson Crusoe have with him on the desert island:" were they Forrest and Wood? I *admire* your stickatitativeness.

Arthur B. S. "would like to get acquainted with *Blue-Eyes.*"

Fred W. C. C.—It is "our Kruna" who writes for the *Tract Journal.* Please present my thanks and acknowledgments to "brother."

Josie.—See remarks to *Monica & Anna.* The "all buts" got out of place, seriously, among the credits for answers to January puzzles; if the blame lies between the printer and me, I am willing to assume it all. I can *afford* it, as I have been generally so wonderfully correct during the last twelve months. I think the "Lake prospect" charming, though distant. Concerning the Queen question, my motto is *non-intervention.* Did "Pa" write your answers, or have we a male *Josie* among us?

Nell & Winnie.—You must stretch your wings to their utmost capacities, so many little Merry chicks want to come under their shadow. *Josie* says you owe her "a long letter."

Robin Hood, Katy Dyd, A. P. T., and *Juliette* wish an introduction to the cousins, and *Nedloh* sends remembrances.

A. P. T.—Your initials are decidedly apt, judging from your list of answers.

Mamie E. M. wants to know what skating-ponds *Uncle William* and *Wilforley* patronize, hoping to meet them there some time. *Mamie*, you had better find out what *ice-cream* saloons they favor with their patronage, if it be necessary to "break the ice" before you can form their acquaintance. Ice is at a premium.

Harlan.—I hope that cough has disappeared. Four of your answers are wrong; but it wouldn't be fair in me to tell *which.*

Harry B.—My remarks were deprecatory, not "indignant." I forwarded your "nudge."

Key Stone.—Each cousin has the privilege of three times winning a prize. The first prize is a heart puzzle; the second a gold pen, and the third a gold pen and pencil-case. For rebuses it is *better* to sketch the designs, but the mere words *will* do.

Alice Chase.—Tell *Heber* that *one* is better than none.

Homely Face and *Kittie F.*—Some of your friends are inquiring your whereabouts, particularly *Josie.*

Thanks for enigmas, etc., to *Merrimac, Katy Dyd, Minx, Fanny Fay, Robin Hood, A. Older, Lina, Clementina, A. B. S., Lucy W. C., R. L. B., Fred W. C. C., John K. Howe*, and *Mac.*

We are much obliged to any whose interest in the puzzle department leads them to send us good old conundrums and enigmas, but we only publish *original riddles* ("to the best of our knowledge and belief"). Again, we say we do not want any more enigmas composed of figures (as Nos. 457 and 458), and in future shall express no thanks for the same.

THE TWO MAY QUEENS.

BY SOPHIE MAY.

IT had rained as if the sky meant to pour itself away in tears, but the sun came rushing through the clouds, his bright face all aglow with smiles, and soon put an end to such dismal business. The rain ceased, the clouds

scampered away and hid themselves, and the sky cleared up as bright as if nothing had ever been the matter.

Those who watched the weather, said that "April showers would bring forth May flowers," but my sweet little Katrina looked out of the window, heard the birds sing, and whispered in her heart,

"Oh, how kind God is to give us a good May-day!"

But, if you will believe it, she did not mean to go Maying. Though she longed for the walk and the pic-nic and the flowers till the longing seemed too great to bear, still she meant to stay at home, because little Heinrich was sick. He was a cross little boy, too, for the fever burned in his head, and he hardly knew sometimes what he was talking about. Still he loved to lie in his sister's soft arms and hear her sweet songs; so good Katrina would not leave him even to go Maying.

If you could know how the girls teased and tempted her, and how her own heart swelled with a perfect storm of tears, you would pity and love her very dearly.

But when the little girls found it was of no use to say any more, they went on their way, turning about and throwing kisses to their beloved playmate as long as they could see her sweet face at the window, or the sparkle of the gold chain she wore on her neck.

The two maidens who were to be crowned, rode in a rude, wooden chariot, drawn by four cream-colored horses, and the man who guided the horses was Hans Bippus, the most good-natured, simple-hearted peasant in the village.

When the gay procession reached the forest which stood on the "Mountain of Joy," the feet of the little ones almost grew into wings, so great was their haste to gather flowers. The trees were waking to a new life, and trying to shake open their little germs of leaves, and the damp earth breathed out the most delicious odors.

Everything in the woods was happy—children, birds, and flowers. The baby snow-drops peeped up to see who was coming, and so were nipped off by somebody's little fingers; and every spring flower that dared to show its head, shared the same fate.

By the time the baskets were filled, and all the crowns and wreaths made, there were not two flowers left on the hill to nod at each other—nothing but creeping vines and broken stems, which looked like bodies without heads.

Then the two beautiful maidens were called forward and crowned by the hands of the little children.

"We have two queens," said they, "because we can never decide which of the two we love best—the dark-haired Doretta, who laughs and frolics with us, or the blue-eyed Rosina, who smiles instead of laughing, and talks poetry like an angel."

But there was no peace for the two charming queens after they were once crowned. Then the children found nothing more to do but listen to a story, especially as the cakes and tarts had all been eaten.

"I can not tell a story," said the beautiful Rosina, "oh, no."

"But I will help you," replied the bright Doretta, laughing.

The blue-eyed queen looked at the long spray of flowers, which was her scepter, and commenced with these words:

"Once upon a time the fairies had a gala day. They danced upon a velvet carpet as green as an emerald."

"She means grass, my dear children," said Doretta.

"And they had golden dishes, and silver drinking goblets lined with gold."

"The dishes were yellow dandelions, little folks, and the goblets were pure white lilies," said Doretta.

"When the whole world was asleep, then they came out to dance," went on Queen Rosina, "and their music was as gentle as the rippling of waters. Mortals heard it in their dreams, and could never tell whence came the wonderful sounds.

"You should have seen the dancing of the fairies, which was as graceful as the floating of white clouds. In their gossamer robes, these beings looked like"—

"Moonbeams," suggested Doretta, throwing back her head to laugh. "Dear children, if you and I had been there to see, no doubt we should have called them moonbeams, and nothing more." The children paid no heed to Doretta's words, but fixed their eyes earnestly on the fair-haired Rosina, who continued:

"A lord and lady were walking on the lawn, and the lord was looking down at the pebbles in the grass, but his wife dropped his arm and stood gazing, for the 'fairy-vision' was given her, and she could see the beautiful creatures dancing, and could also hear the enchanting music."

"Had she gone to sleep?" asked the mocking Doretta, with another gay laugh.

"The lady was charmed beyond expression at sight of one small fairy," added Rosina, without heeding the interruption, "a being lovelier by far than all the rest.

"'I must have her for mine,' was the cry of her soul. 'She shall be my own little daughter, eat at my table, and sleep upon my bosom.'

"So she knelt on the green turf, on that May night, and sang, pouring her whole heart into her voice,

'Oh, come, little foundling,
I'm waiting for thee;
Oh, haste, little fairy,
Come hither to me.
I open my arms, love,
My heart longs for thee;
Oh, haste, little darling,
I call thee to me!'

"Then the dance ceased, and the fairies looked to the right hand and to the left, as if wondering whether to flee.

"And slowly, as if she wished to go forward, while something held her back, the child-fairy drew near the lady, wondering at the sight of a mortal face, yet attracted by the sweet human love which beamed warmly in her eyes.

"'Oh, thou radiant, angelic creature,' said the lady, 'where is thy home?'

"'They tell me I came from the "star-land,"' said the little child, half afraid and half delighted. 'Oh, lady, will you lead me back to my home? Is it very far away, that bright land where I was born?'

"Before the lady could answer a word, the fairies sang a roundelay from afar, with voices as mournful as the north-wind through autumn trees:

'Come hither, come hither,
Before the flowers wither,
And die at her breath!
Oh, come, little fairy,
'Tis folly to tarry—
Her love is your death!'

"But the little one was thinking only of the star-land, and the lady had

already touched the chain of charmed gold which encircled her throat, and after that the child had no longer any power to resist. The lady bore her home in her arms, weeping for joy."

"How did the moonbeams, or fairies, as you call them, feel about that?" said Queen Doretta, eating one of her flowers.

"Fairies," answered Rosina, solemnly, "have no more heart than butterflies; but the heavenly child they had lost was not of their race, though they had taken her in their train and endowed her with beautiful gifts—the sweetness of the rose, the purity of the lily, and the modesty of the violet."

"The child became to the lady as dear as her own heart's blood. She grew as the flowers grow, fair and lovely, with her face ever turning toward the sun; and every lady who looked at her said, 'Oh, that my child were like her!'

"When she had for some years eaten at the kind lady's table, slept in her bosom, and called her 'mother,' both the lord and lady forgot that it was not their own child, and no longer remembered her foreign birth.

"She twined about their hearts like a tender vine, and for everybody who came near her she threw out a tendril caressingly. She loved all who were in trouble, and her friends were dearer than self to her gentle heart. To make others happy she could give up her own pleasure with a smile.

"But the child had dreams of the true home where she should one day return, and often listened for the remembered music of the far-off shore, which she called 'the star-land.'"

"What became of her gold chain?" said Doretta, less mockingly.

"She wears it still," answered Rosina, "and it is a symbol of the electric cord which binds her to the hearts of all who know her. When that wonderful cord is loosed by death, the loving soul of little Katrina will fly home joyfully to the beautiful star-land."

"And is it Katrina who was the little fairy?" cried the children, taking each a long breath, and looking at one another in surprise.

"She must never break her pretty chain if that will make her die," said little Barbara.

"My father is a goldsmith, and I'll have him mend it before it breaks," cried little Lisbeth.

They went home, the children going first, bearing the baskets of flowers, while the chariot rolled slowly behind them, containing the two bright queens; and Hans Bippus guided the horses, looking all about him and singing May songs in a loud voice.

But the children looked at the beautiful flowers with which they meant to adorn little Katrina's house, and you may be sure they thought very tenderly of the little girl who was at home holding her sick brother in her tired arms.

NOT ALL SADNESS.

This life is not all sadness;
Its days are not all gloom;
There are many hours of gladness
'Twixt the cradle and the tomb.

There is no wave that rolleth
On the bosom of the lake,
But hath some white foam near it
When it may chance to break.

If we, in our life-sorrows,
But lift our eyes to God,
He will mingle countless blessings
With the chastening of his rod.

THE HOME SOCIETY.

EIGHTH MEETING.

"SEE there!" exclaimed Henrietta, pointing to the yard from the window of the sitting-room where the Society had gathered for their usual meeting.

All present looked out, and were much amused to see little Susie sitting near the dog's kennel, showing him one of her picture-books. But although he appeared pleased with her company, as might have been expected, he took but little notice of the pictures, although one of them was a good likeness of a dog.

Just then Susie looked toward the window, and seeing the children, at once ran to the house.

"What did Bounce say to the pictures," asked Frank?

"He didn't understand them," was Susie's quick reply.

"Why not?" inquired Uncle Fred.

"I don't know," said Susie. "I guess he never learned books."

"I once saw a dog spell," remarked John.

"Why, John, dogs can't talk," said Kate.

"But he puts letters together with his mouth, and that is spelling," persisted John. "You might give out any word you chose, and he would pick up cards with the right letters on to spell the words, and lay them side by side in their proper order."

"But could he really read?" asked George.

"I am sure I can not tell," replied John. "I could not discover how he knew which letters to pick up."

"Did you observe his master's foot?" asked Uncle Fred.

"Why, what could that have to do with it?" said Frank.

"I once saw a similar exhibition," replied Uncle Fred, "and after watching very narrowly for some time, I noticed that the exhibitor's foot was in every case turned toward the card which was to be picked up to spell the words. The cards were spread around the floor in a circle, and thus the motion of the foot toward the card was not easily detected."

"Do you suppose that dogs and other animals really think?" asked Henrietta.

"Certainly I do," answered Uncle Fred. "I can not tell whether thoughts pass through their minds in the same manner that they do through ours. But they must have ideas of some kind, otherwise they could not show so much intelligence."

"I was reading the other day," said George, "of a dog owned by a thief. He trained the animal to steal very dextrously. He would take the dog to a store, or other place, and after examining some article, would lay it down. The dog would watch his opportunity when the owner's back was turned, and would then seize the article and scamper away to his master."

"That reminds me," said Frank, "of how a man once lost his pantaloons. He had observed a strange dog following him part of the day, but thought little of it. On retiring at night, the dog, who had crept into his room unperceived, watched his opportunity, and as soon as he had retired, seized the pantaloons, and springing through the window, escaped to his master, carrying his booty with him. It turned out that his owner had made a bet that his dog would bring back to him a piece of money which he should drop along the road. After dropping the coin he passed along some distance, and then sent the dog back for it. The faithful creature went hunting along, but just as he arrived at the spot, saw a traveler pick up the coin and put it in his pocket; but he followed him, and at last succeeded in recovering the money."

"Which is the most intelligent animal?" asked Kate.

"That is hard to answer," replied Uncle Fred, "though it is generally supposed that the dog shows the greatest capability for being instructed. Every living creature possesses some skill or knowledge in a high degree, in some respects greater even than that of man. Thus almost all wild animals know what plants are fit for food and what are poisonous. The fox often outwits the cunning hunter. The beaver builds a dam as nicely as a millwright could do. The spider makes a fabric which no human art can equal, and the cell of the honey-bee is constructed on the most exact mathemat-

ical principles for combining strength and economy of space."

"I should think the monkey would know most," said Frank. "He certainly looks most like a man."

"Many are of the same opinion," replied Uncle Fred. "Perhaps they are correct. The monkey family have even been thought by some persons to be only degenerate species of men; others have declared their belief, that man is only a superior kind of monkey, improved by centuries of education."

"Has any one ever tried to make a man by educating a monkey?" asked George.

"I have seen a boy educated to act like a monkey," interrupted Frank.

"George's question is a good answer to the would-be philosophers who teach that men have developed from lower animals. No one has ever witnessed such an occurrence. Although races of animals have been much improved from age to age, yet they remain only animals. If men ever grew out of monkeyhood, there is no reason why they should not continue to do so at the present time. As Frank remarked, boys, and men too, sometimes try to imitate the monkey; but however they may degrade their intellect, they still possess the human nature which the Creator stamped upon them, and which He alone has power to entirely remove."

"The monkey caught my pussy once," said Susie, "and I don't like them."

"How was that?" inquired Uncle Fred.

"I went," said she, "with my kitty to the store to buy an orange, and the man had a monkey, and it just picked kitty up, and tickled it, and squeezed

it, and made believe it was a baby, and wouldn't let me have it. But pretty soon kitty gave him a great scratch right on the nose, and then he dropped her quick enough."

"Monkeys are very fond of society," said Uncle Fred. "Apes, particularly, show the greatest attachment to persons and other animals about them."

"What is the difference between an ape and a monkey?" inquired Henrietta.

John said he had read in a work on natural history that apes have no tails, baboons have short ones, and monkeys long ones.

Uncle Fred remarked that this definition was nearly correct. Some baboons have no tails. Apes are tailless, have four hands, their teeth are of the same number and form as in man, and they are furnished with cheek-pouches.

"Oh! what a funny-looking man," exclaimed Susie, pointing out of the window toward the street. "What *has* he got?"

He was dressed in some foreign costume, and had a satchel hanging by his side, which was filled with queer-looking cakes. On the other side he carried a small keg, which was supported by a strap from his shoulder. He also carried a cup in his hand, and was singing out, "Cakes, 'menade! Cakes, 'menade!"

"It is an Italian cake-seller," said Uncle Fred, "and very good wares he carries, as you shall see." Whereupon he called the man into the house, and the company were all treated with his cakes and lemonade, which they found first-rate. The man seemed very happy, for it took nearly his whole stock to satisfy Uncle Fred's liberality and the children's appetites.

An old Scotch clergyman, who was terribly annoyed at many of his congregation indulging in the habit of bolting out of church previous to and during the "benediction," had one day just got that length in the service, and was standing with outstretched hands and closed eyes when the noise of the escaping multitude again attracted his attention and disturbed the quiet of the church. Quietly opening his eyes, he thus addressed the door-keeper, and effectually stopped the practice for that day, at any rate: "And now, John, open the doors, and let all those wicked people who don't want the blessing retire."

PHILIP SNOW'S WAR.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "KATE MORGAN'S SOLDIERS," "NAT'S SHOES," ETC.

CHAPTER VI.

THE long summer, after Dr. Snow's disappearance, went slowly by. Nothing had come to the knowledge of Mrs. Snow, or of any one of the villagers, to prove that he was alive.

The cottage had been the home and the property of Mrs. Snow's father, and now it was Mrs. Snow's sole dependence. For a while, during the first shock of her loss and her loneliness, the villagers had been very kind to her. A barrel of flour had been mysteriously left at night on the broad stone step at the door, and other donations had arrived, until Essie one day asked her mother, "Is you a minister? I guess so, 'cause you get so much donational done up in brown paper."

Philip took charge of the garden, courageously attempting to keep it in order, and he succeeded far beyond his expectations. Now and then a sturdy farmer made his appearance at Mrs. Snow's door with the brief remark, "I've come to give you a lift with them are potatoes;" or, "It's time your corn got a little mill o' care, and I just came to give an hour or two, 'cause your boy's too young."

Stephen Waite came boldly into the yard now, and Philip no longer begged him to go away, and Essie, tired of asking "Where is my papa?" laughed as loud and as long as she pleased.

Every day the lines of patience and of hope grew brighter on Mrs. Snow's face. The kindest neighbors tire at last; and before winter threw her feathers down to warm the earth, Mrs. Snow had often taken counsel with her heart and mind concerning bread for the long, dark days.

If it had not been for Philip, her heart would have been heavy; and if it had not been for Philip's mother, Philip would have been discouraged; but he was ashamed to complain when he looked at her bright, calm endurance of the present, and her eager looking for comfort in dark places.

"I guess you must be a viddow," said little Essie one day, doing her very best to peep into the flour barrel, "'cause, mamma, *this* last so long; you said, a big while ago, that 'twas almost gone, and now you are getting some more out. Don't you 'member the putty story you read to me 'bout the voman whose oil lasted so long, and whose flour grew out of the barrel? Say, mamma, lift me up and let me see if your flour doesn't grow too."

Essie was lifted up and kissed for answer, and Mrs. Snow had faith in Essie's suggestion concerning the growth of the flour; but, at last, the late autumn frosts nipped the grain, and the flour was gone.

"It ha'n't got none roots," mournfully said Essie, as she saw the barrel turned upon its side and duly scraped, to get the last gleanings; "it won't grow none more till summer comes back. Mamma, where is summer gone? —will *it* come back?"

"Of course it will, and the flowers—and flour will come, too, Essie."

"Where from?" asked the wee maiden, looking out at the dull November leaden of the clouds, and the brown, barren earth as she spoke.

"I don't see as 'tis comin' anywhereabouts; who is doin' to bring 'em all?"

"God."

"I do wish He'd just hurry. Does God ever run, mamma?"

"Never, Essie."

"Why, would it hurt Him?"

"No, God never *gets late;* He always does things in just the right time."

"But, mamma, will He *know* that the flour is dead and won't grow none? and will He know when we are hungry, when this big loaf, and that tiny mite of a baby-one is gone, when 'Hilip comes in hundry as a dog and you say to him, ''Hilip, the bread is every bit gone,' will God *hear you?*"

"Yes, darling."

"And what will He do?"

"Lend some more, Essie."

"How? Does He keep lots o' barrels up there, and just let one of 'em roll down and hit in the right place? I should t'ink 'twould all spill out; maybe, mother, that was how dis barrel came; you know we found it sittin' right on the step; may-be, after it fell, He sent an angel to stand it up straight so you'd know 'twas just for yourself."

"Nonsense, Essie; what puts such ideas into your head?" asked Philip, entering in time to hear Essie's last remark.

"Essie is nearer right than we are, Philip," said Mrs. Snow; and then she explained to Essie, that God, in his loving care, never refuses any good thing if we ask aright; and she told Essie that God works by His impressing spirit upon the hearts of people, telling them to do this or that act of kindness, just as it is most needed.

The large loaf, the middle-sized loaf, and the wee loaf were gone, and two children were hungry.

Essie had been watchful in her silent way all day, but she kept her small hopes and fears to dolly and to herself.

"You see, dolly," she said, in the "strictest" confidence, "I'm busy watchin' to see God send somebody over here with some flour; I don't believe He'll do it, 'cause He will be so busy makin' it snow, He'll fordet *us;* but my mamma says He won't—that He never does."

Dolly heard this wicked doubt of Essie's with profound indifference, and no one else knew it.

Philip disappeared after dinner, and the falling snow hid him from sight almost as soon as he left the gate.

It was nearly dark, and Philip had not returned.

Since the cold weather came, dolly had been permitted to have her bed brought down, where it was warm; and with unusual care Essie prepared her for sleep on that night in November when the flour was gone, and as a parting lullaby, Essie whispered, "You keep your eyes open a little while and watch with me."

There was no shadow of coming want on Mrs. Snow's face as Essie watched it, now that it had grown so dark that she could see nothing outside.

Mrs. Snow drew out the little round table, quite large enough for three, and spread on it the cloth. She put fresh wood in the stove, and the water in the kettle.

"Tea for tupper!" said Essie with a contemptuous toss of her little head; "I don't drink tea!"

The water simmered, sang, and at last danced in the kettle, and having laid the table, Mrs. Snow took Essie in her arms and re-told her the old story of the widow, who, going out to gather two sticks that she might dress a little meal and oil that she and her son might eat and die, met the prophet, who commanded her to make a cake

for him, and then for herself and her son.

"Mamma," asked Essie, "hadn't this woman any name?"

"No Essie," replied Mrs. Snow, "there is no name given but the widow of Zarephath. I think this is intentional; if the name had been Sarah, or Hannah, or Miriam, or any other name, we might forget that she was a widow; and now we *must* remember."

"Hark! mamma; I hear 'Hilip stomping off the snow on the steps," cried Essie. Stepping down from her mother's arms and springing to the door, she opened it very wide. The snow flew in, and Philip followed the snow.

"Dear, dear me! I am so sorry," cried Essie; "I thought 'twas a barrel of flour, and 'tis only 'Hilip."

"What a goose! Essie; just take this to mother—quick! I'm very late;" and Philip held out a parcel to Essie, with a merry look in his eye that told of mischief; but Essie did not see it, and unhesitatingly she held out her arms for the parcel that Philip placed upon them.

"You naughty fellow!" exclaimed Essie, as her arms gave way under the burden and the parcel fell to the floor.

Mrs. Snow came to the rescue, and Essie saw the heavy package unwrapped.

"Why, mamma, I thought flour *always and forever* came in barrels. I guess God didn't send this—it don't look like His flour," said Essie, as she watched her mother make it into cakes for the evening meal. And it required positive assurance on the part of Mrs. Snow to convince her faithless little one that God sent the flour in their greatest need.

Essie had gone to bed and the evening lamp had long been lighted when Mrs. Snow ventured to ask:

"The spoons, Philip—did you part with them all?"

"Only two, mother; I thought I would wait and see what came in;" and Philip drew out four carefully wrapped spoons from a pocket in his coat and laid them down.

Mrs. Snow took the spoons and examined them. They were a gift from her mother when she was married, and hunger would have stood long at her door ere she would have lost them. But a mother never lets her children hunger, and so two of the cherished six were exchanged for food.

"I *am* right sorry, mother, and I do hope something will happen to enable you to buy the two back again. My goodie! though, it snows. I shouldn't much wonder if it came to the tops of the fences by morning. Hurrah! there comes some one this night. I shouldn't feel sorry to see Steve Waite."

"Here's the individual," replied Stephen, appearing like a dough-nut rather profusely rolled in sugar; "do lend a fellow a broom"—and a book beat tatter on the floor at Stephen's feet.

"This is the longest day I ever knew," said Philip, handing the wished-for broom to the sugared dough-nut and picking up the algebra that lay at Stephen's feet.

"Yes, sir," said Stephen; "this day is so long that I never can get through it, and so I've brought it through the night to you—and," Stephen added, "I'm to stay all night, if you will keep me."

"To be sure we will," said Philip, reassured of his mother's willingness and forgetting his long walk that he had had to a village four miles away,

that no one might know that Mrs. Snow had parted with her silver spoons for food.

The algebra was faithfully studied by the two boys, and the different problems solved to their satisfaction.

All night the snow came down, and God's messengers of clouds, and wind, and storm, and men went to and fro upon the earth.

The inhabitants of Mrs. Snow's cottage slept securely, and Essie had a dream that dimpled her dimples in a wonderful way. She dreamed that the air was full of golden dust, and that as fast as it fell to the earth it was changed to flour, and that her mother and Philip could not find dishes enough in the house to hold it.

Morning came, the clouds were gone, and the glorious sun came up to see the work that his neighbors, living just below, had wrought, and, pleased with the delicate white embroidery that earth had been dressed in, he staid to admire it.

"I do wonder who 'Hilip is talking to," thought the wee Essie, as she heard the sound of voices in Philip's room very early in the morning.

She listened in vain, and her mother was gone, so the little lady resolved to dress herself and see.

The buttons and hooks-and-eyes were wonderfully out of place in her hands, but she at least was ready to satisfy her curiosity by a peep into Philip's room; and seeing Stephen's curly head, she ran down to ask how it came there.

There was a plaintive little mew at the door, which sound attracted Essie, and with a wounded conscience at having forgotten kitty the night before, Essie ventured to open the door.

She shut it without even giving kittie time to come in; she ran as fast as she could to the kitchen door, and there she stood for a second the picture of astonishment at its highest point. As soon as she could find a breath, she exclaimed, "Mother, come here, come here! God's flour is on the door-step; it has rolled down with the snow, a great big, big barrel."

"My child," said Mrs. Snow, "what do you mean? are you crazy?"

"I dess so—you come here;" and Mrs. Snow went to the door.

A barrel surely was upon the steps. In a moment more Philip and Stephen were standing beside Mrs. Snow and Essie.

"'Fore I'd cry, mamma, I'm doin' to laugh *real* loud," said Essie, while the boys thought it best to examine the contents of the mysterious gift.

"May-be it is pork," said Stephen, trying to lift one end.

"I shouldn't wonder if 'twas gold—it's mighty solid," said Philip, exerting the utmost of his strength on the other end.

"I dess it is feathers, dropped off of the angels as they was toming down," said Essie.

The united strength of the household succeeded, after many efforts, in rolling the barrel into the house, and breakfast was forgotten in the excitement of getting the head off. At last, the barrel was be-headed.

"Oh, Joseph sent this!" cried Philip, "and here is the proof, the money is in the sack's mouth—*here are your silver spoons;*" and Philip took out of the flour two spoons that he had industriously toiled over the hills with, only yesterday, that no one should know how want had sorely pressed the widow living in the cottage beyond the poplars.

"Them's polite angels," said Essie, "they send spoons to eat with;" and

the child ran to the door, and out on the snow-covered step, with her feet deep in the white mass, she stood peering down the walk.

"Essie, Essie, *what* are you doing out there?" said Stephen; and he made a dive into the snow and caught the runaway.

"How you hurt!" said Essie, rubbing her little arm; "I was only looking to see what kind o' tracks angels make in the snow, only I forgot they flew in the air, and don't leave any tracks; how I wish they would, just for once!"

"What a droll little puss that Essie is," said Stephen, repeating to Philip Essie's remark, and adding, "I must hurry home now, or else I shall lose my breakfast."

"No, indeed, you will not; we will give you some in a few minutes; you must just take a taste of the angel's flour," said Philip, with a smile at Essie, who had followed Stephen into the room, still rubbing her arm, for Stephen had caught her out of the snow as if he thought her in danger of drowning in it.

Stephen staid, and the breakfast was eaten, and duly praised. Essie felt herself obliged to confess that the flour tasted just like that down in Deacon Mark's store, but she didn't believe the angels would be so mean as to steal it, and make believe it came from somewhere else.

Stephen went home, with a schoolmate of his, through the drifts that were piled high along the river road, wondering in his heart whether Nell Hoffman would be at school; and mingled with this wonder were a variety of conjectures concerning the source of the mysterious barrel of flour; but Stephen could not solve the mystery, neither could Mrs. Snow and Philip. They talked the event over after Stephen's departure. Philip assured his mother that, at Hillton, where he went, no one could know him, and that no questions were asked.

There were thankful hearts in Mrs. Snow's home that day, in the early winter.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

TOM BROWN'S SCHOOL-DAYS AT RUGBY.

THERE are few good books written about school-life. In Dickens' works we find a few chapters devoted to the school-days of his heroes, but these generally are not pleasant reading. Do-the-Boys Hall, for example, was certainly not a pleasant school, and every one will admit that it is unpleasant to read about it. Thackeray, too, has tried his hand at school-life in Master Birch and His Young Friends, but, as usual, the picture is a caricature. Harriet Martineau and Maria Edgeworth give us pleasant sketches on the same theme; but how can a woman write a good and faithful account of a boy's life at school? No one but a person who has passed through the scenes described, who has studied and fagged and fought, got into scrapes and out again, is adequate to the purpose. The author of Tom Brown has done all this; and being possessed of strong common sense—a most uncommon possession, by-the-by—and a practical manly way of writing, he has produced the only genuine book of school-life extant. The author and Tom Brown are one. Tom Hughes, the author, has the same detestation of sham and humbug, the same free and manly way of speaking his sentiments against all opposition, that Tom Brown the schoolboy had. The child is father of the man. Tom Brown of Rugby is the parent of Tom Hughes of London, the boldest, pluckiest advocate to-day in England of our great cause.

How few are the places in many of our States that have even a local reputation! Ohio is as barren of famous places as of mountains. The war of the Revolution gave us a dozen or so of battle-fields to visit, and the present war will give us, perhaps, three times as many more. On the other hand, the whole surface of England is thickly studded with Roman fortifications, battle-grounds and Druidical antiquities. Every spot of ground has its legend, every village its local, and oft-times its national, celebrities. In such a village was Tom Brown born and bred. Within a few miles of his house was the field of Ashdown, where Alfred the Great overthrew the Danish invaders, and near by is a white horse chiseled in the side of a chalky precipice to commemorate the victory. Within a few miles of these are the remains of Roman fortifications; a cave made famous by Walter Scott in "Kenilworth;" the birth-place of Alfred, a town besieged in the civil wars of the Parliament and Charles I., with a thousand-and-one other spots of local interest. From such a spot as this Tom was very willingly translated to Rugby. All the beautiful scenery and famous places in the world have no value in the eyes of a boy compared with the society of other boys, and that at a celebrated public school. His trip there and his first day's experience at school form some of the most interesting pages of the book. The scenes of that first day will always remain fresh in Tom's memory. First on the road he listened to Cachee's reminiscences of Rugby doings with wonder and evident approval; next he saw divers students try their speed alongside the coach as it neared the town; then his acquaintance with Scud East, the coolest new boy in the house, as the matron admiringly called him; the glorious game of foot-ball, where, though placed in goal, he had an opportunity to show his pluck, though at the expense of a bruised body; the grand supper, for

which Tom generously footed the bills; and last, though not least, the assemblage at night in the wide old hall, where each new boy sung a song, under penalty of drinking a glass of salt and water, and Pater Brooks, the leader of the school, made a speech full of homely but manly advice, while the ale passed around foaming most lustily. Oh! we pity the man whose boyhood was not passed at school. He has been cheated shamefully of a most valuable experience. A good school is the paradise of youth, and the birch is the genuine tree of knowledge.

Foot-ball was a grand game at Rugby. There it was no child's play. When a hundred and fifty boys of pluck and spirit meet together in such a game, you may depend upon it, gentlemen, that they mean, as the author says, "business." More pluck and bravery were shown in those games than in many battles. Besides foot-ball, the boys had a sufficiency of other games to keep up a good circulation of the blood. There was not much danger of stagnation at Rugby. It was a common practice to walk out a few miles from the town and meet the daily coach, then turn and run alongside of it for a mile, making that distance in the space of five minutes. Besides this, frequently on Saturday afternoons the game of hare-and-hounds would be in vogue, in which a distance of eight or ten miles was commonly run. Think of this, you puny students who are not able to stand in church while the minister delivers a short prayer.

Boxing, too, came in for its share of attention. The author argues in favor of the manly art of self-defense, and Tom Brown gives us a practical illustration of its value. We are almost converted to his opinions. We do not desire to be the rival of Heenan and Sayers, but we would like occasionally to punch some impudent fellow's head without too much danger to our cranium. The author says, "Boys will quarrel, and if they quarrel will sometimes fight; fighting with fists is the natural and English way for English boys to settle their disputes. What substitute for it is or ever was there among any nation under the sun?" We certainly don't know of a better. We certainly believe that if boxing were more general, dangerous weapons would not be called into requisition so often by young men, ay, and by old men, too. Those who know human nature, say it is useless to attempt to abolish all liquors while human appetites are what they are; but introduce cheap wines and beer, and intoxication will be a rare affair. So with fighting. There will be wars and rumors of wars till the millennium. Then choose that mode of fighting which is least dangerous, brutal, and injurious, and this, nine out of ten thinking persons will admit, is boxing. Besides this, as the author says, "there is no exercise so good for the temper, and the muscles of the back and legs."

Most books worth reading once, save those written for transient purposes, are worth reading twice. "Tom Brown" is worth half a dozen perusals. It should be placed on the shelf between the Arabian Nights and Robinson Crusoe, in every boy's library. Not that it resembles them in any particular save the one quality of absorbing your whole attention for the time. With a single exception, it does not present us with any character of impossible goodness. There is no infant moralist, as at Lowood School, in "Jane Eyre," who when asked which he prefered, to receive a ginger-nut or learn a psalm, always replied, "To learn a psalm; an-

gels sing psalms, and I want to be a little angel here below," and then received two ginger-nuts for his infant piety. No, it teaches no ginger-cake morality. All is fair, honest, and manly. The boys are live boys, who talk like boys, play like boys, and study like boys. In Pater Brown's advice to Tom on his first journey to Rugby, there is a sentence that every boy and man should ponder and attempt at least to follow: "Never listen to or speak anything you would be ashamed your mother and sisters would hear." Tom's own motto, too, was a good one: "Never bully a little boy or turn your back on a big one." It takes just as much, or perhaps even more, courage to abstain from the former than to follow the latter. After completing this book, all will admit the American school-boy has no such experience as Tom Brown. Here, as a general thing, games of all kinds, if not positively forbidden, are discouraged. In fact, everything is repressed but continual study. I do not believe an interesting book for boys descriptive of American school-life could be written unless the truth were widely departed from. Our system of public schools is an honor and a blessing to the country, but, alas! the story-teller can find few materials among them to point a moral and adorn a tale.

SAMUEL WILSON, JR.

REST.

REST for the weary hands,
When the work of life is done;
Rest for the weary feet,
When the race of life is run;
Rest for the aching head,
When the care of life is o'er;
Rest for the breaking heart,
When sin shall vex no more.
This is the rest we wish, we need,
Oh! such repose is rest indeed!

"OUR WAR-WORN, FULGENT FLAG."

"But now I see it! In the sun
A free flag floats——" WHITTIER.

FLOATS "THE FLAG" gloriously—
Oh, it is fair!
Gaze on it—worship it,
Tenderly there;
Outflung, it is rescuing
Earth from despair.

The last hope of mortals,
Glows it unfurled;
'Tis joy, or 'tis terror,
All o'er the world;
It's blood-stains are curses,
'Gainst tyrants hurled.

With *us*, yearning millions
Greet Liberty!
Let's bow in fond homage;
Sheltered are we,
While waves the broad banner,
Star-gemmed and FREE.

Foul Treason repent thee—
Cower in the place!
Those stars shall flash lightnings
O'er its disgrace!
That Flag's least dishonor,
Bolts shall erase!

Then run it up fearlessly—
Lo, the blue air
Bends to encircle it—
Lifts it with care;
Gaze on it lovingly—
Naught is so fair!

LAURA ELMER.

THE CHIFFONNIER, OR RAG-PICKER.

LET me introduce you to Monsieur the Chiffonnier (or rag-picker) of Paris. Let me empty into your lap the ragman's basket. Waste not, want not. These bits of cotton and linen rag shall be transformed into Clorinda's scented billet-doux. When Corydon, tired of carrying her love-letter about with him, shall have torn it to pieces and thrown it into the street, out of the mud its fragments shall be rescued, to appear again as part of a doll's head or a *papier-maché* work-box. Here are shreds of cloth rag in the ragman's collection. They will not make writing-paper, but they will help to make flock papers for the walls of rooms; the scarlet shreds can have their dye soaked out of them and used again, say for the coloring of chessmen, while as for those chessmen, they are to be made from the kitchen bones that have been tossed out among the waste of a household. Or the bones may yield their oil, or they may make glue, or they may re-appear upon the dinner-table in the form of jelly made of patent gelatine; or, burnt into ivory black, they may come into the scullery as blacking, or, perhaps, serve towards the refinement of our best lump-sugar. Or they may yield phosphorus for our lucifer-matches, or they may so retroduce themselves into the house that they shall be kept daintily in crystal and silver, and shall get through the nose of Clorinda to her shaken nerves, for their support when she first hears the perfidy of Corydon. In the name of rags and bones, then, let us lift our hats when we pass by a rubbish-heap. Do we grieve when we see rags? Why, there are not rags enough in this too happy country. We import millions of dollars worth of them every year.

Did your cook ever throw into the dust-hole a stale crust? Do your children scorn dry scraps of bread? Ring the bell, have them all in, and tell them this story: Once upon a time there was an old soldier, and he is alive yet, named Chapellier. Discharged and poor, he had made it his business to live by what he could find in the gutters of the streets of Paris—horse-shoe nails, on lucky days perhaps even a horse-shoe—iron toughened by much tramping, dear to the gun-maker—poor scraps that, with help from odd street jobs in opening carriage doors, etc., enabled him to support life. But he sought advancement, and soared from this calling into the service of a wholesale chiffonnier, whose baskets he sorted, and in whose warehouse he arranged the stores. While there he was struck by the great numbers of unsalable pieces of waste bread brought in the baskets of the rubbish hunters. Here was an idea—this is the lesson for you, cook, and for you, children—and this great man went out and bought a donkey and a cart, and having hired a large room, went with his donkey-cart to all the cooks of schools and colleges and large establishments, to propose purchase from them of all the stale scraps of bread they had been used to throw into the street. They cordially hailed the idea of a new perquisite. Chapellier then bargained with the scullions of eating-houses, and with all the chief cooks of the city, that he might have the dry crusts and scraps destined to be thrown into the street: he also contracted with the scavengers for all the bread they found, nevertheless, in the dust-holes and gutters. Having secured his monopoly, this landable person took his stand one

morning in the middle of the chief market of Paris with a large placard on his hat, inscribed, "Bread-crusts for sale." The Parisian keeps rabbits, and the rabbits require bread as well as cabbage; the chicken, fed for market, require bread-crumbs, and so, from one source and another, came a large demand for bread-crusts, sold at threepence a basketful. In four months he had three horses and three wagons at work. In a few years he sold his business and retired with a competence. But it was only to come back in a month or two. A refinement on his old idea had occurred to him, and he could not rest until he worked it out. He had seen enough of cooks and sausage-makers to observe the value of bread-crumbs for strewing over cutlets and for other purposes. Bread-crumbs made of stale bread pounded and grated fetched four-pence per even quart. He would turn his stale bread into bread-crumbs, and sell that at threepence the heaped quart. It was rather hard, to be sure, on his successor, who was ruined in the trade he had bought. But what was to be said? Bread-crumbs are not crusts, and Chapellier was a great creature. As manufacturer of bread-crumbs, then, a mighty trade was driven. But the bread of which the crumbs were made was some good and some bad. It would not pay to separate good from bad, but it would pay to establish ovens, and sell the crusts baked in lump or grated for the use of cooks as "croutes au pot." Except at the best houses, these preserved scraps now find their way into almost every Parisian's dish. The burnt bits and scrapings are pounded and sifted to be sold to the perfumers, who will make them into tooth-powder. And thus the Père Chapellier made his fortune. In China they make paper of bamboo. Couldn't the schoolboys in a body agitate till they persuaded somebody that he might realize a fortune by building a mill for the manufacture of paper from schoolmasters' canes. Limitation of supply is not usually found to check the sanguine expectations of a speculator in some new material. Paper can be made also of blocks or wood; for which purpose, however, it would be illegal to sell the heads of the schoolmasters who use the canes. Wood in the log, or in bark, has only to be divided into fiber. and Mr. Robertson, at the Albion Foundry, Hobart Town, has found a short way of doing this. He puts the wood into a cannon, of which he then plugs up the mouth. Into the closed cannon, through the touch-hole, he forces high-pressure steam. It penetrates between the fibers of the wood, and at last, when the pressure has reached a certain point, blows out the plug and the wood after it, the wood is thus instantly rent into a wool.

One of the best of the hundreds of plants that will yield fiber to the paper-maker is the stinging-nettle, and it is greatly to be wished that the paper-makers would send people about the country to pull up the stinging-nettles that are so much in the way of those who go black-berrying or gather roses by the wayside. We should be glad, also, if some one would point out that it is worth somebody's while to gather the thorns off the brambles. Could they not be introduced as a moral sort of stuffing to the chairs in the government offices, whereof the waste paper that is actually sold fetches seven thousand a year, and the waste paper with which seven times seven thousand unlucky correspondents are sold, is diffused north, south, east, and west by the post-office.

THE ARGUS PHEASANT.

OF this beautiful bird, the lower parts of the neck and under parts of the body are red-brown striped with black, back and tail coverts yellowish and marked with rounded brown spots, secondary feathers with many eyelets, webs and quills blue, and the tail brown-black spotted with white. The female is brown-black, spotted with yellow and brown, with the webs of the quills blue-black, and the two long feathers without spots.

The details of coloring in this beautiful and rare bird, though not particularly brilliant, are finely varied, and on account of the numerous and well-defined spots which they exhibit, have been compared to the eyes on the peacock's tail. The size of the body nearly corresponds with that of the

turkey hen; but the total length, including that of the intermediate tail feathers, is five feet three inches, the tail feathers alone measuring three feet eight inches; whereas the female, though of nearly as large a body, is only twenty-six inches long, her tail being much shorter than that of the male.

In Sumatra, where this bird is not uncommon, it is called *Coo-ow*, from its cry; and in Chinese Tartary it is called *Luen*. Its European name is evidently derived from the numerous eye-like spots scattered over its plumage, in allusion to the hundred eyes of the guardian of the unfortunate Io; and as the legend attributes this multiplicity of organs of vision to the intervention of Juno, the Argus has likewise been called the *Junonian pheasant*.

Besides the countries we have already mentioned, it occurs in Pegu, Siam, and Malacca.

It is extremely shy, and is seldom captured alive, and so impatient of confinement that it pines and dies in the short space of a month. Its cry is as loud as that of the peacock, and somewhat plaintive. Its flesh is as savory as that of the common pheasant.

WINTER'S GOING.

Winter's going—yes, he's going—
I can hear him puffing, blowing
Round about the northern door;
Sometimes mutt'ring, sometimes growling—
And, anon, with furious howling,
Moaning that his reign is o'er.

What did the old tyrant bring us,
What the pearls he deigned to fling us,
As he swayed his scepter cold?
Ay, gleaming gems on every tree,
As if to mock man's misery
In hoarding up his gold;

They, so fleeting, fading, flying,
He, so frail, so feeble, dying—
And loosing soon his hold.
But he's going—Winter's going—
I can hear the south wind blowing,
Breathing fitfully along;

And the river, beauteous river,
With a long and mighty shiver,
Breaks its icy bond.
Summer's coming—she is coming!
Now and then a bee is humming,
Now and then a robin sings.

And a hundred sparkling rills
Are singing down a hundred hills,
And precious promise bring.
And the morning tints are glowing,
And the sunset sky is showing
That cold Winter's reign is o'er.

Hark! I hear a blue-bird singing,
And green tufts of grass are springing
Round about the southern door.
Summer brings us joy and pleasure—
Will she bring us precious treasure,
Store of fruit and golden grain?

Yes, but we must harder labor
You and me, my thrifty neighbor,
In the sun and in the rain.
Summer's coming! summer's coming!
Troops of children glad are running
Shouting, playing full of glee.
And the river, beauteous river
Rushes onward—onward ever—
And our days as swiftly flee!

Aunt Martha.

A Good Rule.—If you would have a thing kept secret, never tell it to any one; and if you would not have a thing known of you, never do it.

BLESSINGS OF WORK.

"OH, dear! how nice it must be to have nothing to do! like Alfred King, now. He just runs in from school and has some one to wait upon him, if he even wants a book from up-stairs. I was over there once, and he sent a servant back three times because he did not get the right one."

And ruddy-cheeked Ned Holding buttoned up his jacket preparatory to his going out and "doing up the chores" one frosty night.

"Ah, Ned, 'buckle to,' and you will have the chores done before you know it," said Uncle John, as he drew a stout "waxed end" through a bit of harness he was mending; "of all the miserable folks I ever saw in all my days, those were the worst off who had nothing to do. So just set to, Ned, and in a few minutes you will be back with an appetite sharp enough, I'll warrant; and you may depend mother has something good for supper under that basin."

Thus encouraged, the boy's face lightened considerably, and clearing the door-step at a bound, he was out to the yard in half a minute foddering the cattle, pitching down a rack full of nice hay for old Bucy, taking care that the door was shut to the poultry-house, and everything about the place was snug and comfortable. Soon the kindlings were split up, the wood for morning piled high in the wood-boxes, and Ned, with ruddy cheeks, was standing before the fire quite ready for his supper.

"You have been spry to-night, my son," said the mother pleasantly, as she placed on the table a delicious dish of cream toast, which was Ned's especial favorite. There was a bountiful plate of home-made bread, cold meat, honey, and golden butter, with a pitcher of nice milk, all ready placed on it by sister Nelly's industrious little hands, and with very cheerful, thankful hearts did they all answer the summons to "sit by."

"Well, Neddy," said Uncle John, when the blessing had been asked and he was helping the children, "do you feel any worse for your work this evening? Do you believe Alfred King enjoys his fine dinner, as he calls it this time of night, any better than you do our plain, wholesome supper? Nothing like hunger-sauce to make even old jerked beef relish, I used to find, when I was away off in the pines lumbering. And depend upon it, my boy, if you ever mean to make anything in the world you must work for it, head and hands both. A fine education is an excellent thing, but it is of little account unless you have a sound body to match it. And there is nothing like exercise to make a man's mind strong and healthy as well as his body. One who shuts himself up, and creeps along like a snail through life, will grow sickly, and peevish, and unhappy, and make those about him miserable too. But the scholar who takes regular exercise, and plenty of it, is the one whose mind can dive deep into things, and grasp and hold big thoughts, and move other minds with them. I was never a scholar myself, more 's the pity, but I have seen and known a good many in my day, but I never knew a single lazy person ever come to anything in the world—never. God does not bless lazy people. He bids us work 'with our might what our hands find to do;' and there is plenty of work

to everybody's hand if they will only do it. Now, don't forget that, Ned, when you go to college, or you'll break down in a year's time. I have seen plenty of farmers' sons do it. Take plenty of exercise at a regular time, and get some pleasant fellow to go along, and you will enjoy it twice as well, and it will do you twice as much good. Now Nelly, here, expects you to be some one to be proud of, when you come home from college."

Do not be discouraged, boys, because you have your way to make in the world. Many a young man's prospects for life have been utterly blasted by having an estate left him. There is nothing like work to brace a man up, to energize and strengthen every power, to ennoble and exhilarate the mind. There can be no true content without it. Remember to be "not slothful in business, but fervent in spirit, serving the Lord," and you will be sure of that "blessing of the Lord which maketh rich, and he addeth no sorrow with it." J. E. McC.

MAY.

Before the steps of gentle Spring,
Sped, sped the snow;
And now the merry robins sing,
The brooklets flow.

The twigs of all the towering trees,
Both far and near,
Are working busily as bees;
We almost hear

The oozing sap, the clicking folds
Of fragrant shoots,
That softly burst their lovely molds
For flowers and fruits.

Soon woods and fields will be ablaze
With brilliance gay;
We glad exclaim, "The hand is May's;
Oh, sweet, sweet May!" Laurel.

READ, AND YOU WILL KNOW.

[A celebrated English statesman, when a child, was very inquisitive and much given to asking troublesome questions of his mother, who frequently replied by saying, "Read, and you will know."]

There are many things to learn
In this quiet world below,
Where'er your eyes may turn—
But read, and you will know.

There are many things in books
That will make your spirits glow,
Like flowers in sunny nooks—
But read, and you will know.

There are lands beyond the sea,
Where heroes, blow on blow,
Struck that nations might be free—
But read, and you will know.

And castles proud and tall,
And palaces aglow,
With the tapers in the hall—
But read, and you will know.

Cathedrals vast and dim,
Where, in accents sweet and low,
Floats up the sacred hymn—
But read, and you will know.

There are lands of vines and flowers,
Overtopped with peaks of snow,
Which fling down their icy showers—
But read, and you will know.

There are islands in the West,
Where the palm and lotus grow,
And where everything seems blest—
But read, and you will know.

If you would in earnest learn
Of all things here below,
Where'er your eyes may turn—
But read, and you will know.

Mattie Bell.

THE LEGEND OF THE WHITE CANOE.

IN days of old, long before the deep solitudes of the West were disturbed by white men, it was the custom of the Indian warriors of the forest to assemble at the great cataract of Niagara, and offer a human sacrifice to the Spirit of the Falls. The offering consisted of a white canoe full of ripe fruits and beautiful flowers, which was paddled over the terrible Falls by the fairest girl who had just arrived at the age of womanhood. It was counted an honor by the tribe to whose lot it fell to make the fearful sacrifice; and even the doomed maiden deemed it a high compliment to be selected to guide the white canoe on its hideous errand. But even in the stoical heart of the red man there are feelings which can not be subdued, and chords which snap if strained too tight.

The only daughter of a chief of the Seneca Indians was chosen as a sacrificial offering to the Spirit of Niagara. Her mother had been slain by a hostile tribe, and her father was the bravest among the warriors; his stern brow very seldom relaxed save to his blooming child, who was now the only joy to which he clung on earth. When the lot of the doomed one fell on his beloved daughter, not a muscle of his rigid countenance moved; in the pride of Indian endurance he crushed down the agony which rent his bosom. At length the fatal day arrives—savage festivities and rejoicings are prolonged until the shades of evening close around, and the darkness of night falls like a pall upon the wild funeral feast.

But the pale beams of the rising moon cast a mystic light upon the dark waters; higher and higher she rises in the still heavens, and the foam and the mists from the mighty Falls gleam with a soft and silvery light. Niagara thunders into the dark abyss, but all besides is in a calm repose; the Queen of Night stoops to kiss the laughing waves, and all nature breathes of love, and peace, and happiness; the wild songs and the wilder whoops of the rejoicing savages suddenly cease; the dread moment has arrived, and a hush—an awful and mysterious hush—is upon the eager, listening crowd.

And now the white canoe glides from the bank, and is instantly swept into the fierce rapids. From this moment escape is hopeless. But the young girl dreams not of escape. Calmly she steers her frail bark toward the center of the stream, while frantic yells and deafening shouts of encouragement and approbation burst from the savages who line the bank. Suddenly *another* white canoe leaves the dark shade of the forest, and shoots forth upon the stream. A few powerful strokes from the paddle of the Seneca chief, and the canoes are side by side; the eyes of father and child meet in one last look of love, as together they plunge over the thundering cataract into *eternity!*

Epitaph on the author of Pickwick.

RARE Charles Dickens! Heavenly dweller!
You found us *well*, but you left us *Weller*.

FAIR play is a jewel; let the South suffer gripes,
She has stolen some stars, so we'll give her the *stripes*.

S. WILSON, JR.

Merry's Monthly Chat with his Friends.

THE machine has been very busy this month. The war has stirred up everybody, and we have had as much trouble in trying to accommodate all comers as the old woman who lived in her shoe. We have discovered an unlooked-for difficulty. Nobody gets killed in this strife, so that each party remains as strong as ever, and the struggle can not be ended in the usual way—by the annihilation of some of the combatants. Uncle William has therefore added a new tooth to the machine, which will work out a peace from all belligerent messages sent hereafter. "Who shall be queen?" Let every one select to suit himself. So long live everybody's private opinion.

CITY OF ELMS, *April* 9, 1863.

Prue E. B., you had better *B. E. Pru*(e)dent! How *dare* you call my conduct in question? I hope, at least, you will understand the meaning of the word "neutrality" better than your illustrious cotemporary.

Leslie, sir!—what is this you insinuate? *Mr.* F. F.!" Once for all, let me say that I need no masculine arm to help *me* flourish my "sharp stick." Whisk!—won't it sting nicely though! —whisk!

Wanderer, how melodiously flew the measure of your prose-poem! My head swam sweetly as I read, and I felt really elevated! But isn't your *parler Français* still "i' the bud?" Pray stick to your native tongue as far as possible when "conversing" with me, if you do not wish me to belabor you for murdering "Eugenie's French."

Wilforley, next time you get "hopping" over Uncle's p. d., please put in a skip or two for me, extra. I have a great deal to complain of, in *his* line (the p. d.'s). I wish said "line" was round his wretched neck!

Jim would make an excellent "Mercury;" he is so near the point where "Fear lends wings" (to Southern men), that he could easily borrow a pair. A faithful application of onguents would develop a pair of "*ailettes*" on his heels if the "goose" nature predominates as largely as I am inclined to believe. *Voila*, Mercury! Look, girls! isn't he charming?

Well done, A. N.! I'm glad you spoke,
For now we see which side you croak!
'Tis ever thus! Great potentates
Are envied by the lesser *têtes!*
Winnie, can such our progress balk?
No! (quoting A. O.)—"*let* 'em squawk!"

Blue-Eyes, have you received my "little bill"(et)? Cash it quick! or I'll have "dun" with you!

Elfelda, it is only among *men* that "honesty" is at a premium. Women are always "honest"—and everything else that is good! FLETA FORRESTER.

May your wish never be gratified—at least we shall do our best to keep our neck out of said "line." By the way, the printer thinks the services of his "d." so valuable, that he has struck for higher wages. It was granted. He now thinks he never can get any higher.

March 30, 1863.

DEAR UNCLE:—I come to seek admittance to the Chat, and also to be introduced to the cousins. Brown-Eyes, I would very much enjoy a ride with you over the country (on horseback) some pleasant day, only I am afraid we are too far apart.

Tommy, Jasper, and all the rest of the brave Merrys who are fighting for the preservation of the Union, you have my best wishes for your future welfare, and may the cause for which you are batling prove victorious. LOCHIEL

Uncle William will soon be ready for all comers. Lewis, the noted photographer, 152 Chatham Street, has just taken him off *capitally*.

DEAR UNCLES:—Please let in a very peaceful, well-disposed individual, viz., Jolly Jingle, for the space of a moment. Black-Eyes, spare me! I'll send you a "carte" as soon as the "needful" turns up. Ditto to Wilforley and A. E. D. I asked Nellie Van if she had never heard of a big tree. Fleta, are you very angry at me? Can't I never expect a letter? JOLLY JINGLE.

GREEN POINT, *April*, 1863.

DEAR UNCLES, AUNTS, AND COUSINS :—Which seat shall I take? Sit down and be still, "Aunt Sue" says. Guess I'll sit here, beside "Black-Eyes."

Now for a "queen!"—do you think that I'm for anything of that sort? No, sir. I want a "king," a "May king." Ye Merry cousins, how will "Jasper" do for a "king." He has had some experience as a soldier, and I think that a king should be a good soldier as well as a good lawyer. Hurrah for "King Jasper!" Love to all the cousins far and near. CROSS-EYED BILL.

Shall that Bill pass? What say the Merrys? It certainly has a bad *look*.

LE ROY, ILL., *February*, 1863.

DEAR COUSINS :—Look out for "black eyes." Dan, we owe you a vote of thanks for giving us the long-sought-for opportunity of testing our valor. "Down with Chicago," indeed! We are *almost* neighbors, Dan, so let us strike hands for the honor of the West, and for Queen Fleta. Saucy Nell, I second your motion. Let us have the vote, by all means, by a show of hands. It would make quite a *handsome show*, don't you think it would? To hear such a *knell* is enough to make one cry *A-las* (s). Don't be alarmed, Jessie, I was slightly "out o' sorts," that was all. But that *pitch* has *stuck* to me ever since.

Thank you for those "welcome" and "best wishes," Winifred. And although the standard is raised, and I am compelled to deny your claim to the "Queenship," that should not prevent our being friends. So let us shake hands before we enter the lists. ADELBERT OLDER.

BROOKLYN, *March*, 1863.

DEAR MERRY :—I suppose you don't know me. Well, it isn't *my* fault. I wrote introducing myself many months agone, but Uncle took off a little piece here and a little piece there till my loving messages were clipped to "Coralie sends love to all the cousins. I see W. H. C. is in the field again (hospital, I mean); I heartily wish him God-speed in his good work. By the way, where is Wil H. C.? (feminine). Won't you send me your *c.'s de v.*, Wil and Willie? But if I do not stop, this will never see the light. Love to all.

Adieu, CORALIE.

April 6, 1863.

Ye belligerents, look out for A. N., lest, before you know it, she seats herself triumphantly upon the *pun*(n)*y* throne.

A right man in the right place. Having so successfully healed his own wounded spirit and "mangled, mutilated frame," he has gone forth, carrying comfort and consolation to the sufferers in our most glorious cause. *Major-General Coleman forever!*

Black-Eyes, please don't stay away so long again; having had such an experience in the "first war," you'll be needed in "putting down" this usurpation which threatens us.

Success to you, Tommy.

LUCY W. C.

Forewarned is forearmed. A. N., take notice.

ARMY OF THE POTOMAC,
FALMOUTH, VA., 1863.

DEAR MERRYS :—A welcome visitor looked in upon me this evening—the April MUSEUM. It could get no farther south this route, for three hundred yards from me, across the Rappahannock, the camp fires of the rebel pickets are brightly burning, and there, over the ill-fated city of Fredericksburg, the moon sheds a pale, ghastly light on "Rebellion."

"The manipulator is not geared to digest *foreign quotations*." Good! *That's* a movement in the right direction. Merrys, our second crusade shall exterminate all foreign usurpation. Expel the invaders! Let our war-cry be, ENGLISH, *and more of it!*"

Viewing the terrible effects of the new machine on my last letter, I close.

OLIVER ONLEY.

Your message has been attended to. Why didn't you call at "No. 111," as you passed through New York? If the new machine works well, we shall send it down for you to use across the Rappahannock.

February 11, 1863.

Just one word, Uncle. Have been silent a long time, but the commotion in this month's Chat has roused even my venerated, antiquated, though by no means *superannuated*, self, and, here goes for Queen Fleta.

Success to you, Dan! But don't call yourself a lion any more, for you must of necessity be only a *dan*-de-*lion*.

Sid, if *really* afraid of being defeated, don't *Burn-side*, as Wanderer advises; for, if there's anything in a name, *Winnie* will be sure to *win*.

VENERABLE SAN.

BROOKLYN, *April* 8, 1863.

Please, Uncle, let me oil your manipulator and keep it in order. I am very sorry that there is to be no war in the Chat—I want to fight very much. Fleta, I don't want you to make any more "Union Compromises." Why did you not let us be and let us fight it out. Aunt Sue, will you please to inform me whether you are any relation of Susanne, mentioned in "Forrester's Playmate?" But, Uncle, as your motto is "Union, Brevity, and Wit"—here is brevity, but *nary* wit. A. J. B.

The manipulator cuts splendidly after oiling.

NEW YORK, *April* 4, 1863.

UNCLE MERRY:—I send inclosed my *carte de visite*. I want you to examine it closely, and if you are any physiognomist, you can tell which cousin I would like to sit beside. Your well-wisher,

FIDDLESTICKS.

Girls, you will all want to scrape acquaintance with Fiddlesticks. From a study of the *carte*, he is at present assigned to Busy Bee.

GOUVERNEUR, *April* 2, 1863.

DEAR UNCLES, AUNTS, AND COUSINS:—Quiet as I have been, the MUSEUM has always had a thorough ransacking.

As to the prettiest-girl question, I move we all send our photos to a committee appointed for the purpose, and abide by their decision.

Of course, Dan B. can't serve in that company, though I dare him to an exchange, "papa and mamma" willing.

So, Willie Coleman, you have gone to nurse the poor soldiers. Be a good boy, and don't fall in love with any of the lady assistants, as we can't spare you from the "Chat." The girls want to quarrel over you, and the boys want a rival. JEANNIE PARKER.

Yes, Jeannie, you begin by sending one p. g. to your Uncles.

STAMFORD, CT., *Feb.* 20, 1863.

DEAR UNCLES AND AUNT:—I ask, as a *great* favor, that I may be admitted to the circle as one of your nieces.

Please tell Winifred that I shall claim a seat near her, if she has no objection.

Brown-Eyes, let's be friends; we are about the same age and height, if I remember right.

Please introduce me to Pertine, Saucy Nell, O. Onley, Leslie, and Wilforley. Give my love to all the cousins, and especially the soldiers, for I love them all. I hope the cousins will welcome

FORESTINA.

GREEN POINT.

UNCLE:—How could you let those two quarrelsome fellows, Dan and Leslie, take such complete possession of our charming parlors, turn everything upside-down, and raise such a rumpus generally? If you were to muzzle them both for a few months, and give some of the cousins who are peaceably disposed a chance to say a word, they would be sufficiently cooled down to behave themselves in future.

To think that Leslie, not yet satisfied with the rebellious state of affairs, should again make that exciting announcement, and take it upon himself, without leave or license, to speak for all. Who ever heard of such audacity! it is too much to put up with, and I do rebel against such proceedings.

The idea of queens reigning in the Chat, where equal rights has ever been the standard—how absurd! and judging from the signs of the times, they are not likely to last long.

A. N., I coincide with you. You've expressed my sentiments exactly, and if war we must have, I'll enlist under your banner.

Wanderer, I have not forgotten you. Are you tired waiting my generous reciprocity? Have patience; some day you'll be rewarded.

Fred W. C. C., ditto.

Heartsease, when you visit Leslie, ask him to bring you to see me—then I'll return your kiss with interest.

Tommy, where are you? Your *carte* didn't reach me.

Pertine, my love and a kiss. Won't you reciprocate? MINERVA.

We will hand Leslie over to you for a short course of training, and when he is sufficiently cooled down, please report to

our Merry circle. Green Pointers must be taken care of during the war.

March 9, 1863.

My dear Uncle Merry:—Your humble servant looks like Barnum's "fat boy." The mumps have been my constant companion for a week.

Hurrah for Tommy and Jasper. They are among the brave ones who will—

"Rally round the flag, boys, rally once again,
Shouting the battle-cry of Freedom!"

Jessie Linwood, the subject of the unbreathables, seems by no means dropped as yet. I suppose you mean they are among "the things that were torn," now darned! Now, where, oh, where are they?

From a "vine-covered cottage"
A cousin has wended her way;
May she ever be welcome—
Welcome, thrice welcome, as *May*.

Yours, truly, Henry.

Clover Lea, *April* 13.

Cousins Dear:—I wish to inform you, Mr. Leslie, that Ernest and I are *not* the same person. Were you asleep when you wrote that letter?

Fiddlesticks, will you exchange *cartes?* They will give you my address at the Museum office.

I have not forgotten you, Josie. Remember me to Gipsy and Margarita.

Hattie Lee, after thinking a long while, I have concluded that the best place for Osceola is Beersheba, if there are no "old maids" there. Your obedient servant, Grasshopper.

Extracted Essences.

Knowles promises not to steal a *buss* from Fleta, Hattie, nor Nightingale, nor do anything to make a *fuss*. Would like to exchange with *Puss* and all the rest.

Whizz flashes in and out in a twinkling.

Blue-Bell would like a seat between Madcap and Saucy Nell. She likes Wanderer, Rosebud, and Winifred, and asks an exchange of photos.

Madcap reads us a lecture for seating bashful young ladies near her. We suppose she would prefer bashful young gentlemen. Send two cartes, and you shall have two Uncles.

Brown-Eyes speaks for the position of chief of cavalry under Dan H. B., and wants Beauclerc as her aid-de-camp—to help her ride.

Mignonette Wildwood wants to sit in the corner. She shall have a place opposite Puss. As she loves to give mittens, it may save some scratching for Puss to take a pair.

Ella thinks W. H. C. might render some "affectionate service" to the wounded in the Merry war. Don't all complain at once.

E. A. R. would like to come in now and speak by-and-by. Certainly, if he keeps short; nobody likes long ears.

Forestina inquires if Nina Gordon has seceded. We should say Nein.

Newcomers would send Minnie and Dan to Beersheba. That is slightly mixing things.

Chips intended to honor Saucy Nell as queen, but withdrew when she declared for Fleta. Nell makes the chips fly with her acts.

Mars writes himself ours in peace, Winifred in war. He's just in time to be too late.

Everard L. Cassels would like to see the p. g. question settled, and sets up a claim for Wisconsin. Send us some proofs.

C. M. E. suggests "Root hog or die" as an appropriate motto for the Burnhamites.

Frew W. C. Crane comes with too long a tale to be admitted at full length. He wants A. O. and O. O. on pasteboard; congratulates A. E. D., and wishes to be remembered by M. L. D.

Alice Clayton sends love to all the cousins, and claims relationship to May Clayton. Thanks for *c. de v.* Aunt Sue and Uncle Robert have separate albums, and the best way to prevent either from being jealous is to send photos to both.

PORTRAIT OF ROBERT MERRY.—As the subscriptions of quite a number of our subscribers will expire in June, we have decided to extend our offer of the portrait of Robert Merry to all such as send their dollar in advance for the coming year. We will send the engraving to all subscribers who remit their dollar for the coming year before the 25th of June, and hope all will be prompt, and thus aid us in making the Magazine a greater favorite than ever.

FALL RIVER ROUTE TO BOSTON.—This popular route between New York and Boston is in full operation, and well patronized, as usual. The boats have been newly repaired and fitted up, and we can recommend this to all those in search of the "best route."

The Metropolis and Empire State are the favorite boats on this line. For comfort, safety, and convenience it has no superior, and for good suppers and a good night's rest it has no equal.

Aunt Sue's Puzzle Drawer.

ALPHA wins the prize for the March puzzles, having correctly answered 27 out of the 29.

Questions, Enigmas, Charades, etc.

469. Why is it indispensable that a volunteer should be charitably inclined? *Wilforley.*

470. Why are the Irish like cannibals? *Coralie.*

471. What three letters (not "rum" or "gin") often make fools of men? *Geo. T. McK.*

472. When may a lawyer be said to handle a man without gloves? *A. Older.*

473. Add a letter to an interjection, and make a preposition; another, and make a noun; another, and make a noun; another, and make a noun. *C. F. W.*

474. Entire I am in nearly every farm-house; beheaded I am a part of every farm-house; four fifths of me may be found in the farm-yard. *Milton Goodenow.*

475. Transpose an animal into part of his body. *Jasper.*

476. Change my head, and make (1) a woman, (2) to steer, (3) a cake, (4) a verb, (5) something brilliant, (6) a measure, (7) a weapon, (8) amusement, (9) something amusing, (10) something not amusing. *K. C.*

477. Behead a plant, and leave a sentimental person; cut off the person's head, and leave an adverb; behead again, and transpose into a title. *Blanche.*

478. 1500101000. *Gracie Aimwell.*

479. What parts of the sewing-machine run after the ladies? *D. P. and W. W. W.*

480. Find on a copper penny (1) flowers, (2) a fruit, (3) a building, (4) an animal, (5) a reptile, (6) a mail, and (7) a certain quantity of corn. *Ida May.*

481. I am composed of 13 letters:
My 1, 8, 9, 10 is a passage-way.
My 6, 1, 11, 3 asks a question.
My 7, 11, 3, 4, 5 is a boy's name.
My 13, 2, 5 is an explanation of anything difficult.
My 12, 8, 9, 10 is to summon by command.
My whole is the name of one of our generals. *Mac.*

482. I am composed of 19 letters:
My 14, 19, 11, 10, 2 is one of the Greek letters.
My 9, 5, 18, 10, 19, 4 was the hero of Persian romantic history.
My 1, 12, 4 was his grandfather.
My 15, 17, 7, 8, 13 is a kind of bird.
My 16, 2, 6, 14, 19, 3 was a great [musician.
My whole is the name of a noted statesman. *C. C.*

483. I am composed of 15 letters:
My 14, 9, 13, 11 is an animal.
My 10, 5, 3 is an opponent.
My 1, 12, 13, 4, 2 is to counsel.
My 7, 6, 8, 15 is a Scripture proper name.
My whole is a famous painting. *Ida.*

484. I am composed of 10 letters:
My 6, 7, 1, 4 is an article of food.
My 5, 1, 3, 2 is a covering.
My 10, 5, 9, 8 is a babe.
My whole may be found in school-rooms. *Edith Livingston.*

485. Transpose a gentle noise into something bright. *F. W. C. C.*

486. Behead an animal; transpose, and leave a bundle. *Osceola.*

487. Transpose what a robber says to a traveler into the feeling produced by the demand. *Minz.*

488. Behead an animal; transpose, and leave a tippet. *Geo. T. McK.*

489. Transpose one kind of amusement (containing four letters) into another.

490. Transpose a Federal general into a weed. *A. Older.*

491. Transpose a title into a course. *Venus.*

492. Transpose a young animal into an article of food. *Charlie Little.*

ANAGRAMS.

493. Do they *all come* for ——. *Olive.*

494. *F. L. Doria* is found in ——. *Julia E.*

495. —— designs may be found *in a cent.* *Sam T. K.*

496. *I toil in boats* and am often called a vile ——. *Alpha.*

497. *He ate CVI men*, a great ——. *Ernest.*

498. HIEROGLYPHICAL REBUS.

499. Those who *dig rivers* may some time have met with ——. *Tommy.*

500. What fruit is found in the ocean? *A. Older.*

501. STAND U I STMAUNSTTLYGO IF I THE FIRST BODAT. *Blue-Eyes No. 2.*

502. My first is to change; my second is a fish; my whole is a road. *Birdie.*

(*Answers to the foregoing puzzles must be sent in on or before the 10th of June.*)

Answers to Questions in March No.

415. Rampage.

416. One may be barred, and the other bolted.

417. Printers. (*S. A. B.* says "it's no trade" [snow trade]; *Jim* says "journeymen printers.")

418. Y 0 U (why sigh for you).

419. Bread and butter (read and utter).

420. Catalpa.

421. Lamas, salam.

422. Nathaniel P. Banks.

423. Beam—hairs (hares)—temples—a cur sup on his meals—tenants—eggs salted (exalted)—a narrow mind. (These items have all been answered by different parties, but in no case has one person answered all.)

424. Bilberry.

425. Larkspur.

426. Heartsease.

427. Sumac.

428. Rue.

429. Lady, lad.

430. Mandate.

431. Rebellion.

432. Les Miserables.

433. Wilforley.

434. Philomela.

435. Stoechiometrical.

436. Transcendentalism.

437. Bonnets.

438. Plectognathi.

439. Wholesome.

440. Cider.

441. A chin well rounded is a charming feature. (H in well round edis H arm in G feet ewer.)

442. Acorn, corn.

443. Annex, across.

ALPHA answers all but 423, 438.

Bertha answers all but 418, 423, 438.

Ned W. answers all but 416, 423, 443.

Mary A. E. answers all but 416, 423, 438.

Lina answers all but 418, 423, 435, 438.

Fred W. C. C. answers all but 416, 418, 421, 423, 435.

D. P. & W. W. W. answers all but 416, 418, 423, 436, 438, 443.

Harlan answers all but 415, 418, 426, 435, 436, 438.

Fiddlesticks answers all but 416, 418, 423, 435, 436, 438, 443.

Tattler answers all but 416, 418, 423, 432 435, 436, 439.

Blanche answers all but 416, 421, 423, 432, 435, 438, 443.

W. C. C. answers all but 416, 418, 421, 423, 435, 438, 441, 443.

Birdie answers all but 416, 418, 423, 424, 435, 436, 438, 443.

Clementina answers all but 416, 418, 423, 435, 436, 437, 438, 440.

Louise answers all but 418, 423, 432, 435, 436, 438, 442, 443.

Newcomers answers all but 416, 421, 423, 435, 436, 438, 442, 443.

Louisa Dolbeer answers all but 416, 421, 423, 426, 429, 432, 435, 436, 438.

Merrimac answers all but 416, 417, 418, 421, 423, 429, 435, 436, 438, 442.

Monica and Anna answer all but 416, 417, 418, 421, 423, 424, 425, 428, 435, 436, 438.

Nedloh answers all but 416, 417, 418, 421, 423, 428, 435, 436, 438, 441, 443.

Jeannie Parker answers all but 416, 418, 421, 423, 428, 430, 432, 435, 436, 438, 440, 441, 443.

A. R. M. answers all but 416, 417, 418, 420, 421, 423, 427, 430, 434, 435, 436, 438, 439.

Onie answers all but 416, 417, 418, 420, 423, 426, 427, 428, 432, 435, 438, 441, 442.

C. W. J. answers all but 416, 418, 421, 423, 427, 429, 431, 432, 435, 436, 438, 443.

Willie W. Perry answers 415, 422, 424, 425, 426, 429, 430, 431, 432, 433, 437, 440, 441.

Clara answers 415, 417, 422, 429, 433, 437, 439, 440, 441, 443.

Beauclerc answers 415, 417, 418, 419, 429, 432, 433, 437, 439, 440,

Forestina answers 419, 422, 424, 425, 433, 437, 439, 441, 442.

Schuylkill Jim answers 415, 422, 424, 429, 431, 439, 440, 441, 442.

Emma V. D. Gay answers 419, 422, 430, 432, 433, 434, 437, 440, 441.

Jim answers 415, 417, 419, 422, 424, 429, 432, 433, 414.

Washington answers 415, 422, 429, 430, 431, 433, 439, 440.

John C. F. answers 415, 417, 419, 422, 430, 433, 440, 441.

Arthur B. Sandford answers 419, 431, 433, 434, 437, 440, 442.

S. A. B. answers 415, 419, 422, 430, 431, 433, 443.

Julia E. answers 422, 429, 431, 433, 437, 439, 441.

A. I. B. answers 417, 422, 433, 437, 439.

W. H. W. J. answers 419, 431, 433, 441.

John S. Murden answers 422, 433, 440, 441.

Brown-Eyes answers 422, 431, 433, 440.

Harry Bowles answers 415, 417, 429, 441.

Irving answers 417, 422, 429, 433.

F. A. S. & J. S. answer 429, 432, 433, 442.

Emma H. B. answers 433, 442, 443.

Alice A. G answers 441.

Coralie answers 433.

A. M. L. answers 419.

Union Boy answers 433.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Ernest.—Your letter reached me too late for notice last month. Any one desiring my *carte de visite* has only got to inclose theirs to me. I will exchange with pleasure. I should be happy to "R. S. V. P.", and "write a good long one" to all my 20,000 nieces and nephews, if I could make it convenient; but I can't, quite. *Ernest* desires an introduction to the cousins, and would like to exchange photos. Box 2,048, New York P. O.

Osceola.—Thanks for your information concerning the welfare of our soldier-friend, *Geo. T. McK.*

May Clayton.—If making figured enigmas afford you amusement, I am sorry to be so ungracious as to say we do not want them; but it is a fact.

Coralie.—If the "fairy tale" is original and good, it might be "acceptable." Concerning the anagrams, see notice to *Amity Street*, page 64, February number of MUSEUM.

Beauclerc.—Many thanks for your *c. de v.* The gentleman referred to shall be "stirred up."

Clara.—Give my love to *Bella*, and kiss that baby for me. I was glad to see your hand-o'-writ once more.

Fiddlesticks.—Your nicely written answers were quite refreshing.

Louisa Dolbeer.—Don't forget "next month." *You* do not require "easy puzzles."

Tattler.—Thank you very much for your note and contents. The "dark one" shall be forwarded as requested. *Tattler* is ready to exchange photogs with any of the cousins.

Fred W. C. C.—You *have* been fortunate to get so many *c's. de v.* If *Pertine* sends you one before she gives one to me, I shall be jealous. So many have praised the rebus (No. 441), that I am quite proud to acknowledge myself its author. *Doesn't* Winnie write a nice letter? I think I shall let Tattler be your "*vis à vis.*" If I was not afraid she would hear me, I'd tell you what a pretty love of a picture she makes; but she is ready to "exchange," and you can see for yourself.

Merrimac.—You do direct your notes correctly, write your answers very nicely, and interpolate your remarks very pithily.

Louise.—Don't get out of patience, dear; "first come first served." When I receive enigmas, etc., I date them, and file them away, to be used in their turn. Sometimes, by extra merit, an enigma gets a little ahead of time, but I try to give all a fair chance to be heard. *Uncle William* composes most of the hieroglyphic rebuses.

Winnie.—Louise wants you to guess where she saw your *carte*, and would like to exchange with you.

Newcomers.—"Something moved" you pretty effectually in the puzzle line. There certainly never were such clever cousins as the Merrys.

W. C. C., F. A. S., & J. S.—See the last notice on page 128, April number of MUSEUM.

Blanche.—Our anagrams are made out of single words, unless stated to the contrary at the time.

C. W. J.—"II (Black-Eyes)" was considered a rather forced answer for No. 390.

W. H. W. J.—Your solution of No. 441 is correct, but it was not a "prize rebus;" it was too simple to be honored by such a distinction.

Onie.—Did the letter reach "354" safely? Uncle Robert reciprocates your kind wishes, and thinks that a *c. de v.* in *his* album would greatly assist the "kind remembrances."

John C. F.—When you answer such enigmas as 422, it is enough to write "Nathaniel P. Banks," without the separate items.

Jim.—If I hadn't been a little behind time myself, you might have been left out in the cold.

Blue-Eyes.—I accept your "promise to pay." How you *do* talk about the girls getting married. I don't believe *A. E. D.* has committed matrimony. I am inclined to think that *F. F. has*, as she hasn't written one line to me for an age. As for the other one, I mean to ask her.

Pertine, have you been, and went, and gone, and got married?

Christabelle.—Your *c. de v.* is requested, Box 111, P. O. Brooklyn, N. Y.

Wanderer.—If I thought praise would be to you a wholesome stimulus, I would tell you some of the pretty things the girls say about you.

Busy Bee.—I wonder if you think of us as often as we do of you.

Jasper, Tommy, Geo. T. McKinney, and all the rest of our soldier and sailor boys, our blessings follow you.

Wilforley, Nina Gordon did not receive your letter until "three months after date." She "promises to pay" soon.

A. R. M.—Concerning the "front face," see remarks to *Ernest*.

Flibbertigibbet.—Don't "say farewell" for long, will you?

Union Boy wishes to be introduced to the cousins.

Thanks for enigmas, etc., to *Ernest, Osceola, Birdie, Arthur B. S., Clementina, Coralie, Irving, Patience, Fred W. C. C., Louise, D. P. & W. W. W., Forestina, Blanche, Minx*, and *Jim*.

Alpha.—Are you still in "Box 470"?

DREAMS.

It was midnight over the city,
Midnight over the sea,
And the sound of the wind in the pine trees
Brought this beautiful song to me.

Silently down from the heavens
Crept the little angels of dreams,
Flew to all parts of the village,
Brought down with them heavenly gleams

Of all that glorious country
Where sorrow ne'er fills the breast,
"Where the wicked cease from troubling,
And the weary are at rest."

They had brought from the beautiful cloud-land
Dreams of all glorious things,

And you could see in the silvery starlight
The flutter of silver wings.

Then they all flew into the key-holes,
Marched down the village street,
Where had ceased the troubles of day-time,
Had ceased the noise of feet.

And they flew up the winding stairway,
And opened the bedroom door,
And brought to the sleeping children
Sweet dreams from the far-off shore.

And then the angels vanished,
For they only stay until day;
When the cock crows in the morning,
They silently float away.

Yet not to the children only
These beautiful dreams are given;
They come to the homes of the weary,
Bringing hopes of Christ and heaven.

And in the coming morning
We begin the battle anew,
And although the angels have vanished,
Have gone away from our view,

Yet we know that our heavenly Father
Has sent them down from above
As a pledge of his infinite mercy,
A token of lasting love.

JOLLY JINGLE.

THE HOME SOCIETY.

NINTH MEETING.

THE children were in high glee when it was announced to them that on the day for the next meeting they were to make an excursion to Wild View, a beautiful grove on the banks of the river, several miles out of town, and there have a family pic-nic. All were up bright and early. Frank obtained permission to take Bounce; Susie insisted that her doll should be one of the party; and George came to join his cousins with his gun on his shoulder, "for," said he, "who knows what game we may find in the woods!"

The day was beautifully clear and mild. The birds were in full song, and the flowers everywhere welcomed the sweet breath of June. The party went in carriages. Mr. and Mrs. Malcolm with two servants, and the baskets containing the abundant supply of good things, occupied the first. Uncle Fred and the children filled the second, and a merrier party were never seen. They were soon out of the dusty streets of the town, and rolling along the quiet, pleasant road that led to their destination, which was about twelve miles distant. The carriage was an open one, and as they rode along they were greatly interested with the work which was being done in the fields which they were passing.

"What beautiful grass!" exclaimed

Kate, as they passed a field covered with deep green verdure.

"Wheat, you mean," said Frank. "Can't you see the difference? Grass doesn't grow up that way at this time of year."

"That is a field of oats," remarked John. "Can't you tell oats from wheat?"

Uncle Fred smiled, and said, "Don't let the people passing hear your remarks, or they will exclaim, 'What a green company!' That is a rye field which you are admiring."

"Is that what they make rye bread of?" asked Susie.

"Not that exactly," said George; "but when it grows taller, it bears little seeds, and when they get ripe, men take them off and grind them into flour, and the baker makes bread of it."

"Why do not grass and grain have flowers like other plants?" asked Kate. "I should think such useful things ought to be dressed as handsomely as the rose and the lily, which only please the eye."

"They do have flowers," replied Uncle Fred. "If you will examine them at the proper time, you will find a small blossom where each seed is to be formed; and if you look at them through a microscope, you will see that their parts are very beautiful, although not so showy as many plants cultivated in the garden. It is a curious fact, that the most useful things in nature are usually of humble appearance. Iron is not so handsome as gold, yet it is worth far more to the world."

"Why, you can buy iron with gold," interrupted Frank.

"Robinson Crusoe could not," remarked Henrietta. "He found a hatchet worth more to him than all the gold he saved from the ship."

"Gold commands a higher price than iron only because it is more scarce," said Uncle Fred. "If iron were not as plenty as gold, then people would be glad to give two pounds of gold, or even more, for one pound of iron. No trade or manufacture can be carried on without the use of iron in some form. It is one of the first steps in civilization to learn and apply the properties of this metal. But I was remarking that the most valuable things are not usually the most showy. The ground beneath our feet is not beautiful to look upon, but it is filled with elements of the first necessity to man. The clouds which bring rain are seldom bright colored."

"The handsomest birds don't sing the sweetest," added Henrietta.

"And the handsomest girls don't always know the most," said Frank, playfully.

"Do you intend that for a compliment?" asked George.

"I said, 'don't *always* know the most,'" replied Frank. "Hetty is pretty and wise too."

"And you have added to her good looks by calling the roses to her cheeks," said Uncle Fred.

"Oh, there's our cake-man again!" cried Susie, pointing to the road-side.

"No, that's not the same," said John, "but he looks much like him. Very likely he is a brother."

"We will talk with him," said Uncle Fred, stopping the carriage and addressing the man in Italian.

The fruit-seller started quickly, as he heard his native tongue, and leaving the group which had been gathered around him, replied with great animation.

Uncle Fred conversed with him for some time, and the children could see that the two were much interested.

though they could not understand what was being said.

After making a liberal purchase, they drove on, and Uncle Fred explained that this was a brother of the man of whom they had bought the cakes the previous week. They had formerly been prosperous tradesmen in their own country, but had been engaged with many others in an insurrection against the government, and were obliged to fly for their lives. They had succeeded in reaching America safely, and finding no other way to support themselves, had taken this way to gain a livelihood.

"Was it right for them to rebel against their government?" asked George.

"Yes, undoubtedly, if that government were tyrannical and oppressive, and there were no other way of correcting its evils. You know that in most countries of the world the people have very little to say or do about who shall rule over them, or what laws

shall be passed. Here there is a way provided by which abuses may be corrected, by electing men to power who will pass just laws. Rebellion in such a country as this is the highest of crimes, because without excuse, and we all fervently desire to see it put down by every means."

They were now quite near the appointed place, and leaving the carriage, they entered a broad path leading directly into the wood. Those in the first carriage had arrived before them, and gone forward to prepare for the day's entertainment.

As they passed along the thickly-shaded pathway, George was on the alert for game, hoping, no doubt, that another eagle would come in his way. But he could discover nothing, except a few small singing-birds, and those he would not shoot. Presently, however, he was surprised to see a large

number of these, of different kinds, apparently in great commotion, flying round and round, and uttering peculiar notes. They all appeared to be attracted to one particular tree, a tall, thickly-branched pine. After examining it attentively for a short time, he discovered a large bird sitting near the topmost branches, and was just about

raising his gun, when Uncle Fred checked him, with "You wouldn't harm your friends, George?"

"Certainly not," replied he, "but what friend is that?"

"It is the great rat and mouse catcher," replied Uncle Fred. "It is a large barn-owl; and see! there is his mate quite near. They probably have a nest in some hollow tree here about; and to feed their young, they will kill more mice during the season than a cat would catch in her lifetime."

"See their great big eyes!" exclaimed Susie, who had just caught sight of them. "They look just like those in the picture in my book—don't you remember the one with four owls and a magpie, and another big bird? But, Uncle Fred, how can they catch mice? Pussy has to watch a long time, and creep very softly close to them."

"He can see in the evening, when the field-mice are running about. That is what his eyes are so large for. His wings are covered with downy feathers, and he makes very little noise in flying, and when a mouse ventures to show himself where the owl is hunting, he is snapped up as quick as you would take a sugar-plum."

Uncle Fred told them many interesting things about owls and their habits, as they walked through the woods. Next month we shall give further particulars of the occurrences and conversations of the day.

Pithy Particulars.—Tall men live longer than short ones. The married are longer lived than the single ones, and, above all, those who observe a sober and industrious conduct. Women have more chances of life previous to the age of fifty years than men, but fewer after. The number of marriages is in proportion of seventy-six to one hundred. Marriages are more frequent after the equinoxes, that is, during the months of June and December. Those born in spring are generally more robust than others. Births and deaths are more frequent by night than by day. The number of languages spoken is four thousand and sixty-four. The number of men is about equal to the number of women. The average of human life is thirty-three years. One quarter die before the age of seven; one half before the age of seventeen. Among every thousand persons, only one reaches one hundred years, and not more than one in five hundred will reach eighty years. There are on the earth one billion inhabitants. Of these, 34,333,333 die every year, 91,824 die every day, 7,780 every hour, and sixty per minute, or one in every second. These losses are about balanced by an equal number of births.

KATIE.

Little Katie is our darling,
Her eyes are like the night;
Her hair as raven wing is dark—
She is a pretty sight.

Katie is like an April day,
Her face now wreathed in smiles;
With beaming eye she holds you fast,
And lures with pretty wiles.

But look! those eyes are filled with tears,
That brow is clouded o'er,
And tear-drops chase each other
Down that face so bright before.

Oh, Katie dear! your life is now
In its first April morning;
May constant May, in later years,
Succeed life's fitful dawning.

Coralie.

CAN BIRDS TALK?

BY UNCLE TIM.

MR. WEBSTER says that talk means "familiar converse, mutual discourse that which is uttered by one person in familiar conversation, or the mutual converse of two or more;" but not one word about the birds talking. This definition can only be accounted for on the supposition that it was written many years since, and that a great many improvements have been made in language since that time. In fact, it would not apply to deaf and dumb talk or sign language at all, and if not by signs, it certainly does not in songs. Who has not listened with pleasure to the incessant chattering of myriads of birds, in spring-time particularly, in some old orchards when the apple-trees were in full bloom, or in the forest when putting forth the firstling leaves of the year?

But the question is not so much with the birds this time as with their arbitrary critics—those who have listened to their songs. Do the birds sing so much just for the purpose of making as much noise as possible; or

THE MOCKING-BIRD.

is there sense in their songs? Now, before we get into an argument, we would like to have it understood that it is much more easy to ask questions than it is to answer them, and it is good policy for every one asking questions to be able to answer them, for it is very possible some knotty questions may come back to the owner to be untied.

To answer our own questions, then, as we travel on, we say distinctly and positively, "the birds can talk," for we have heard them a thousand times, and hope to hear them as much more; the only difficulty is in the study of the bird language. The first language the birds use in the morning, very early, is their songs of praise to the Deity, for however much man may neglect or despise it, the singing of the birds in early morning, the bleating of the flocks and lowing of the herds upon ten thousand hills, are nothing more, nothing less, than their anthems of praise which they owe their great Creator.

The next on the list is love among the birds; for we must understand distinctly that the language of the birds consists almost entirely in the songs of the affections, such as love and hatred, fear and confidence, trust and defiance, joy and sorrow, etc.

How many times we have sat under the shade

THE BLUE-BIRD.

of a fine large apple-tree in the old orchard and listened to their love songs we can not tell for the best of reasons, because we don't know the courtship of the robin, the blue-bird, yellow-hammer, woodpecker, thrush, cat-bird, mocking-bird, sparrow, and Sir Robert Lincoln singing their love songs—and, oh! how sudden those notes of love would change to hate and defiance when some straggling enemy flew into the family circle.

The woodpecker and yellow-hammer were perpetually quarreling about some old hole in the tree. Then, again, the blue-bird and wren were ever disputing about the knotty priority of some old knot-hole of no possible account to any one except themselves. But the conqueror ever had it for his summer home when he raised his little family.

Mrs. Wren and her husband once built a nest in the portico over our door, where the entrance was so close no other bird could gain an entrance. They came every year at the regular time, and sang so sweetly that they paid the rent fully in their songs. This was the agreement between us, made by their offering us their songs for the rent, and by us with the acceptance of them. At last the old cat, a natural old pirate, pounced upon the husband and made a breakfast of him. For a half day the disconsolate widow called for him in the most pitiful tones. The next half day she was absent, but when she returned she had found another mate.

The nest was examined with the greatest care while the courtship was going on, chatting together incessantly the whole time. At last the marriage contract was finished, the old eggs tumbled out of the nest without ceremony, some improvements made in the nest, and soon a smart family were growing up around them. These birds had a language of their own; or how did they come to an understanding so soon?

The robins and black-birds were perpetually at war with each other, but on what account it was hard to discover. At last it leaked out, and the cause was this: The black-birds and crows were very fond of other birds' eggs, and did not hesitate to rob a robin's nest whenever they found it

unguarded. This, of course, kept up a perpetual feud between them, and many hard contested battles took place. Mr. Robin would sit upon a limb and scold about it for half an hour afterward. We always sided with the robins, because they never interfered with a crow's nest or a black-bird's, and they acted nothing better than the part of a pirate to the robins.

While Mrs. Robin was sitting quietly on her nest, he would be sitting on the topmost bough, singing his love-songs; but let an enemy come, and the song was changed instantly into the battle-cry of rage and defiance. The birds understood it. Then, again, let some bad boy, or some mean snake gain the nest full of their young, and such perfect screams of terror would they utter that they would soon raise all the birds in the neighborhood, who came either to assist in their defense, or to see what the matter was.

But the greatest talker among the birds is the mocking-bird, who never opens his mouth except at the expense of others—an unprincipled and unfeeling mimic. If we were to pass judgment upon the birds by the same rules which regulate civil society, the mocking-bird would stand lowest on the list. The mimic is nothing more, nothing less, than a professional fool, who never opens his mouth except when he steals the language which belongs to others.

The question has often been asked, Why are not mocking-birds more plenty—as plenty as robins, at least? The answer is ready at our hands, and finds its solution in the fact, that the power he possesses, as a notorious mimic, has created a deadly enemy in the butcher-bird, who never hesitates to murder whole families of their young wherever he finds them.

The mocking-bird seldom sings, except when his partner has a nest full of eggs or young birds, and that nest is close at hand. This the butcher-bird fully understands, and he knows, too, that the mocking-bird copies his own songs as unmercifully as all the rest, a perfect literary thief among the birds. It not only inflames his rage, but directs him to the spot where he can gratify his revenge. Were we to select a bird from the whole list who has the least number of friends among the birds, it would be the greatest tattler on that list, the mocking-bird of America. It is an interesting fact, in the study of the language of the birds, that although a thousand may be singing and talking, jabbering and

THE OWL.

chattering, to all appearances there is not the least discord among them. The harmony is perfect, no matter if the owl throws in his hooting or the crow his cawing. We defy them all, and let them choose their own time to throw in their notes; they can accomplish nothing more than a rather pleasing interlude.

There, then, if we have not made out our case (as the lawyers say), that the birds can talk, we shall almost be tempted to try again, for we have not produced one half the evidence in favor of the idea.

PHILIP SNOW'S WAR.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "KATE MORGAN'S SOLDIERS," "NAT'S SHOES," ETC.

CHAPTER VII.

THE sun shone out in all its brightness over the newly-fallen snow, when Philip went out, spade in hand, to clear the walks. Stephen Waite had been the only adventurer on the territory waiting to be conquered by Philip's spade.

Mrs. Snow, very busy with her household affairs, was deeply thinking for the thousandth time what she could do to brighten their future. Essie was recounting to open-eyed dolly the arrival that she had found on the door-step, and Philip was spading away at the snow.

Stephen Waite was rejoicing on his conquered day, on his way once more up the hill to school.

A merry jingle of sleigh-bells rang up from the valley below, and Stephen waited.

"Jump in," cried Nell Hoffman, as the sleigh reached Stephen.

Stephen did not wait for a second bidding, and Nell's eager little hood put itself as near to Stephen's cap as convenient, and Nell said: "I was hoping we should catch you; I wanted to walk to school, only they wouldn't let me, for I've something to tell you," and the hood went a bit nearer, so that the man on the front seat should not hear.

"You know father is always going all over the country, and yesterday he was up at Walnutville attending some ugly court or other. Well, that isn't the story; but he was coming home, and you know it snowed like fury. Well, in the thickest of the storm, just as he got to that mite of a place, Hilton, something went snap, and, of course, he stopped. That was right in front of the little store there, and he went in to get his harness mended, or tied up. There were two men in there, and they were talking very loud about something or other, and didn't see father at first, so he looked to see what they were looking at so closely, and what in the world do you suppose it was?"

"I can't gness," said Stephen.

"To be sure you can't—it was only two teaspoons, and the quarrel was about the mark on them; one said 'twas one thing, and one another, so they concluded to let my father decide, and he knew in a minute, and so he asked the store-man where they came from, and he said that a bright boy, who didn't look poor, had come in a little while before, and sold the spoons for some flour, without saying anything more than, 'Will you please give me some flour for these?' Well, what do you s'pose my father did?"

"I don't know."

"I will tell you. He took the two spoons and put 'em straight into his pocket and said, 'I will take these—they are mine,' and off he walked without saying another word, and hurried on. It was almost dark, and papa hadn't any sleigh, you know, and so no bells, and he came very near running over a boy on the road; he had just time to call out; and who do you think he found it was? Just think—Phil Snow with a heavy bundle, the flour, you know, that he'd been carrying all the four miles through the snow from Hilton. Father didn't stop to speak, 'cause he didn't want Phil

to know him; but after tea he went right over to Deacon Mark's store and bought a barrel of flour, and told Deacon Mark he must send it home in half an hour.

"Deacon Mark wished to know if we were starving, and if the morning would not do just as well, but papa said 'no,' and so it came. Then we all had the funniest time opening the barrel, because papa wouldn't let Peter know anything about it. I believe it took us two hours, and auntie had to help. At last it was open, and papa put the two spoons in the flour, and then what a time we had to make the head go back again. I thought father would never get through pounding it in."

"I guess you would have thought so if you'd seen us working to get it out," interrupted Stephen. "I believe we took out four thousand nails."

"You! what do you know about it, Stephen Waite?"

"I? oh, I know that Phil Snow was so tired last night that he couldn't keep still when he was asleep, but he didn't tell me he'd had an eight-mile walk; and I know that Essie Snow went to let her pussy-cat in, and found a mysterious barrel on the door-step, and believed that it came right down from heaven; at least, she ran and told her mother that the angels brought it."

"Queer looking angels *we* were," laughed Nell, for, do you believe it, we all came with that barrel of flour. Peter got out the sled, the big one that he brings wood from the mountain on, and he rolled the barrel on the sled, and then papa, auntie, and I tumbled on too, and we started. In two minutes we were as white as the ground; the sled didn't make a bit o' noise, and the old horse stopped, without being told to, at the gate. We were dreadfully afraid they would hear us, for Peter rolled the barrel right against one of the gate posts, and then papa shoved him off, and auntie and I helped to roll it up the walk, but Peter had to come again to lift it up on the step, only he don't know anything about the spoon part of it."

"It is as good as a story," said Stephen.

"A great deal better," said Nell, "only you musn't tell; papa doesn't wish Mrs. Snow to know who it came from."

Nell finished her story just as the bells hushed their music at the school-house.

We left Philip digging snow-paths, and Mrs. Snow thinking how a brighter future might be created out of the dark present. After awhile the small casement glided open, the snow fell in wreaths from it, and Mrs. Snow called, "Philip, I wish to speak to you."

The spade went down instantly, and Philip went in.

"My son, do you remember what Stephen said last night about the old mill?"

"Yes, mother."

"Do you think you could work in it?"

The brightness vanished from Philip's face. "*I* work in the mill, with the greasy, black machinery, and the oily boys and men; mother, you *don't know how I hate mills—they make me sick.*"

"I do know, Philip; but we must do something."

"If we could only *wait*, and not *eat* anything until I am grown up," said Philip.

"Perhaps it will not be so bad in the mill."

"It will, mother—but I will try. Perhaps they will not give me any work."

"The mill opened last month."

"So Stephen said last night, and I had better go over to-day and inquire. Do you think, mother, that Stephen Waite will ever come to study algebra or to sleep again with a boy who works in the Furnace Mills?"

"Suppose that he did not, Philip?"

"I should be sorry, and hate the mills more than I do now."

"And I should be proud of my son, who made a martyr of himself for my sake and Essie's."

"I shouldn't wonder much if the angels took Essie in charge," said Philip, "she seems so fond of them."

"I hope not; I should like to keep her here a little longer."

"Oh, mother, I didn't mean that—only she is so funny; but to the mill I will go," and Philip resumed his snow shoveling.

Philip Snow was the descendant of a long line of ancestors who had devoted their lives to science in some one of its many forms, and it may have been inherited from them, this dislike, this positive aversion to the daily toil of mill life; but from Philip's mother had come a sense of duty, a certain ennoblement of his nature that made duty stronger than dislike, and so, shoveling snow, Philip fought down the battle of the elements in his nature, and duty won the crown.

"Why, 'Hilip, you is pretty—you is most as pretty as Stephen," said Essie, as Philip concluded his work and returned to the house.

The beauty of the conqueror was truly on Philip's face, and Essie could but see it.

The Furnace Mill stood at one end of the village on the old post-road. It could be seen from afar, and the tall and smoke-blackened chimneys looked to Philip like monuments erected to evil spirits.

Stone, and brick, and wood were all blackened; and Philip's spirit sank as the walls rose higher and higher, as the suffocating mill came nearer and nearer. Then appeared the half-deserted, half-dilapidated houses of the operatives, for the Furnace Mill had long stood idle. Fortune after fortune had blazed away in its fires, and gone up the vast chimneys disappearing into thin air, bringing no return to its owners, and a superstitious belief had gained credence among the villagers, "that no one had ever prospered there, and that no one ever would;" and when it became known that some one from a distant city had bought the Furnace Mill, and it was to be re-opened, it caused a sensation, and many were the prophecies of failure and ruin.

Notwithstanding these ill omens, the ore found itself taken from the mines and put into the black-mouthed monster that tormented it with fire, until its spirit departed from it and it lay a red, molten mass willing to take any form, and be infused with any spirit the workmen chose.

The roar and the hum filled Philip's ears, the black smoke fell down from the chimneys and half-suffocated him. Philip felt an utter repugnance to the furnace; he could have torn down chimneys and walls; he would have poured the molten metal into the river, he hated it so; but it was coming nearer—at last it swallowed the boy. He was within the walls.

A black, grim, little room was used as an office, a room where the daylight could not get in, and would have

been ashamed to show itself, if it could.

Our mills in our manufacturing villages are not like this one—this iron mill in the region of the iron-bearing mountains. We play with iron after it has been tamed in the furnace; here men fight with it, hand-to-hand, with muscle, nerve, will, breath, and want of bread on one side; on the other, six thousand years of patient, calm existence, suddenly troubled by fire, and made resistant by it until, tamed at last, it settles down into dark, solid, moody bars, to be drawn whither the master wills.

Into this mill went Philip Snow, a slight, pale, earnest boy, with capacity for almost any achievement in life *except* an iron mill.

"Hullo! my boy, want to see boss, don't ye?" asked a sooty, oily man as he passed an instant before an immense fire that burned Philip's face before he got within the door.

"I wish to see Mr. Bryan," said Philip.

"That's the man, that's the boss of this here cabin," said the man, "and you'll find him in the office—it's over yonder; take care there!" and Philip just escaped a caldron of fiery metal that was swung across from one smeltery to another.

Philip kept a careful look-out for personal safety after the first danger, and reached the office.

Mr. Bryan was busy with letters, writing by the aid of a lamp, for, as I have said, the daylight refused to enter there.

The opening of the door let in a little more noise, a little more smoke, and Mr. Bryan looked up, and seeing Philip said, "Well, what is it?"

"I came to see if I could work in the mill," replied Philip.

"You?" and Mr. Bryan took in the picture of Philip Snow, framed, by the door-way.

"Yes, sir," replied Philip.

"What can you do?"

"I can work."

"It takes iron to fight iron here."

"I know it, sir."

"And you come ready to fight."

"Yes, sir."

"Very well—you will begin to-morrow; I was this minute writing for a boy to tend one of the men yonder, and you may do in his place; let me have your name."

"Philip Snow is my name, sir."

"Philip Snow! Snow against Iron; I am afraid it won't work well;" but the master wrote down the name—Philip had enlisted in the iron mill.

He went out, glad to escape, glad to rest his eyes on the snow and the cherry brown of the leafless trees—anything was better than the mill.

Philip was half way home, the sun was yet an hour above the horizon, and the sleigh that had carried Nell Hoffman to school in the morning was not far away. Coming up behind Philip, then followed him, a mingling of bells and laughter, and ere long out of the chorus came a solo. It was in Essie's voice.

"'Hilip, 'Hilip Snow, come get a nice ride with Nell and me."

"Come, Philip," said Miss Hoffman, "we are just going to Hillton—it isn't far, you know;" and Philip obeyed.

The horses sprang over the snow that Philip had toiled through only yesterday; and yesterday, and hunger, and the mill seemed like a dream to Philip, who forgot them all in the drive.

The horses stopped before the store-door into which Philip had gone with the spoons.

"Don't get down," said Miss Hoffman; and Philip was glad of the permission to turn his face away, afraid of recognition from the store-keeper.

Miss Hoffman and Nell went in, Mrs. Snow, Philip, and Essie staid in the sleigh.

Miss Hoffman's errand was to pay for the flour that Philip had gotten there, the day before.

"I suppose somebody *stole* your spoons, miss," said the man; "but somehow I never suspected the boy; I must keep a sharper look-out—rogues are getting too smart for me now-a-days."

"My brother requested me to pay you for the flour," said Miss Hoffman.

"*The spoons weren't stolen*," said Nell, too indignant to bear the imputation to rest on Philip Snow.

"I'm glad to hear it—glad to hear it," said the man; "you know I said I never suspected the boy."

Miss Hoffman pinched Nell's arm and hastened away, afraid that she would think it needful to explain the entire matter.

Philip kept his face carefully turned aside, even while assisting Miss Hoffman and Nell into the sleigh, so fearful was he of being remembered.

"Don't you wonder, mother, what Miss Hoffman went to Hillton to-day for?" asked Philip, after they had been left at their own door; "do you think it had anything to do with the spoon business?"

"I think not, my dear."

"You is very curious, 'Hilip; what do you care? we had a nice ride, and I'm so sleepy;" and, ere long, Essie was found fast asleep, hugging dolly, having entirely forgotten every earthly care.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

TRUTH AT HOME.

Of all happy households, that is the happiest where falsehood is never thought of. All peace is broken up when once it appears that there is a liar in a house. All comfort has gone when suspicion has once entered—when there must be reserve in talk and reservation in belief. Anxious parents, who are aware of the pains of suspicion, will place general confidence in their children, and receive what they say freely, unless there is strong reason to distrust the truth of any one.

If such an occasion should unhappily arise, they must keep the suspicion from spreading as long as possible, and avoid disgracing their poor child while there is a chance of its cure by their confidential assistance. He should have their pity and assiduous help, as if he were suffering under some disgusting bodily disorder. If he can be cured, he will become duly grateful for the treatment. If the endeavor fails, means must of course be taken to prevent his example from doing harm; and then, as I said, the family peace is broken up, because the family confidence is gone. I fear that, from some cause or another, there are but few large families where every member is altogether truthful. But where all are so organized and so trained as to be wholly reliable in act and word, they are a light to all eyes and a joy to all hearts. They are public benefits, for they are a point of general reliance; and they are privately blessed within and without. Without, their life is made easy by universal trust; and within their homes and their hearts they have the security of rectitude and gladness of innocence.

Reader! don't *you* be the "black sheep" of the family.

A LESSON FOR HETTY.

"HETTY, dear, come with me," said Mrs. Martin. "Do not swing your bonnet in that way by its string; put it on, and walk quietly by me to the bee-hive in the garden."

"Yes, mamma, by-and-by; please wait a little, and then I will come with you. By-and-by, dear mamma."

"Oh, Hetty, my child, that bad habit of yours, of *putting off* what you ought to do at once, gives me much pain. It was to give you another lesson on that very subject that I called you to go to the bee-hive with me."

Then Hetty took her mother's hand, and they watched the coming and going of the diligent ones. Hetty perceived that there was not one bee that *put off* till *by-and-by*. As soon as each one had deposited his load, away he went for more. When he had gathered all he could, back he came. Not a single one staid a half hour in some dainty lily cup, because it was a nice place to loiter in; not a single one took a nap on the bright red columbine; not one took a swing on the pretty blue larkspur in working time.

"What would become of their winter store of honey?" said Hetty's mother; "and how would our bread and butter and our breakfast cakes get along, if the busy bees waited till by-and-by as frequently as my little daughter does? Look! not one bee sits with folded wings on the side of the hive—in and out, all the time, they go."

Hetty was quite taken back with their industry, and said to them,

"Yes, busy bee, get the honey from the pretty flowers as much as you can; and I promise you, dear mamma, to think about them every day, and not put off what I ought to do, any more than the bees put off gathering their honey."

Mrs. Martin then told her about a bird called the "honey-guide."

"It is found," said she, "in South Africa, where the wild-bees are exactly like our domestic garden-bees. These wild-bees build their own houses or nests in a hollow tree, and it is not always easy to find them. The honey-guide perches on a branch beside the traveler, chattering and endeavoring to attract his attention; and then flies forward in a wavy course in the direction of the nest, alighting every now and then, and looking back to ascertain if the traveler is following, and all the time keeping up an incessant twitter. When the nest is found, it takes its position on a near branch, anxiously awaiting its share of the spoil."

L. E.

THE BEE-HIVE.

AUNT MARTHA'S HOSPITALITY.

"LET me give you more of the butter—*don't* be afraid of it; there's plenty more. Is your tea out, my dear? pray let me fill your cup again. I am afraid I did not put in enough sugar; there—help yourself to more cream, if you like." And the mimic hostess set down the tiny cream-jug with evident force, near the plate of her little guests, whose efforts were less successful than her own at due soberness of manner, as she was now shaking with quiet laughter.

"You must not do *so*, Agnes. You know you are my *company* now, and company *never* laughs at table; it would be shocking manners." Then, with the large white muslin handkerchief folded across her bosom, duly stroked into inimitable smoothness, and a slight straightening up of her dignified little body, Nellie went on with her assumed hospitalities. "*Don't* break it; there is plenty in the pantry; I never have a great deal of bread *cut* at once—but don't be afraid of it. Don't wish any more?—why, you have not eaten anything. Do have a little more citron, or shall I help you to plums? I remember you were particularly *fond* of them, so I opened a can expressly for you. Mr. Brown and I do not care for them at all. I never consider them wholesome, but for those who *can* eat them, these are very richly prepared."

"*I* do not often eat sweetmeats, but these *are* tempting;" and Agnes lifted the straw-colored fruit daintily to her lips.

"Have some of the fruit-cake," said Nellie, as Agnes took from the miniature basket a small bit of plain sponge-cake.

"No, thank you, I am very fond of this," replied Agnes, very politely.

"I hope you will *taste* it, *at least*. I made it on purpose for your coming. We never eat rich cake ourselves. Take some for Cora and Willy, if you allow them to *eat* cake. Little dears, they have nothing on their plates, at all."

This was too much again for Agnes' gravity, and she burst into a loud laugh as she looked at Nellie's extempore children, each with a broad leaf pinned below their wooden chins, and another placed under their china tea-plates, where they had been much stiller, of course, than even their good Aunt Martha (whom they were now visiting) had ever expected her most pattern children to be. And, to say truth, Nellie was glad that Agnes laughed, for the little curly-headed girl was quite ready to drop the part she had been playing at "Aunt Martha's" expense. The imitation was perfect, and it was not until their tiny cups and saucers had been piled up with care, and placed in their baskets, and the little girls had folded their napkins, thrown away their extra acorn dishes, brushed "Cora and Willy" unceremoniously after them, and were about climbing down the rock which had served them for a table, that Nelly perceived Marion (Aunt Martha's niece, helper, and particular treasure every way) peeping at them from behind a large oak, and laughing in such a manner that Nelly could but be sure she had seen and understood the whole play.

"Now, Marion," began Nellie, "it is *too* bad! but you *won't* tell Aunt Martha now—*will* you? You *know*

I didn't mean anything, and then it would spoil all our week's visit. There's a good Marion; promise me you won't tell."

Marion looked very wondering as she replied,

"Tell *what?* Isn't it proper for little girls to have pic-nics?—and didn't Aunt Martha give you leave to come to the rock?"

"But, now, Marion, you *won't* tell, will you?—just do promise me;" and she pulled Marion's dress, and looked so imploringly, as Marion pretended to be in a hurry to take them home to their real supper.

"Tell *what?*" again asked Marion, in her laughing, teasing manner. "Didn't Aunt Martha herself give you the cake, and the cup of sweetmeats, and wish you a good time? I'm sure I should think you had had it, too, by the way Agnes' eyes look, for she always cries when she laughs."

"Now, Marion! Well, no matter; I can't help it. We were only playing, and I suppose—" Here Marion interrupted her by a sudden grasp, tossing her up in the air, set her down gently among the moss and the leaves, saying, "You little rogue. So you have been *taking lessons*, and didn't expect any one to see your improvement—didn't expect any visitors at your examination to-day! Well, you have done very well. I should propose you for the Dialogue next time."

"Please, Marion," said Agnes, "don't tease Nellie any more; we did have a good time, and didn't mean any harm."

"No indeed, little ones, but it's well for you *Aunt Martha* wasn't in *my place.* No more of her nice rolls, or spiced custards, or double-puffs would you taste at Daisynook. Not that Aunt Martha could be angry with you, but she would be so grieved. You don't know how kind she is, with all her ways."

"Then you've noticed them?" said Nellie, quickly. "Yes, and while I would not make fun of her, I would be very glad if she was as quiet in her manner, and especially at her own table, as is your mamma. My own mother was so different; there was never any bustle about her. She had so much delicacy of feeling as to give her an appearance of diffidence. When I first came to live with Aunt Martha, it struck me very unpleasantly. I was, at first, really afraid to eat anything. When she would tell me 'not to be afraid of the cream or fruit, for there was plenty more,' I used to wish she would put on enough at first; and her talking so much about each particular dish made me feel as if she was thinking all the time just how much I ate."

"There! Marion can't tell on us now," said Nellie, triumphantly, her eyes dancing with joy, "for she has *said* more than we *did.*"

"I had no idea of 'telling,' Nellie. You do not know *me* any better than you do Aunt Martha, if you think I could do an act so doubly unkind."

"Oh, you are so good," and Nellie sprang to Marion and gave her an earnest kiss. "*Was* it wrong, Marion? We had got so tired of sitting up so still at table, like poor 'Cora and Willy,' and watching aunt, and seeing mamma so uneasy, and I heard papa say—"

"Hush, Nellie," said Agnes, trying to put her hand over her sister's lips.

"So I must," replied Agnes, removing the little willful bars from her mouth hastily—"so I must, for here we are at the gate." The family group were soon seated around Aunt Martha's snowy covered table; every

dish in exact order, and each napkin folded and laid on its upturned plate; and Agnes could not help smiling, as she thought where hers and Nellie's, like the broad leaf chin-pieces of "Cora and Willy," would soon be. They were nice lady-like girls of eight and ten years of age, and Aunt Martha's idea of having their napkins put on, as if they were "mere babies," annoyed as well as amused them.

And was it not pardonable if Marion turned a side-glance upon Nellie, as Aunt Martha urged Mr. Gray (Nellie's father) to take more of the bread, for there was plenty baked; and begged their mamma not to be afraid of the jelly, upon passing it to her for the third time?

Nelly managed, however, to keep her eyes carefully on her own plate, and once, when her aunt pressed her to take a second tart, and just as she declined, a slight pressure on the toe of her slipper told her that Agnes was not asleep; even then Nellie kept her countenance until she could frame a pleasant remark as a safe channel for their smiles to run out at.

If Aunt Martha grew any more quiet at her table during Mrs. Gray's visit, as Nellie once or twice imagined, it was not, as she half feared, because Marion had "told" about the rock pic-nic; but only, perhaps, that Mrs. Grey's very gentle and quiet way of letting all urgings and apologies fall on her ear, led Aunt Martha to see that they were quite unnecessary.

And notwithstanding I expect Aunt Martha's habits are still unchanged, and that visitors (whom she really loved to entertain) still continue to learn from her bustling manner to behave in a more decidedly opposite way themselves, yet when, at Mrs. Gray's invitation, Aunt Martha returned this autumn visit the followed summer, Nellie whispered to Agnes, just after she had bidden them good-bye and started for home again, "I don't believe we *could* have our rock tea-party over again, for Aunt Martha has grown so much like other people."

KRUNA.

HASTE NOT! REST NOT!

WITHOUT haste! without rest!
Bind the motto to thy breast;
Bear it with thee as a spell;
Storm or sunshine, guard it well!
Heed not flowers that round thee bloom,
Bear it onward to the tomb!

Haste not! let no thoughtless deed
Mar for aye the spirit's speed;
Ponder well and know the right,
Onward, then, with all thy might;
Haste not! years can ne'er atone
For one reckless action done.

Rest not! life is sweeping by,
Do and dare before you die;
Something mighty and sublime
Leave behind to conquer time!
Glorious 'tis to live for aye,
When these forms have passed away.

Haste not! rest not! calmly wait;
Meekly bear the storms of fate!
Duty be thy polar guide—
Do the right whate'er betide!
Haste not! rest not! conflicts past,
God shall crown thy work at last.

MOTTO for infantry on the march—
"These are times that try men's soles."

THE Southern cross the South may fix,
When we have made them *cross* the *Styx*.

SAMUEL WILSON, JR.

THE GARDEN.

How charming is Nature,
In bright and fresh June!
These newly-born blossoms
Our prairies attune.

With tenderest emotion
We see them arrayed—
The meek and the splendid,
In sunshine and shade.

They smile on us sweetly—
They whisper in June;
If loving we meet them,
With us they commune.

Of God's truth and goodness
The fair garden tells,
Through soft eyes of violets,
And pure lily bells. LAUREL.

THE WHITE RABBIT.

BY SOPHIE MAY.

WILLY SHAW and Edward Snow were very good friends, as boys count friendship. They never had but one quarrel, and that is the very thing I shall proceed to tell you about. In the first place, a white rabbit did the mischief, a dear little creature, as innocent as a blanc-mange mold and as timid as a—hare.

The boys were both spending vacation in the country, and being only eight years old, you may know that they were nearly crazy with delight.

"Look here, John," said Willy to the "hired man," "aint it jolly that Eddy's grandmother and my grandmother happened to be born in the very same town?"

"It bates all the quare things as iver I heered on," answered Irish John with a broad smile, "and I've been thinkin' to meself as how ye both needs to take home somethin' to remimber the old place by!"

"I want a little sheep, you know," said Willy, "but Uncle Joe says we've no place to put it in. I suppose," added he, looking rather cross, "mother wouldn't let it stay in the back-room."

"I don't much belave she would," laughed good-natured John. "Little sheeps is better off oot o' doors, where they can freesk aboot. But don't ye fret, my little mon, I've made up my mind to give you my rabbits to kape."

"What! not the beautiful white one, too?"

"That's jist what 'tis I mane, ov coorse; only you must jist be as tinder ov 'em as if they was birds, remimber that, and fade 'em, and kape em in the cage."

John was very kind indeed, but he made one mistake: he forgot to say which of the boys should have the white rabbit. The brown one was very respectable, but "Snowdrop was really beautiful, and as plump and white as a snow-ball, with pink eyes that glowed like precious stones.

"Poh!" said both the boys, "who cares which is which? I'm sure *I* don't! I reckon if we keep 'em in one cage it's all the same anyhow."

The cage was taken home safely, for Uncle Joe attended to it; and for awhile everything went on smoothly. It was a very interesting sight to watch the rabbits nibbling the vegetables which their little masters brought them. They appeared to enjoy every morsel, but were certainly no happier than the boys, who looked on with the liveliest admiration.

As the cage was Willy's, and kept in his mother's clothes-yard, it followed that Willy saw more of the rabbits and had more care of them than Eddy.

But, alas! one day, when he left them out for a frolic, a vicious dog leaped over the fence, worried their little palpitating hearts almost out of their bodies, and before Willy could get them safely back into the cage, had bitten off the beautiful white rabbit's white tail!

It was almost too much to be endured, and Willy revenged himself on the dog by giving him a good beating—or it would have been a good beating if it had only hit the dog; but after the first stroke the rogue was off; and run after him and flourish his sister's riding-whip as hard as he might, Willy only beat the air; and just as he was becoming almost frantic, the dog

turned a corner, and that was the last seen of him. But that was not the last *thought* about him, or *said* about him, by a great deal, and if he was a dog that cared anything about his reputation, how his ears must have burned!

Both the boys were distressed at sight of their white rabbit, which they said was a good little loyalist wounded by a mean old gorilla; for Willy was sure the dog was a rebel and a spy, and looked as if it ought to belong to Jeff. Davis.

But Eddy could not help saying:

"If it had been *me*, I shouldn't have let the dog come near."

Then Willy had to answer, "Well, I didn't mean to, and you know it, and I wish you'd hush up!"

Of course, when Eddy was told to "hush up," he only talked so much the more; and you know the beginning of strife is like the letting in of water—by-and-by it comes in a flood, and then there is no stopping it.

"If it had been old Brownie, I shouldn't have cared," said Eddy, trying to be provoking, "but *my* Snowdrop! I say it's a shame!"

"*Your* Snowdrop! what are you talking about?" cried Willy; "I s'pose you know John is *my* grandfather's hired man, don't you? And I reckon you'd never have *seen* a rabbit if it hadn't 'a been for me!"

Then the flood of words began to pour in, and ran so high that it drowned all the boys' ideas of right and wrong, and all their friendship for each other.

The very next day Brownie, as they called her, got her foot caught in a fox-trap, and was lamed for life.

Eddy had scorned to call Brownie his own when she was a perfect rabbit and in good condition; but now, out of spite, he ransacked the attic for an old bird-cage, and went in great haste to claim her, "before she got killed dead," he said. He didn't care anything about the old brown thing, but he pitied her."

"Good riddance!" said Willy, "and I don't ever want to see her again!"

"You feel mighty smart because I *let* you keep the white one," cried Eddy, in a rage; "but it won't do you much good now, I can tell you. You see if *something or other* don't happen to her—that's all!"

Foolish words, which kind-hearted Eddy would not have spoken except in anger! But considering the ill-luck which seemed to hang over Willy's things, from his living pets down to his playthings, Eddy might be a true prophet.

Mrs. Shaw trembled, dreading some fresh accident, she could not tell what. The accident came, sooner than any one expected. One morning Willy rushed into the house in great trouble, his face pale and his lips quivering:

"Something ails Snowdrop," gasped he; "I don't know but she is fainting away!"

Fainting away, indeed! She was *dying*, and nobody could save her! All that could be done was to watch the beautiful form stiffen in death, and wonder over and over again what could have killed her.

"Poisoned, I guess," said Willy's father.

"Oh, oh!" screamed Willy, almost beside himself with grief.

"Then Eddy did it! Eddy must have done it!"

"My son," said Mr. Shaw, "think before you speak!"

"Oh, I know he did it," replied Willy, choking down his sobs, "I know it just as well as if I'd seen him! He said he'd see if something or other

didn't happen to Snowdrop! And he said it just as spiteful!"

"Look," said sister Louise, "here is Eddy's green morocco ball. He must have dropped it when he brought the poison."

"Give that ball here to me," said Willy, very much excited. There was no doubt left. He had made up his mind in a hurry, but he had made it up, and was sure who had murdered the rabbit.

Eddy was not at school that day. Willy said, "I didn't *s'pose* he'd dare to come!"

Then he took the ball out of his pocket, looked at it savagely, and told the boys the sad fate of dear little Snowdrop. Everybody was sorry, for Willy was a great favorite; but it is a melancholy fact that a few of the boys were secretly glad of a quarrel between two such good friends, and thought—

"Now Willy will notice the rest of us more, perhaps."

And the boys who had these envious feelings were sure not to stand up for Eddy. They said, "Willy wasn't a bit to blame for getting mad! It was pretty plain who murdered his rabbit!"

It happened that Emma Snow was not at school, and Louisa Shaw called in the afternoon to inquire the reason.

"Oh, don't you know," said Emma, "that Eddy is very sick? He came home from school yesterday noon, and went right to bed. He was out of his head last night, and don't you think," added she, "all he talked about was that Snowdrop, and about being so wicked as to tell Will he wished something would happen to her!"

"Then it's all a wicked mistake about his poisoning the rabbit," thought Louisa, with a pang of remorse, "for he was in the house all the time! But I won't tell Emma what we thought, for how it would make her feel!"

The doctors were afraid Eddy would have brain fever, and Willy hung about the house of his little friend with swollen eyes and a very sad face. He no longer cared about the dead Snowdrop, for what was a rabbit compared with dear little Eddy, who was the best boy that ever lived in the world? "I ought to be whipped till I'm black and blue," thought poor Willy, "for ever s'posin' he would kill a rabbit, when it's as much as ever he could kill a fly!"

As to the ball, when Willy stopped to think, he remembered borrowing it of Eddy, so of course he had been the one to drop it himself when he was feeding the rabbit. Willy was dreadfully ashamed, and decided that he would never, *never* make up his mind again in a hurry.

When Eddy was well again, the boys were better friends than ever "I tell you I took good care of Brownie when you were sick," said Willy.

"So you did," said Eddy, "and you shall have half of her. But wasn't it such a pity about *your* Snowdrop? What do you think killed her?"

"Hemlock, or some such," said Willy, in a low voice. "I *s'pose* I gave her some poison with the cabbage. But I can't bear to think about it; let's talk about something else!"

GREAT TRUTHS IN LITTLE WORDS.

SOME great truths have come down to us in wee-wee words. Let us look at a few of them: "We must sit loose to this world's joys;" as the bird is now and then seen to "stand on the edge of her nest and plume her wings for a flight."

This earth is not our home. We must look with the eye of faith on that bright world which will one day be ours. For this is not our rest. There must be "rain, and hail, and storm in the saint's cloud." "The tent will one day be struck—pin by pin must move." Think it not strange if your cup is not at all times full of joy. God knows you too well—he loves you too well to keep your eyes, now, free from tears, but his own hand will yet wipe them dry. But this will not be till the long night of life is past. Then you will be in heaven, where all will be light, and life, and love. The sun shall then no more be thy light by day nor the moon by night. Blessed are the pure in heart, for they shall see God. Yes, they shall see him, now, on earth, for he will be with his saints here. He will be with them to dwell in their hearts, and walk with them, and be their God.

But in yon bright world they shall see him face to face, and God will be all in all.

Those who have the love of Christ in their hearts are said to be like sun-flowers. They seek the light of the sun when the first blush of morn lights up the sky, and they shrink not from his bright beams when he goes through the heavens, like a strong man to run a race. And when they can no more bathe in his bright tints of gold, they fold their leaves, droop, and fade. Christ is the sun to whose bright rays the eye of faith can turn when all on earth is dark. Like the sun-flower, when the sun is sunk in the west, the soul must droop and die, if Christ does not give it light. May our souls, at all times, bathe in his bright beams, and then we too may shed some light in this dark world. Christ has said to those who love him, "Ye are the light of the world. Let your light shine before men."—*Matt.* v. 16.

LEILA LEE.

SUMMER.

I WISH that it were summer!
How happy I would be,
When I could see the running brook,
The flowers on the lea!

When I could while my hours away
Beneath some shady tree,
In reading and in sewing,
How great my joys would be!

When I could see the little birds,
As they flit round and round,
Or singing on some leafy tree,
Or hopping on the ground.

But now it is cold winter,
And snow is on the ground—
No little flowers are to be seen,
No birds are to be found.

But summer now will soon be here,
With all its joys serene;
Then happy will the hours be,
Brighter than these, I ween.

DOWN EAST GIRL.

Merry's Monthly Chat with his Friends.

NEARLY half the year has gone—this number makes up the half dozen. Judging from the remarks of the Chatterers, we have had a pretty good time together so far, and the prospect ahead is equally pleasant. Old friends do not grow weary, and the number of new ones is increasing. There is plenty of room for more, and there are thousands more who would come in, if you should describe to them the pleasant times enjoyed in the circle. Between this and July 1st will be an excellent opportunity to procure new subscribers. With some effort many of you could obtain the microscope or some other of the valuable premiums offered. The subscriptions of many expire with the present month. We hope for *prompt* renewal. It will be pleasanter for them and for us. The steel engraving of Robert Merry will be sent to all who send their dollar in advance.

May 7, 1863.

DEAR UNCLE MERRY:—For the first time in two months I have a few minutes' leisure in which to write you a few lines. I am expecting three Merrys to see me to-night, unless the weather prevent them from coming. Who is "Eugene," Uncle? A resident of our city? A. N., I should like to see your carte. I imagine I know who you are.

Juliette, why don't you write to Uncle. Aunt Sue has introduced you. Jasper, please forgive me for not answering your letter. I will try to soon. By-the-by, Uncle, please send me Jasper's address. Did you forward my letter to Fleta? I have never heard from it, so I conclude it has been mislaid. Love to Winnie and Nell, from JOSIE.

"Eugene" was Uncle Merry's "right-hand man" in the MUSEUM office, and wrote the names of the subscribers on their numbers or wrappers for several years previous to the commencement of the war. He was one of the many faithful and good boys who, with brave hearts and pure devoted patriotism, sprung to arms at the first call of their country to defend the flag of the free against foul treason and rebellion.

Enlisting as a private in the Brooklyn 14th, he was in the first battle of Bull Run, and received several bullet-holes in his clothes; he has worked his way up to the position of first lieutenant in Company C, 131st Regiment N. Y. S. V., and is now with our favorite general, N. P. Banks, in his triumphant march through Louisiana.

He is one of the Merry boys, and his *c. de v.* can be seen in the Merry Album. May God bless and preserve all our "Merry" soldiers.

PROSPECT PLACE, WEST HARTFORD, CT., *April*, 1863.

DEAR UNCLE MERRY:—You say "what a long *tale* our *chat's got!*" but I'm sure the cousins don't think it too long—would rather have it longer. I for one would, and am sorry that Uncle William has invented his "*double*-back-action-high-pressure-condensatory-*manipulator*," if it takes away half a dozen of the best letters. Does *Fleta* (queen) sympathize with "Copperheadism" in Connecticut? I *hope not.*

I *want* to ask more questions, but *keep thinking* that *that machine*, with its "*crowded* hopper *too full*," will "kerr clickety crunch" them all to pieces, and the Merry cousins never get them. Well, *if* this is used so, I will try to bear it like a hero.

But in this, my *first letter* for the Chat—must heed the motto, "*be short*," so good-bye, from CARLOS.

Uncle Robert keeps an eye on the "machine," to see that some of our new cousins are not all "cut to pieces." After you get used to the process it will be much easier to bear. Come again and try.

GREEN POINT, *April* 30, 1863.

DEAR UNCLES, AUNT, AND COUSINS:—I have had a long but straight flight, and

have at last landed in your midst, where I hope you will allow me to remain. As you see, I am a Green Pointer, though I have a *golden* point, and I wish to assure you not very sharp. It was through the active energies of Cousin Irving that I was shot into your ranks, and I thank him for it. Uncle, I hope you will secure me a good seat, for I should not like to stand up, and that seat I will endeavor to keep. Dear cousins, please remember me as the "GOLDEN ARROW."

DEAR MERRYS:—I have long wished to become a member of the Chat. I suppose the first thing to do is to get acquainted with some of the cousins, that is, introduce one's self.

Brown-Eyes, have you time to visit a friend? if so, just ride one of your ponies and we will have some gay times in the saddle, for that is my favorite way of riding.

Jasper, Tommy, and all the rest of the brave and gallant Merrys who are fighting for their country's flag, you have my best wishes for your health and safety during your term of service.

MONITOR.

Who will try to make the first impression on this hard-shell?

CONNECTICUT, *April* 22, 1863.

Flibbertigibbet, I was glad to see your letter in the April number. Nannie Nightingale, do. A. N., one would think to read your letter that you had been slighted.

Josie, I like you, and should very much like to see you, or your *carte de visite*.

Marian, your letters are short and sweet.

Wilforley, I have seen your photo. What made you look so cross when it was taken? Did you ever live in Birmingham, Conn.? Love to all.

FORESTINA.

SARATOGA SPRINGS, *April* 30.

UNCLES:—You may all consider yourselves initiated as to the meaning of those mysterious letters, as I fear that any more such guesses would silence us. Terrible girls, indeed, I think you drew that inference when contemplating the war which Winifred and Saucy Nell have raised in our hitherto peaceful parlor; but as that epithet does not of right belong to us, I make my protest against it.

I am glad that Wanderer acknowledges the superiority of "True Genius," and am much obliged to him for "front seats reserved."

Cousins, I have been down to New York lately, made two calls at 111 Fulton Street, and had an excellent opportunity each time of examining that famous Merry Album. Some few of the faces looked familiar, and they all seemed so friendly that I felt an earnest desire to become personally acquainted. It is possible that some of the Merry cousins may visit Saratoga this season, and if so, they must not forget that I am Merry as well as themselves, and if they will call upon me we will have our Merry-ment together.

MARIAN.

We thought we could guess out T. G. I. in time.

IN CAMP NEAR FALMOUTH, VA., *April*, 1863.

DEAR UNCLE MERRY:—To-night is the first time I have occupied my tent since the second battle of Fredericksburg Heights, in which I participated, but, thank Providence, was uninjured.

Winnie, have you positively determined you *will not* be queen? Only say we *may*, and we *will* crown you. "Where there's a will there's a way," and there are several "Wills" in the case, you know.

Blue-Eyes, I have presented my bill, and your note promising to pay at sight is protested. Face the music quick, or, with Fleta, *I* will have "dun" with you.

Dan. H. B., your *carte* reached me a few nights ago, just before the battle. Thanks for your favors. "I owe you one."

Lucy W. C., you pronounce A. N. feminine. I have always supposed him a boy. Correct me, Uncle, if I'm wrong.

Leslie, how goes the battle? Uncle Merry thinks the shells which are "buss'd" in our parlor, hurt nobody—they have a sort of accommodating explosion. Not so with our shells here! Girls, all of you who have a spare *c. de v.* remember

OLIVER ONLEY.

We all join in thanks for Oliver's safety. We can not spare even one Onley.

HOME, *April* 15, 1863.

UNCLE MERRY:—How is it you allow this war about Queens, etc., to go on in the Chat? I thought you were President,

and Uncle Hi Vice-President of all the "Merrycans." Are you getting so old you can not fulfill the duties of "said office?" Oh! Uncle, if you are going to give up the position, please do not put up a Queen for ruler; she will make us all of the sterner sex. "Kiss her against our will." But—"kerr clickety crunch"—whew—it's that *manipulator;* if that sees me, I'm "*did*" for. Down with Queens, says IRVING.

DEAR COUSINS:—I am ready to pitch in, as somebody suggested. Queen Winifred, may I have the honor of being one of your maids of honor?

Jim, I am a Baltimorean. Winnie and Minerva, I will come to see you both soon, on my enchanted horse. Won't some of the cousins exchange *c. de v.* Love to all, especially the soldier boys.

HEARTSEASE.

Send *c. de v.* to Uncle Robert.

CHICAGO, *May* 5, 1863.

If there *is* to be a Queen—why, Fleta forever! Not all the "Leslies" in the MUSEUM Chat should ever change our mind on that! Of course A. N., Minerva, and others, we are Republicans, but the cry is, "a Queen," and as Uncle Merry is Jupiter, he must satisfy the frogs. Oh, no! that simile won't do, for then Fleta would have to be a *log!* Fleta, I beg your pardon, and, cousins, yours too.

Fred W. C. C., I like to be congratulated—also to know what for.

Flibbertigibbet, Nannie N., I have not forgotten you; welcome back. Shall be happy to receive your *carte*, "Flib." A. E. D., Box 5796, Chicago—that address, with the assurance of an exchange, was given months ago, and I have not more than fifteen *cartes.*

Cora Alden, if "you would like to know me," why don't you?

Oliver, it really is quite refreshing to have you back again. So you are in the Potomac army; may you infuse some of your spirit therein!

Blue-Eyes, I demand an explanation. I don't like being hung, even though it be by a matrimonial noose.

Finished those socks, Jasper? Yes, long ago, and sent them off to some one else? Does my picture console you for the loss?

Alice Clayton, are "some more" taken?

Julia E., I promise it won't be difficult, if you have the inclination.

J. Jingle, I'm ready when you are.

ANNIE E. DRUMMOND.

DEAR UNCLE WILLIAM:—Please do not frown—that is, if you ever do frown—at the sight of a strange face seeking admittance into a parlor already full to overflowing, for I am not a new comer, but an old friend, *unmasked.* Besides this, I have a special reason for liking you, and should be sorry indeed to have you look otherwise than most kindly upon me.

Marion, I like you; may we not be friends?

Wilforley, I know something—guess what.

Please, Uncle, give my love to all the Merrys, from our loving Winnie even down to pugnacious Dan.

BESS ANNA.

Where's our guessing cap, our spectacles, our telescope, and all other helps to see and discover? Please name that special reason.

WAYNESBORO', *April*, 1863.

DEAR UNCLE MERRY:—I have been a reader of the MUSEUM for over a year, and I am truly delighted with it. I should have written long ago, but I was ashamed of my *fat* name. Now, girls, don't laugh so. I imagine I hear Winifred exclaiming, What an *obese* biped?

Dan H. Burnham, you and I must bear some relation to each other, for you are the "Ham" and I the "*Speck.*"

And cousins all, if any of you would like to have a "spec" on paper, I will willingly exchange with you.

C. F. SPECK.

Thanks for the *c's de v.* Jasper was duly forwarded. Don't be afraid. Specs are in demand, as Wilforley will testify.

TEMPLE GROVE, *April*, 1863.

COUSINS:—Leslie unblushingly asserts that the "green monster" has been "hugging" me. I have always supposed that "*green* monsters" were confined to that part of the State that Leslie "hails" from, and am now fully convinced of it.

Oh! Uncle, how could you? just as though I needed a *Snowdrop* by me to keep me cool.

Welcome back, Nannie Nightingale! Where have you kept yourself so long? I'm afraid you're inclined to the *mis*chievous Bob O'Link.

Yes, Leslie, your "escutcheon" would make very good *batter!* SAUCY NELL.

ADDISON, *April* 11, 1863.

UNCLE MERRY:—Please assign me a seat in some corner beside Hattie Lee, where we can have plenty of fun.

H. L., I have a real aunt and some real cousins in Brooklyn, and I may be down upon you some time before you think of it.

Wanderer, Osceola, and Hattie Lee, your *c's de v.* were gratefully received. I agree with Wilforley in regard to Wanderer's looks.

Uncle Hi, Saucy Nell, Daisy Wildwood, and Fleta, please exchange with me.

Tommy, may you be more fortunate in your enterprise than Dan.

Winifred, doesn't T. G. I. mean Talkative Girl's Intelligencer?

DOWN EAST GIRL.

May, 1863.

MERRYS:—This is to certify (thanks to the manipulator), that I have been curta(i)led, but am still too large to appear all at one time. This is enough (*vide* 446) for once. FRED W. C. C.

DEAR UNCLE:—I suppose the "softer sex," as we are generally termed, may be allowed the privilege of voting, mayn't we? Well, I think Fleta Forrester will make as good a Queen as we can have.

Tell Cousin Agnes I have received her letter, and shall answer it very soon.

Annie E. D., and Josie, will you exchange *cartes* with me? So Pertine has taken "this man to be her wedded husband!" Fleta is about to follow her example! and I fear we shall be losing Wilforley from the Merry circle, if all that I hear be true. So Cross-Eyed Bill thinks we'd better have a King, too, does he? Well, I think Jasper would make a "splendid" one, don't you, Uncle?

Will Cousin May C. exchange *cartes* also? ALICE CLAYTON.

Look out for a buzz, if you hand secrets around in that fashion. As to the "King," we'll none of it; no reigns in our parlor—only sunshine and daughter-*shines*.

NEWARK, N. J., *May* 7, 1863.

DEAR UNCLES:—After waiting for four weeks, hoping to receive *c's de v.* from one or more of the cousins, and all in vain, I have concluded to write once more, requesting the speedy sending of the photos. I have since been informed that the *c. de v.* of the person writing must be first sent. If this is true, please let me know, and I will send mine at the earliest opportunity. As I am but a new contributor to your MUSEUM, I am not well versed in the customs and manners for carrying it on.

With much love to yourself and Aunt Sue, believe me your affectionate niece,

JUANITA.

Somebody must send *c. de v.* first—why not you? Please also send your address.

Wilforley, I have seen your *carte*, and like you very much. Please explain the P. G. question, won't you? I hear some other of the Merry cousins asking the same favor. Have you got Nina Gordon's *carte de visite?* You hail from Stamford, do you, Forestina? Why don't you hail oftener?

Lochiel, I hope you will be my friend, won't you? CAP DAVIS.

P. G. stands for pretty girls. It has been standing a long time, and ought to be *set*-tled. The way to work it is to send two *cartes*—one for each Uncle, and they will see what locality takes the honors.

Extracted Essences.

SATAN!—Get behind us, and find a new name. Jay wishes to sit by Vera Lee. He and Bob O'Link shall have a perch together. He would like Fred Warren's photo.

MRS. P.—Greenbacks we will take at par in any quantity.

ELLA.—"Try again." Perhaps the manipulator will get dull. Send *c. de v.* to Uncle Robert, and let him be the judge on the P. G. question.

ARTHUR B. SANFORD.—Certainly.

Aunt Sue's Puzzle Drawer.

LINA (*Carrie T. Warner*) takes the prize for the greatest number of correct answers to the April puzzles. It being the third prize she has won, I suppose we may say "Good-bye, *Lina.*"

Questions, Enigmas, Charades, etc.

503. My first is not so often doled
To beggar sad or urchin bold,
As when the full amount in gold
Was paid for paper one might hold.
My second is a rank extolled
As beings of superior mold,
With virtues rare and manifold,
When they by toadies are cajoled.
A rank not made through ballots polled,
By freeman legally enrolled.
My whole—a fragrant plant—is sold
In parcels small to grannies old,
Who in their early life were told
'Twill "check a fever—cure a cold." *Blanche.*

504. On this green, grassy ball of a structure, called Earth,
I have dwelt unregarded for many long years,
And none more attached to the land of their birth,
More deep in its pleasures, its griefs, and its fears.
I sport 'mid the waves of ocean and sea,
Or rest on the banks of some flowery glade,
Or join with the fairies who dance on the lea,
Or play in the checkers of sunshine and shade.
But still I'm intent in my welfare, I trust, [given.
And not to vain, empty frivolity
When I come to the end of all time, as I must,
I am safe in the hope of a dwelling in heaven. *Jim.*

505. Change my head several times, and make (1) an animal, (2) a temple, (3) a reed, (4) a foreigner, (5) a girl's name, (6) a mischief, (7) a narrow street, (8) to decrease, (9) a kind of index, (10) something found in most houses, and (11) what I hope you all are. *Forestina.*

506. My first's a nickname for a male,
My next a part of every tale;
My third will often cause affright,
Though sometimes it will give delight;
My whole is something that will make
More happiness to give than take.
A. Older.

507. My first the Merrys all enjoy; my second is a nickname; my whole may be found in the woods.
Gipsy.

508. Transpose a boy's name into a word meaning to overthrow.
Geo. T. McKinney.

509. I make a great deal of noise, and am useful in the world; but decapitate me, and I do a great deal of mischief. *M. E. D.*

510. All O. (Answer this in five words; what is it?) *Aunt R.*

511. Out of what word of one syllable containing seven letters can you make nine different parts of speech? *A. S.*

512. Behead a household article, and leave what may be in it. *A. S.*

513. Behead an animal, and leave what it surely had. *A. S.*

514. Behead some animals, and leave what they like to eat. *A. S.*

515. Behead a theme for poets, and leave what many like to do in it. *A. S.*

516. Behead what is found in many a title-deed, and leave that which detected it *A. S.*

517. Transpose an opponent into inaction. *Bertha*

518. I am a word of five syllables: my first is a boy's or girl's nickname; my second and third form (in sound) a girl's name; my fourth and fifth comprise a great number; my whole is deceiving. *Clementina*

519. Behead a metal, and leave a disease. *Louise.*

520 My first is a title; my second and third are pronouns; my whole is part of a country.
Fred W. C. C.

521. My first all the Merry cousins have; my second is a pronoun; my third is a verb; and my whole a name. *Birdie.*

ANAGRAMS.

522. If I am not —— come *at me, Peter!* *Tommy.*

523. Do you know that there was a *cat in Tyre* for a ——? *Fred W. C. C.*

524. *Reel belting* might be used by a ——. *Mary A. E.*

525. —— sometimes *tear lions.* *Hawthorne.*

526. A —— may *ride still.* *H. A. Danker.*

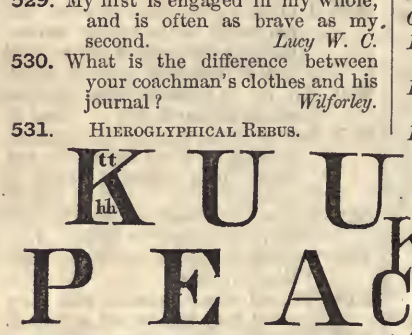
527. *I do least* good to others when ——. *Mary A. E.*

528. I am a word of four syllables; my first and second is the name of an ancient tower; my third is an intelligent animal; my fourth is a nickname for girl or boy; and my whole is the name of a strait. *French Buckeye.*

529. My first is engaged in my whole, and is often as brave as my second. *Lucy W. C.*

530. What is the difference between your coachman's clothes and his journal? *Wilforley.*

531. HIEROGLYPHICAL REBUS.



(*Answers to the foregoing puzzles must be sent in on or before the 10th of July.*)

Answers to Questions in April No.

444. Words.

445. Impudent.

446. One hug, enough.

447. Mendenhall.

448. Gingham.

449. Drupe, prude.

450. Boat, oat, boa.

451 Fin, din, hin, win, tin, sin, pin, gin, kin, bin.

452. Mandrake.

453. Table, able.

454. Matapan.

455. Natural History.

456. Friendship between virtuous persons is inviolable.

457. Sewing machine.

458. Adirondack.

459. Luxury.

460. A tomato.

461. Southern Confederacy.

462. Uncle William.

463. Homely Face.

464. Trowel, rowel.

465. Brim, rim.

466. Shovel, hovel, love.

467. The *warden warned Andrew* not to *wander.*

468. He who places confidence in all persons will shortly confide in nobody. (Hew hop lace S C on F I dents in awl purse on swill short L y C on F I D E in no body.)

LINA answers all but 446, 468.

Clementina answers all but 446, 467, 468.

D. P. & W. W. W. answer all but 446, 447, 455, 468.

Louisa Dolbeer answers all but 449, 455, 464, 467, 468.

Fred W. C. C. answers all but 446, 447, 449, 455, 467.

A. P. T. answers all but 446, 447, 455, 467, 468.

Amity Street answers all but 446, 447, 456, 467, 468.

Nedloh answers all but 446, 447, 456, 467, 468.

W. C. C. answers all but 446, 447, 449, 456, 467, 468.

A. S. W. answers all but 446, 447, 455, 456, 467, 468.

C. W. J. answers all but 445, 446, 447, 464, 467, 468.

Heber answers all but 446, 447, 456, 460, 467, 468.

Ned W. answers all but 445, 447, 449, 460, 464, 465, 468.

W. E. & Juanita answer all but 446, 449, 451, 455, 456, 467, 468.

Merrimac answers all but 446, 449, 450, 455, 456, 467, 468.

Ellian answers all but 446, 448, 450, 458, 463, 467, 468.

Forestina answers all but 445, 446, 447, 452, 455, 456, 468.

Birdie answers all but 445, 446, 448, 449, 463, 467, 468.

Jeannie M. answers all but 445, 446, 447, 455, 456, 460, 467, 468.

Willie W. Perry answers all but 445, 446, 447, 448, 456, 459, 467, 468.

Mercury answers all but 445, 446, 447, 448, 452, 456, 460, 468.

Fiddlesticks answers all but 446, 447, 448, 449, 456, 459, 464, 467, 468.

Sam T. K. answers all but 445, 446, 447, 449, 454, 455, 456, 460, 467, 468.

Anna & Monica answer all but 445, 446, 447, 449, 452, 454, 455, 456, 464, 467, 468.

Jim answers all but 445, 446, 447, 448, 449, 455, 456, 458, 464, 467, 468.

Down East Girl answers 448, 450, 451, 452, 453, 454, 459, 461, 463, 465, 466.

A. R. M. answers 444, 447, 451, 453, 454, 459, 460, 461, 462, 463, 466.

E. answers 444, 446, 450, 453, 457, 458, 461, 462, 463, 465, 466.

John C. F. answers 444, 450, 451, 453, 454, 457, 458, 459, 461, 462, 466.

F. H. H. answers 444, 453, 454, 455, 457, 458, 459, 461, 462, 463.

Golden Arrow answers 444, 450, 453, 457, 459, 461, 462, 463, 465, 466.

Lillie A. & Hattie C. answer 444, 453, 454, 457, 458, 461, 462, 463.

Flibbertigibbet answers 444, 450, 452, 461, 462, 463, 466.

Juliette answers 449, 454, 457, 458, 461, 462, 463.

Arthur B. S. & Union Boy answer 444, 453, 459, 462, 463.

Monitor answers 453, 457, 461, 462, 463.

Heartsease answers 457, 461, 462, 463.

F. A. S. & J. S. answer 453, 457, 462, 463.

G. F. P. answers 450, 464.

E. A. R. answers 444, 462.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

A. I.—If you write to the Chat in the same "soul of wit" style as you write to me, you need not fear the "basket" or the hatchet.

Orvie.—Did you read the ungracious paragraph on page 128—the last one?

Wilforley.—The "Keokuk couldn't get past Fort Sumter because something happened to deter it (de turret)." Ha! ha! No—you need not return it. Do you want me to show you the door?

Wanderer.—The "favor" shall be duly "noticed." I should like to say something about your last correspondent, but I am bound over to keep the peace.

Clementina.—Your answer to 446 ("An embrace, bear menace") would have been good, but for the extra e.

G. F. P.—Consider yourself "one of the Merrys" from this time forth.

W. E.—A very good beginning.

Monitor.—The words you describe are all admissible in hieroglyphics. There is no arbitrary rule about the matter; a "girl" sometimes stands for "her," a "boy" for "he." I consider those rebuses the best wherein the words are run together, as in No. 468.

D. P. & W. W. W.—I can not tell how many of your puzzles I have "on hand" without sorting over the entire stock, and that would be no easy task.

Farrand Bacon.—The anagram you send has often been published. Is the *puzzle*, accompanying it, original?

Merrimac would like to see the *cartes de visite* of *Clementina* and *Minx*, as "those two girls" have puzzled him more than any other of the cousins.

Fanny H.—You are very welcome, dear, to the Merry circle, but you surely couldn't have read the last paragraph on page 128, when you sent your last "peace-offering."

Amity Street.—I *did* live at "82 Remsen Street, three doors east of Henry Street," but I left there the first day of May last. Thanks to "Katie" for kind messages.

Louisa Dolbeer.—I shall try and wait patiently, even as I desire people to be patient with me.

Heber.—I quite agree with you on the "Poppenburgh" question.

Ella would like to exchange *cartes de visite* with the cousins, though she modestly suggests that the advantage would be all hers. I am more than satisfied with *my* bargain, Ella—many thanks. "Love" me just "as much as you can;" it does me good to be loved!

A. R. M.—Your letters must be directed properly, as they reach me safely.

Grasshopper & Orange Blossom.—Where are my *cartes de visite?*

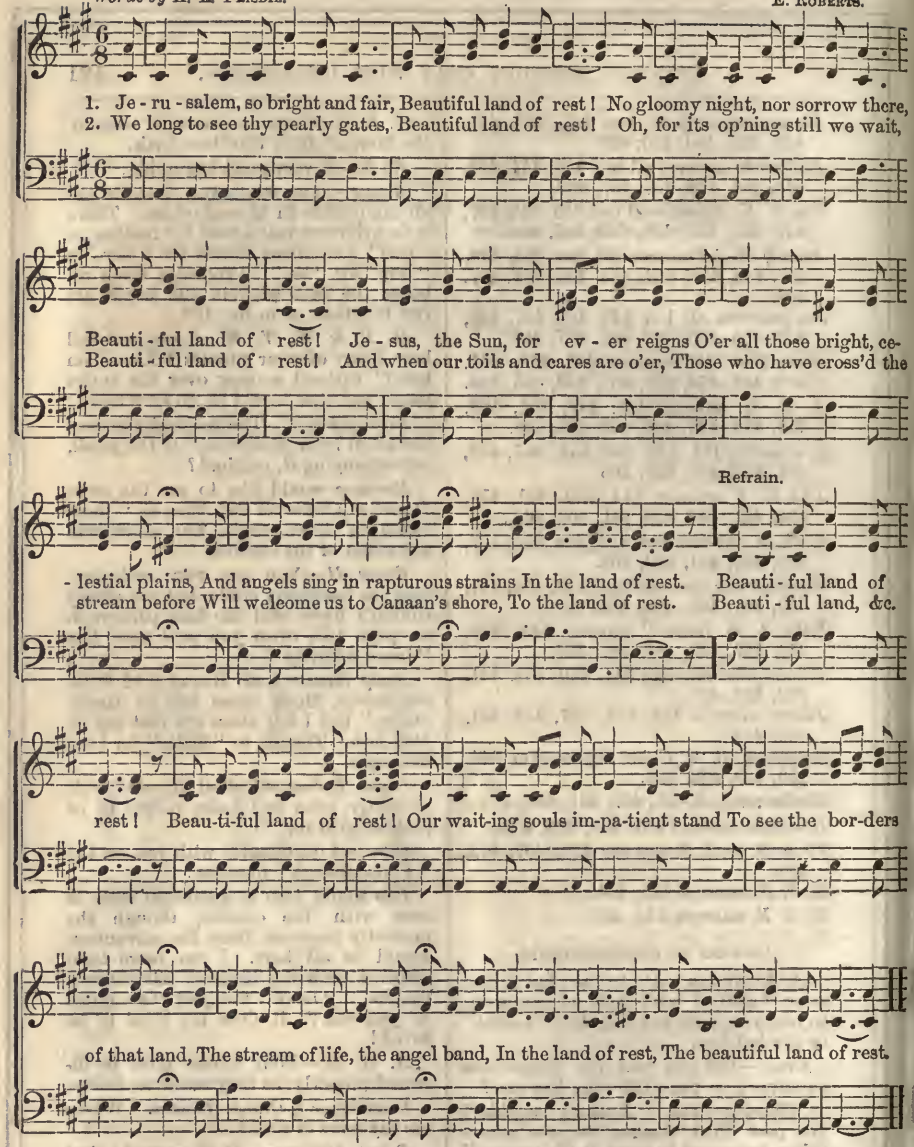
Robert Dickerson.—It *is* correct; but don't give it up with just 480.

Hattie C. and *Lillie A.* send their love to uncles, aunt, and cousins.

Thanks for enigmas, etc., to *Monitor*, *Birdie*, *W. E.*, *Golden Arrow*, *Merrimac*, *Rose-Bud No. 2*, *Sam T. K.*, *Down East Girl*, *Arthur B. S.*, *Mary A. E. Alpha*, *Juanita*, *W. C. C.*, *Amity Street*, *A. P. T.*, and *Heber*.

BEAUTIFUL LAND OF REST.*

Words by H. L. Frisbie. E. Roberts.


1. Je - ru - salem, so bright and fair, Beautiful land of rest! No gloomy night, nor sorrow there,
2. We long to see thy pearly gates, Beautiful land of rest! Oh, for its op'ning still we wait,
Beauti - ful land of rest! Je - sus, the Sun, for ev - er reigns O'er all those bright, ce-
Beauti - ful land of rest! And when our toils and cares are o'er, Those who have cross'd the
Refrain.
- lestial plains, And angels sing in rapturous strains In the land of rest. Beauti - ful land of
stream before Will welcome us to Canaan's shore, To the land of rest. Beauti - ful land, &c.
rest! Beau-ti-ful land of rest! Our wait-ing souls im-pa-tient stand To see the bor-ders
of that land, The stream of life, the angel band, In the land of rest, The beautiful land of rest.

3.

Our waiting heart with rapture beats,
Beautiful land of rest!
When shall we walk thy golden streets,
Beautiful land of rest!
We're marching onward, staff in hand,
Toward that holy, happy land,
And soon we'll meet the pilgrim band
In the land of rest.

Chorus. Beautiful land, &c.

4.

Unto the river's banks we've come,
Beautiful land of rest!
Each moment brings us nearer home,
Beautiful land of rest!
There millions who've the viet'ry found,
Have laid their cross and armor down;
Still we are striving for the crown
In the land of rest.

Chorus. Beautiful land, &c.

* From the "Sabbath-School Hosanna." By permission. Copyright secured.

JESSIE AND HER FAWN.

BRIGHT blue-bells are nodding
  Above the clear brook,
Sweet daisies bespangle
  The soft velvet nook;
But dearer to Jessie
  Than daisy or dell,
Is the musical tinkle
  Of Brightie's clear bell.

Over meadow and hillside,
  Through forest or glade,
Wherever sweet Jessie
  In merry mood strayed,
The bell of the white fawn
  Was sure to be heard,
As the shadow to follow
  The flight of a bird.

Why was it that Jessie
  Loved Brightie so well,
As he came with a bound
  At the call of her shell?
While with neck proudly arched
  He would questioning stand,
And then hasten to drink
  From the cup in her hand,

Or steal from her coyly
The fresh grasses sweet,
Which she brought in her apron
For Brightie to eat?

Not *alone* for his beauty,
The magical grace
Of his free agile step,
Or his soft sunny face.
But if you will listen,
I'll hasten and tell
How it happened that Jessie
Loved Brightie so well.

On the banks of a stream,
Near the edge of a wood,
Many long years ago,
A brown log-cabin stood.
From its little square windows
No house could be seen,
Only far distant hills,
And the river between;
And tall, wide-spreading trees,
From their own humble door
Leading on to the forest
That stretched just before.

And though often at night,
When the cabin was still,
Might be heard the sweet song
Of the lone whip-poor-will,
There were *sometimes* such noises
As birds never make,
Strange cries that might cause
Timid bosoms to quake.

The brave "settler" that hither
Had chosen to roam,
Was the father of Jessie,
And this was her home.
And dear to his heart
Was the brave little girl,
With her sweet gipsy face
And her long golden curl.

Many days that seemed dark
Would much darker have been,
Were it not for the sunbeams
Her bright face called in.

Did her mother feel sad,
When her home left behind
Rose in contrast to this,
Till the tears made her blind?
She but wiped them away
To look up and espy
Some sweet token that love
Still lingered close by.

From the white china cup,
On the stand by her side,
Fair "wind flowers" would whisper,
"I'm fit for a bride."
And the perfume of violets,
Straw-colored and white,
Would with blushing sweet-brier
Their fragrance unite.
While the open-mouthed chimney
Looked gay as a queen,
With its pink laurel blossoms
And dark evergreen.
And within the low casement
Some full blooming spray
Of the wild yellow rose
Would be coaxed on its way.

Jessie's dark eyes would glisten
Full oft as she heard
Some tale by the fireside
That every pulse stirred.
But no visions of panthers,
With wild glaring eyes,
No fear that grim Bruin
Her path might surprise,
Could stay her light footstep
As daily she sought
The wood where her father
In loneliness wrought.

With her basket, containing
The dinner for two,
'Twas her pleasure to wander
The button-woods through.
And no meal was so nice
As the lunch they would eat—
A log for a table,
As well as a seat.

One day as she rambled
More slowly along,
Now watching a squirrel
The oak-boughs among,
Or choosing a tea-set
From acorn cups brown,
Or tossing up sticks
To bring button-balls down,
She found she had wandered
Far out of her way,
And no path could she find
But still led her astray.

From the sun, she felt sure
It was long after noon,
Yet she still plodded on
Half humming a tune,
As if she would say
To herself, "Never fear,
The sound of his axe
Will soon reach my ear."

She opened her basket
And took out a pie—
It was not *good alone*,
So she said, "by-and-by."
And wearily, fearfully
Sped on her way,
Till clouds and tall trees
Seemed to shut out the day.

She dared not to call,
  Lest some wild beast should hear,
And the sound of her footstep
  Affrighted her ear.
When, lo! as she listened,
  Most surely she heard
A strange rustle near,
  But she spoke not nor stirred.

It might be a "wild cat,"
  Just ready to spring,
Or it must be a wolf,
  Or *some* terrible thing.
But no—a low humming,
  A half-suppressed song,
And a curious tapping
  The thick leaves among.

She rose up on tip-toe
  And peered all around,
When not far before her
  She spied on the ground
An object so curious
  That all her fear fled—
'Twas a moving plaid blanket
  Of scarlet and red;
It swayed back and forth,
  And it moved up and down,
And something beside it
  Gleamed bright as a crown.

Then a little brown hand
  Seized and shook something queer,
And threw in a basket
  Of birch, lying near—
"I shan't be afraid," said the brave
    little maid;
So Jessie sprang up, and with clear
    voice she said,
"Who's here in the forest where I've
    come to play—
With a red-and-black blanket, and
    working away?"

Her fawn never turned at the sound
    of her shell
So quick as the knife from the strange
    brown hand fell,
And the dark eyes that flashed from a
    quickly turned face
Filled Jessie with wonder and sudden
    amaze.
Like a startled gazelle she arose with
    a bound,
Seized the basket of wild roots that
    lay on the ground,
And started with footsteps as swift as
    the deer,
The calls of poor Jessie not seeming
    to hear,
Then, turned, and looked back, and
    with shy step drew near.

"Who are you?" said Jessie, "and
    don't be afraid;
I'm only a poor little wood-'wildered
    maid,
And I can't find my way if alone I
    thus roam;
Pray, where do live?—is the forest
    your home?"

"I'll show you my home if you'll
    just come with me,
We will not go far till its smoke you
    shall see,
The smoke that curls up through the
    tall tulip-tree."

"But I wanted to get to my father,
    you know,
With his dinner to him I was trying
    to go,
And I never before got bewildered so."

"My name is Swift-wing, but I can't
    take you there,
For the forest is wide, and black
    clouds fill the air;
But come to our hut and partake its
    best fare,
And to-morrow will Strong-heart re-
    turn you with care."

Poor Jessie! the Indian girl *might* be
    true,

And her wild forest home give safe shelter, she knew;
Yet she *might* be made captive—what *then* should she do?

Swift-wing read her thought with a glance of her eye;
"The white girl is afraid—she is tempted to fly—
She had better trust Swift-wing—no harm shall come nigh."

Jessie put out her hand, though her voice trembled still,
"You have asked me to trust you, and, Swift-wing, I will;"
So the two walked along till the smoke through the wood
Pointed out where the hut 'neath the tulip-tree stood.

'Twas a strange scene to Jessie, but bravely she bore
The keen glance of Strong-heart, who sat by his door,
And listened to Swift-wing, who ran on before.

She entered the wigwam—'twas cleanly and low,
And there glanced from one corner a fire's cheerful glow,
While the rain poured without and the wild wind did blow.

Jessie opened her basket of dinner, and shared
With Strong-heart and Swift-wing what love had prepared;
And though her tears fell as she thought with fond care
Of her desolate home and her mother's despair,
Yet she felt, as she gazed into Strong-heart's mild eye,
That *his* care would bring joy to her home by-and-by.

No wonder the face of the white girl is sad!
But Strong-heart will see that it soon shall grow glad;
He's seen many a night without star-light or moon,
And the sunniest morning has followed it soon.

With the first ray of morn
Jessie eagerly rose
From the soft bed of skins
Where she found sweet repose.
And when she had shared
Food, by Swift-wing prepared,
Strong-heart said through the sunshine
He waited to go,
Her path to her home
Through the forest to show.

"But first come one moment,"
Said Strong-heart, "and see
Why this spot in the forest
Has grown dear to me.
Do you see yonder rock,
Where the tall trees do grow?
The sunlight of Strong-heart
Lies sleeping below.

"Many moons have grown old
Since this was our home;
Together we wandered
Delighting to roam.
But the Great Spirit called her, and to this old home
I have brought her to sleep, whence she never will roam.
And sometimes in my dreams
Swift-wing looks as if she,
Before many moons,
Would be taken from me.
My heart has grown old, and my hair is like snow—
If Swift-wing should leave me, then Strong-heart would go."

* * * *

That night Jessie sat
By her glad mother's side,

Told of Swift-wing and Strong-heart,
And one who had died,
That he brought back to sleep 'neath the dark forest rock,
With his hair white as snow from his grief's sudden shock.

And Strong-heart and Swift-wing
Were never forgot—
They oft shared the rest
Of the emigrant's cot;
And Jessie and Swift-wing
Would wander away
Through the depths of the forest
Delighted to stray.

For no one like Swift-wing its secrets could tell,
Or throw o'er its beauties so witching a spell.

With wild grapes the fairest
Their baskets were crowned,
And blossoms the rarest
Together they found.
The strange "Indian pipe,"
With its curious carved bowl,
Of a pure pearly white,
Which its petals unroll,
Formed the calumet where, with berries of fire,
From the "Indian-turnip" they quenched their mock ire.

Once when Jessie had watched
  Long for Swift-wing in vain,
She saw Strong-heart coming,
  His brow dark with pain;
By his side a *white fawn*
  Came with light step and free—
"I have brought him from Swift-wing,
  A token to be
Of *the love that she bore*, who sleeps,
    not in my dream,
Beneath the dark rock by the pine-
    bordered stream.

"I went to the forest
  And brought her the fawn,
But Swift-wing only said,
  'I shall quickly be gone.
You may take it to Jessie—she'll love
    him for me;'
'Twas her hand bound the ribbon
    about, as you see."

And this is the story
  I promised to tell,
And this is why Jessie
  Loved Brightie so well.
When by the glad stream
  She would quietly stray
While Brightie's loved step
  Always shortened the way—
And when fresh forest boughs
  From her kind hand he sought,
And looked his mute thanks,
  'Twas of Swift-wing she thought.

And sometimes through the old wood
  With Brightie she went,
To a rock where tall trees
  O'er a sacred spot bent.
Poor Brightie then knew not
  That Jessie's tears fell
For hearts who were sleeping
  She once had loved well,
As he roamed with glad step 'neath
    the rock's solemn shade,
And above, lost in thought, sat the
    true-hearted maid.

Where the settler's hut stood,
  Near the river and wood,
  A proud city now stands;
  And the old forest lands
  That long since passed away,
  Are forgotten to-day.

But if Jessie still lives,
  Though her hair be as white
As Strong-heart's was blanched
  By his sorrows deep blight,
She could point out the rock
  Where the tall pines waved,
That have ceased their dirge
  O'er the Indian's grave.
And of Swift-wing's kindness
  And all that befell,
She would gladly, but tearfully,
  Linger to tell,
Till you'd question no more
  Why she loved Brightie well.

KRUNA.

HE KNOWS THE REST.—A little girl, carried to her chamber and laid upon her bed in a half-asleep state, upon being reminded that she ought not to go to bed without saying her prayers, half opened her large blue eyes, and dreamily articulated—

"Now I lay me down to sleep,
  I pray the Lord—"

then adding in a sweet murmur, "He knows the rest," she sank on her pillow, in his watchful care who "giveth his beloved sleep." Is this not touching — beautiful? Yes, believer, He knows the rest — all the rest — and He knows what is best. Cast your cares therefore on Him, for He careth for you.

THEY err who measure life by years,
  With false or thoughtless tongue;
Some hearts grow old before their time,
  Others are always young.

THE HOME SOCIETY.

TENTH MEETING.

AFTER the company had all arrived safely at the place where they intended to spread the pic-nic table, and had partaken of a lunch, for which their morning ride had given them good appetites, they started out in different directions to explore the surrounding woods. Before they separated, it was agreed that George should fire his gun at noon to give notice when dinner was ready, to any who might not have returned by that time.

Uncle Fred chose to remain awhile in the shade of a large spreading chestnut-tree near the spot, that he might finish reading the morning paper. The boys took a narrow, winding path which led to the river, where they proposed to bathe, and to try their fishing-lines, which they had brought with them. Henrietta and Kate strolled into a thicker part of the surrounding woods, leaving Susie with her father and mother. They had not gone a great distance before they came to a dell, at the bottom of which was a small pond. The banks were covered with wild flowers, and the shade of the surrounding trees made it a delightful retreat, for the day was very warm.

They seated themselves beside the water, threw aside their hats, and busied themselves picking the flowers and arranging them into garlands for their heads.

"Why, Kate, you look like one of the fairies," said Henrietta, after her sister had decked herself with her wreath.

"Whoever heard of a fairy as large as I am?" replied Kate.

"Whoever saw one that was any smaller?" playfully replied Henrietta.

Just then they heard a curious sound not far distant from them, resembling the beating of a drum. At first the strokes were very slow and regular, but they soon became more rapid, until they fell so swiftly that it sounded like one continued hum.

The girls were startled, having never heard anything like it before.

"Let's run back," cried Kate.

"No," said Henrietta, "I don't believe its anything that will hurt us; though I should like very much to know who this curious drummer is, and what he is doing here in the woods."

Just then it commenced again, and Kate, pointing to the opposite side of the little pond, exclaimed, "Oh! Hetty, look!"

There stood a bird nearly as large as a hen, upon a rotten log, beating his sides with his wings, just as a rooster will do when about to crow, only it was done with much greater force and more rapidly.

Henrietta then remembered what she had read about the partridge, and she told her sister that this was one of those birds who was drumming to call his mate. The girls kept very quiet, watching the bird, and, sure enough, in a few minutes another one came flying through the woods and joined the drummer. Kate arose to her feet and took one or two steps forward to get a better view of them, when away they flew making a loud whirring noise.

"Why, the first bird didn't whirr so when it flew," said she.

"No," said Henrietta, "the partridge makes that peculiar noise in flying only when it is startled, and is flying from pursuit. At other times its flight is as noiseless as that of any other bird."

The girls wandered on from the pond, amusing themselves by examining the flowers and curious leaves which grew around them, and met with no further adventures during the morning.

Meantime the boys had soon arrived at the river bank, and in a few moments were ducking and splashing in water in high glee. They could all swim well, for they had been taught this accomplishment very young. Uncle Fred used frequently to say that it was a shame for a boy not to know as much as a young puppy, that would always paddle off with ease when dropped into the water. While the boys were bathing, they were greatly pleased to see Uncle Fred coming leisurely toward them, he having completed the news of the morning. He watched them with great interest, and encouraged them in their boyish pranks by laughing heartily when one managed to give the other a good ducking or an unexpected splash. In about ten minutes he called to them, saying they had been in the water sufficiently long, and they rather unwillingly proceeded to dress; but they were quite satisfied when he reminded them that it was now the best time of the tide for fishing.

Very soon they found a convenient

CAPE ALOES TREE.

place for dropping their lines into deep water. It was at the end of a long dock, built out for the accommodation of boats which came to the place to be loaded with building stones, quarried out from the rocks near by.

"I don't believe we shall catch anything here," said Frank pulling up his line impatiently.

"A good fisherman always expects something," remarked Uncle Fred.

"I don't *expect* anything. I've *got* something," said John pulling upon his line, that was fastened to something apparently very unwilling to leave the water.

"Handle him carefully," said George; "he must be a bouncer, by the way he pulls."

"Here he comes!" shouted Frank excitedly, as the sinker near the end of the line appeared above the water.

"Ha! ha! ha!" shouted the whole, as John drew out a bush in which his line had become entangled.

"George has him," said Uncle Fred, a few moments afterward, as he saw the boy's line swaying to and fro through the water while he was bringing it up. Presently it came out of the water with a jerk, with a large eel hooked fast, which twisted and squirmed so rapidly, that before George could secure him, he had tangled the line into an almost inextricable snarl. This was not very pleasant. The eel was so slimy and unpleasant to handle, that George wished he had not

THE SAGO-PALM.

caught him; but he kept his good-nature while the others were making sport of his wonderful luck, and at last succeeded in getting the creature loose. Just as he had done so, it gave a sudden squirm, and before George could prevent it, away it went over the side of the dock, splash into the water!

This was the only luck they had in fishing, and after vainly trying a long time for another bite, they started for the dining-ground.

It was not yet time for dinner, and being somewhat tired, they gathered in the shade of the tree under which Uncle Fred had been seated in the morning.

"What curious shapes the trees take!" remarked John, as he lay on his back looking upward.

"Yes; no two are precisely alike, even though they may be of the same kind," replied Uncle Fred.

"The trees of tropical regions are most remarkable, are they not?" asked George.

"To us they are, from their strange appearance to us; but our trees would look equally strange to the inhabitants of the torrid zone," replied Uncle Fred.

"I was much interested," said John, "in examining a picture of the aloes tree, which resembled a highly ornamented candelabra, with very tall candles flaming at the top."

"What is it good for?" asked Frank.

"From its juice is made the medicinal drug called aloes," answered Uncle Fred.

"Which is the most useful tree?" asked George.

"That is hard to answer," replied Uncle Fred. "Each answers a good purpose in its own locality. Perhaps the palm-tree, in its different species, may take rank with the first, since not only its wood, but its fruit, bark, leaves, pith, and sap are all turned to practical account. From the pith of the sago-palm is made the delicate kind of starch which you are so fond of when made into puddings. The young leaves of the cabbage-palm furnish a delicious vegetable for the table. The date-palm is the support of the traveler in the desert. The cocoanut-palm gives the South Sea islanders shelter, furniture, clothing, food, and drink."

"Dinner is ready!" interrupted Susie, and as Henrietta and Kate had not yet returned, George discharged his gun, which was soon answered by the merry voices of the girls. The party greatly enjoyed the novelty of a dinner spread on the grass, and there was no end of jokes and merriment during the meal, and all sorts of frolicking games afterward. No special incident occurred during the remainder of the day, and all arrived safely at home, greatly pleased with their pic-nic.

GOOD AT GUESSING.—"Well, Pat, which is the way to Hammondsville?" "How did you know my name is Pat?" "Oh! I guessed it." "Then, by the powers, if you are so good at guessing, ye'd better guess the way to Hammondsville, jist."

PACK your cares in as small a space as you can, and carry them yourself, instead of annoying others with them.

SOME village Hampden, that with dauntless breast
The little tyrant of his fields withstood;
Some mute inglorious Milton here may rest,
Some Cromwell guiltless of his country's blood. GRAY.

It is a remarkable instance of the fertility of great Englishmen, that the three famous personages used to illustrate Gray's idea in this verse were all natives of England, and cotemporaries. I doubt whether Gray could have drawn from any other country for illustration three such prominent characters, so widely different in character and pursuits, and all living at the same time. It is well worthy of notice in this connection, that Gray first wrote Tully for Milton and Cæsar for Cromwell, but subsequently changed this. No doubt he perceived the strength and beauty his verse would gain by the substitution. The immortal three being countrymen gives it a compactness it would otherwise lack. In one point of view the substitution of Cromwell for Cæsar was unhappy. Cæsar was not guiltless of his country's blood, and Cromwell to a great extent was; but when Gray wrote, the character of England's Great Protector was not appreciated, nor cleared from the aspersions of his enemies.

SAMUEL WILSON, JR.

"Is molasses good for a cough?" inquired Jones, who had taken a slight cold, and was barking with considerable energy. "It ought to be," said Brown, "it is sold for *consumption*."

MRS. PARTINGTON expresses her apprehension that the people of the gold regions will bleed to death, as the papers are constantly announcing the opening of another vein.

THE FALCON.

(*Falconidæ.*)

THIS large family contains a vast assemblage of eagles, hawks, buzzards, kites, etc., all characterized by a more or less curved bill, of which the upper mandible is strongly hooked. The geographical distribution is *universal*, one or more species being found in all known countries, from Spitzbergen to New Holland—in Europe, Asia, Africa, and America. The birds of this family surpass all other birds in the duration and rapidity of their flight. It is well known that a falcon belonging to Henry II. of France, which had been carried to Fontainbleau, made its escape and was retaken the *next day*, in the island of Malta, where it was recognized by the rings on its legs. Col. ——— calculated that it must have flown with a velocity equal to fifty-seven miles an hour, supposing it to have been on the wing all the time.

The numerous species by which this great family is constituted, though not adorned by the brilliant colors which characterize so many of the gentler tribes, yet of all the feathered race they are the most remarkable for beauty of form and elegance of proportion. Their eyes are large and lustrous, their limbs strong and muscular, and armed with formidable claws, with which they "*pounce* their prey." Their general aspect, especially the true falcons, when compared with other birds, is well expressed by the word *noble;* and a single glance suffices to show that a combination of fierceness, energy, and courage forms their predominant character.

The princely art of *falconry* has fallen into disuse, for various reasons. "It strikingly illustrates the subduing influence of reason over instinct, that an illiterate groom, by tossing up a shapeless lure, can entice a proud, rejoicing falcon from his airy height, and render him so submissively obedient as to forsake that soaring flight, and all his bright survey of field and river, to perch for hours upon a brawny arm, his lustrous eyes encapped in velvet hood, and his strong limbs bound."

By starving them and keeping them awake, and never leaving them alone, they are tamed; and by severe instruction they get to obey all his commands.

The food of the Peregrine falcon consists of land and water-fowl, rabbits, etc.

A STORY FOR ROBIN.

Oh! Robin, 'tis not for your song
That we would shrink to do you wrong,
Nor for your bright and brilliant hue
That we so love and cherish you.

Listen, Red Robin, while I tell
The reason that we love you well,
Nor deem it is your ruby breast
That makes you such a welcome guest.

Full many, many years have fled,
And kings and nations, too, are dead,
Since two small children, kind and good,
Were left to perish in a wood.

They clasped each other face to face,
And sank to sleep in death's embrace;
Deep in the wood together there,
Two little babes with golden hair.

And morning came, with golden light,
Making all beautiful and bright;
The wood-birds sang from every spray
Their welcome to the new-born day.

But the sweet children never stirred;
They heard no sound of bee or bird;
But walked together hand in hand,
With angels to the Better Land.

There in the forest, dark and deep,
They lay, as if in quiet sleep,
Till Robins, in the golden light,
With leaves their bodies hid from sight.

No, Robin, 'tis not for your song
That we would shrink to do you wrong,
But for this deed, so kind and true,
That we now love and cherish you.

MATTIE BELL.

PHILIP SNOW'S WAR.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "KATE MORGAN'S SOLDIERS," "NAT'S SHOES," ETC.

CHAPTER VIII.

PHILIP was awake long before the light came, on the following morning, and the boy watched, with troubled eyes, the stars, as one after one they went down.

Very late it was when Mrs. Snow went to bed, for she had sat up, long after Philip was asleep, getting work-clothes for her boy, and Philip would have wondered what grieved her if he had seen the tears that were sown in with the stitches.

This mill arrangement hurt Mrs. Snow even more than it did Philip, and gladly would she have taken his place, if it could have saved him.

"This isn't the way to begin working your way in the world, Philip Snow," said Philip; "you ought to be ashamed of yourself—get up this moment," and Philip obeyed himself.

On a chair beside Philip's bed were the clothes his mother had prepared for the work of the mill. She had stolen in and laid them where he must see them. For a moment the pale boy grew paler than usual, then quick, warm color rushed into his face, and Philip the brave, the young warrior just ready, as he thought, to do battle valiantly, was drowned in tears.

The blue coarse cloth appalled him. He saw a picture of Philip Snow in them, only the face and figure were that of the workmen most disagreeable to Philip, and in his thought he said, "I shall get to be just like him."

"It is six of the clock, Philip," said a low voice near the door. All was still within, for her sake Philip was striving, struggling to reach the shore.

"Philip," repeated the voice.

"Yes, mother," replied the boy in his natural tones. He had conquered. He dressed himself in the suit of workman's blue.

"If 'twas only army blue," thought Philip, as he held the candle up that he might see himself.

Philip, Philip Snow! your time will come! you are only beginning at the foundation now. Do you think how our stateliest buildings are erected? not by taking the old foundation of the earth, but going below it. Imagine an Indian looking on at the beginning of the first house built by a white man, and asking, "What are you doing?" The white man replies, "Building a house to live in." "A house!" exclaims the Indian; "you are going the wrong way—a pretty way to make a wigwam." So Philip Snow had taken out the first shovelful of earth. What mattered it if it was heavy and hard.

"I have put some dinner in this basket," said Mrs. Snow; "the Furnace is so far away, you will not have time to come home."

Philip took the basket and *ran*. He was afraid to say "good-bye." He was so thankful that Essie was asleep.

The dull, gray light of the winter morning lit up the snow as he hurried over the walks that he had cleared only yesterday. The pure white snow seemed a mockery—to *think* that snow forts and snow houses *could* be built, vexed Philip, to whom the world had turned into iron. Iron ruled everywhere. Iron was king, whatever pretensions a ton of coal might make. To Philip Snow, Iron was king. He met the workmen on their way. They

were coarse, heavy, stout men, rejoicing in their daily labor, men made for their place in life. Philip *thought* he had lost his. He did not know the angel that went before him.

Philip had nearly reached the mill, when one of the men came to his side and said, "So you are come to help me."

"I came to work," replied Philip.

"Yes, I know, the master promised me a boy, and you are the one."

Philip made no reply. He walked rapidly on, over the scoria that had accumulated in former years. This slag or scoria was scattered in all directions over the ground, so that no grass grew under it in summer, and even snow felt a horror of it, and in some way it chanced that the storms of winter refused to conceal it.

Philip had not thought much of the work that he had come to do, and for the first time he was curious regarding it.

They met men coming from the mill.

"Who are they?" asked Philip.

"The night-men; you know the fires never go out."

"What is your work?" questioned Philip.

"I feed the furnace."

"Is it *very* hungry."

"It eats a powerful sight, and never fasts; if somebody *would* appoint *one fast day* for iron furnaces, I'd vote for him for Governor."

"What food do you give the monster?"

"Ore, coal, and limestone."

"All at once?"

"Not exactly—sometimes one and sometimes another; you see it keeps one pretty busy, always feeding such a big mouth; but here we are, and now to work."

The ore, the coal, and the limestone were all near the top of the furnace, and the man began to put in ore. The iron ore lay, in fragments, already broken to the proper size.

Philip stood looking on at the man and shivering in the cold air.

"May-be you'd better go around a bit and see how many shapes they make out of this ore," said the man; "I can attend this just now, alone. Who knows what this ore will make that I'm piling in this minute? Maybe you'll have it for a watch-spring yet, or a razor. Perhaps it will find its way into a ship, or an anchor, or a pen for you to write with. You'd better go down and look all around and and get an inkling of what we do here."

Philip felt a kind of respect for this man; he had no idea that mill men—furnace men, at least—had any thoughts beyond the work that their hands were doing. For the first time a cloudy idea arose in Philip's mind of the dignity of this furnace life. He grew to respect it, as something that was helping on the world. He had thought of the Furnace as a place where men wasted their money and came to poverty, but now, the vision of railways, steamships, and the telegraph had arisen, and Philip was aroused. He stood quite still, watching the man until he spoke again.

"I say, you needn't stand here shivering; and now it's light, and I come to look at you, I don't think you'll do; you're thin and white—I guess you aint used to work."

"Oh, yes, I am, I shall learn presently," said Philip, turning quickly away from the man and going down.

He went below to the blast furnace, eager and anxious to learn what the battle with iron consisted of.

"Take care there, my boy," shouted

a man, grimy and black as an evil spirit.

"Just the man to battle with iron," thought Philip, as he started back in obedience to the order.

Men were dragging up a bed of sand containing straight channels with furrows running at right angles. This they placed under the furnace, then removing a plug, molten iron ran into it.

"You see the way we make pigs," was shouted amid the noise into Philip's ears.

"Then this is pig-iron," replied Philip.

"Yes, this is cast iron, the coal and the limestone come out in the form of scoria," replied Mr. Bryan, who recognized Philip. "Come with me," he added, "and I will show you what we make of cast iron. Cast iron contains carbon and other impurities, and we wish to take these away."

Mr. Bryan conducted the boy in blue into another building and to a reverbatory furnace. This was shaped like an oven. The fuel was not mixed with the iron, as in the blast furnace, but heated by the flame reflected from a low roof. A workman, with a long oar-shaped stick of iron was stirring the melted mass. He kept on stirring and stirring it until it became thick and pasty. Then he knew that the carbon had burned away.

This process was puddling the iron.

The puddler then rolled it into balls and placed it under the tilting-hammer by which it was beaten into bars, the liquid impurities being squeezed out by the hammer.

After this, the bars were heated again, broken up, and welded together. This process greatly improved the quality.

"Now we will show you what the next process is; this iron has to be thoroughly *educated* before it will *serve* us," said Mr. Bryan, whose quick perception told him that Philip Snow was interested.

Bars of the very best wrought iron were imbedded in boxes with powdered charcoal. These were heated ten days, and the iron came out steel—blistered steel. This blistered steel is drawn into smaller bars, and goes again under the tilting hammer. This is broken again, heated, and again drawn out and then it is called shear steel, because it was originally so prepared for making shears to dress woolen cloth.

This steel was again heated, and at different temperatures it had different colors. The workmen were guided by these tints. When it was straw-color, they knew it was right for razors, and they suddenly quenched it in cold water. When it was deep blue, they knew it was right for sword-blades and watch-springs.

Philip watched this education of iron with the keenest interest. It must henceforth be a part of his life.

"I'm afraid I have staid too long," he exclaimed, suddenly; and before Mr. Bryan had time to reply, Philip was on his way to the shaft.

All the day he worked industriously, receiving the material that the engine raised from below, and occasionally assisted to put in fuel, ore, or limestone.

Philip's dinner had a rare relish that day. He ate it out of doors, for he would not take it near the furnace fires.

At night, Mr. Bryan sent for Philip.

"Do you know that we made no terms for your services?" he asked.

"Yes, sir," replied Philip; "I never thought of that."

"I suppose you came to work for money?"

"No," said Philip, "I came to work for my mother."

"And you forgot the money?"

"Yes, sir."

"Very well; then I can not trust you to remember to carry it home. I will make terms with your mother."

"If you please," said Philip, "don't say anything to my mother about it—I shall remember in future."

CHAPTER IX.

The winter grew to its coldest, and still Philip assisted in supplying the ever-asking, never-satisfied mouth of the furnace that melted ore and made slag from day to day, without a moment's rest.

Philip never uttered a note of complaint. If he was very tired he said nothing. Iron and other ores instead of algebra at evening now occupied his time and attention.

He became absorbed in the study, and for awhile he did not miss Stephen Waite, who seldom came to see Philip, simply because he never found him at leisure.

Now and then Philip met Nell Hoffman on his way to and from his daily labor. Nell's smile was not dimmed by the sight of the working-blue that Philip still wore, and her cheery words made the daylight seem fairer and brighter to the boy.

After Philip had been one month at the Furnace, the man at the shaft asked him, one morning, "Do you know that it is pay-day to-day?"

"No," replied Philip.

"Well, 'tis, and I'm going to give you a half-holiday. I used to like to slide and skate when I was a shaver, and I reckon you do, so be off with you as soon as you get your money, and don't let me see your face again till Monday morning."

"And leave you all the work to do?"

"To be sure—I shan't mind it, I am used to work."

Philip would have remonstrated, but the man turned around and gave him a look that silenced any words that he might have given voice to, at the same time saying, "It's no use—I won't have you here."

Philip Snow, with a browner face than he had entered the mill, shrank behind the crowd of workmen as they surrounded the office, waiting for the roll-call to announce their respective names.

Philip's name was not announced, and as, one after one, the men received each his due and went out, Philip was left standing alone. Mr. Bryan summoned him to the office.

"I believe you can write," he said.

"I can."

"Are you willing to copy these documents for me this afternoon? I will send some one to do your work."

The vision of the ice on the wide, clear pond and the merry group of skaters who were gliding over it faded; no, it did not fade—it fell like a mirror, and shivered itself into invisible fragments. But there stood Mr. Bryan awaiting his answer.

"I will copy them," said Philip.

"Very well; I shall be obliged to leave the mill this afternoon, and I wish them copied before you go home, and when they are completed, you can put them into this safe and leave the key at my house on your way home."

"Yes, sir," said Philip.

Mr. Bryan went home to his dinner, and Philip went back to the shaft for his basket.

As he was eating his dinner, and dreaming of the long, dull afternoon to be spent in copying, a merry voice, full of laughter, rang very near, and

Philip started at the magic sound. Stephen Waite had come to the Furnace.

"Phil, Phil Snow, where are you?"

"Come up—not that way; you'll have to go around," answered Philip, peeping down and crying out; "you will have to take the boots off of your feet though, or you can't get up."

"Humbug! why can't you keep sign-posts to show a fellow the way? and what in the world are *you* doing here?"

"This is my castle, and here is my dungeon—a fiery place, I can tell you; would you like to go down?"

"Not exactly; but do you stay here all day?"

"Yes."

"And put in coal?"

"Yes, occasionally."

"What a wretched life! you'll forget how to be Phil Snow; you'll grow as poky as a clam-cart."

"I rather think not, judging by the way I'm feeling just now, because I can't skate this afternoon."

"But you shall—I've come for you."

"I can't go, Steve."

"Why? I should like to know."

"I've promised to copy ever so much this afternoon."

"I wish the whole affair, Furnace, hot blast and cold blast, and all the ore that ever was or will be melted, was in the bottom of the Dead Sea; it couldn't be a heavier old concern than 'tis now, I am sure. Leave it all and come, I say."

"No, Stephen."

"I told you you were growing stupid; we're going to have a grand time on the pond down by the willows, just the set you like are to be there."

"Steve, *you know* I can't go, so what is the use in talking about it?"

"It makes me hungry to see you sitting there eating—give a hungry fellow a bite;" and without waiting for an invitation, Stephen helped himself to a generous share of Philip's dinner.

"It tastes first-rate up here, on this breezy place," said Stephen; and the portion he had taken rapidly disappeared.

The man who had bidden Philip not let him see his face again until Monday, returned to his work, and repeating his command, had the satisfaction of seeing Philip depart with Stephen, but not, as he thought, to an afternoon of recreation.

"Let me see the den inside, the very dungeon itself!" exclaimed Stephen as he found himself in the dark office.

"Let me show up the beauties of the situation," said Philip, lighting a lamp that only served to make the place yet more dismal; "and here is my afternoon's work; my hands are grown so stiff with the cold every day and the work, that I don't know as I can do this decently."

"What a deal of copying!—it will take you till clear dark, and there's no use in waiting," said Stephen, glancing at the apparently voluminous documents that lay awaiting Philip's pen; and Stephen went to the pond by the willows.

Philip Snow was a clear penman. This gift had come down to him from the Snows, and was a portion of the careful precision that marked the course of their lives.

It was a full hour before the patient boy recovered the use of his writing muscles so that he could work to his satisfaction. After that time the work went rapidly on, but not more so than the short winter afternoon; and the bell rang before he had finished.

The workmen went home, and the boy was left alone with the watchman until the night-men should arrive.

The watchman went up and down,

never looking into the office—that was not a part of his duty. He thought it vacant.

At last the work was done, the papers were carefully folded, and for a moment Philip dropped his weary head on his folded hands. In this moment to himself he suddenly thought, "Mr. Bryan gave me no money to-day—he must have forgotten me, and this is Saturday night."

He hurried away the papers and opened the safe to put them in. An envelope, very neatly addressed to Philip Snow, attracted his attention, and his first impulse was to take it up; but a second and better one triumphed. He remembered that it might not have been meant for him, although it contained his name, and Philip left it, put away the manuscript that he had been copying, locked the safe, and left the mill.

The watchman chanced to hear the turning of the key in the safe. It startled him, for, as I have said, he thought the mill to be deserted.

Cautiously he drew near the door of the office and peeped through a crack. He saw Philip just as he was putting the papers into the safe, he saw him lock the safe and take the key, and so it happened that when Philip left the office he saw no watchman, for the man had hidden himself.

"Who'd ha' thought that of Dr. Snow's boy? Well, this thieving business goes close to pride;" and I am sorry to write that this man secretly rejoiced over that which he thought to be a crime in Philip Snow.

The consciousness that he was the sole possessor of this secret made the watchman feel a self-consciousness that was altogether exhilarating. Presently he heard the tramp of many feet—the "night-hands" were coming.

Who is this that precedes them, almost running in his haste? It is Philip Snow. The watchman stands spell-bound, as the eager boy, regardless of him, and in the presence of other men, walks into the office, opens the safe, takes from it a paper, and departs.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

"A FARMER I WILL BE."

I AM a hale and hearty boy
As one would wish to see,
And often, though a little chap,
I think what shall I be?
Mechanic, merchant, sailor—
Ah! none of these for me;
If ever I should be a man,
A farmer I will be.

I love to look at pleasant fields;
I love the balmy breeze;
I love to hear the little birds
All warbling in the trees.
And those who live a country life,
Such things as these may see;
If ever I should be a man,
A farmer I will be.

I love to cultivate the ground,
And furrow up the soil;
I love to see it springing forth,
The good and luscious spoil;
For fields of wheat and corn indeed,
I dearly love to see;
If ever I should be a man,
A farmer I will be.

—*Agriculturist.*

LIZZIE BELL.

"ONCE upon a time" two ladies were paying a visit to the mother of Lizzie Bell. Don't be very angry at me, Lizzie Bell, for telling stories about you, and don't let the little fureis whisper naughty things of me, for you *know* that I love you very much.

Lizzie sat upon the carpet playing with her kitten, and the ladies never thought of looking at her as they were talking, or they would have seen how large her eyes were getting. Like all children, Lizzie liked stories, and although the story the ladies were telling was not meant for her, she heard it every word.

"At last, she thought she was treated so ill, that she went to the river near by and tried to drown herself," said one.

"There!" thought Lizzie, and she gave pussy a silent hug, "that's the *very thing* I'll do, the next time *I* get treated bad."

"Yes," said the other, "and you know she must have intended it, for she dressed herself very carefully in her last new dress."

"Oh!" thought Lizzie, "*I* wouldn't dothat, 'cause I should look pretty, and then *nobody* would be sorry one mite of a bit about me, and they'd pick me up, and put me in a coffin, and cover

me all up with white flowers, and say I was a little girl who *got* drowned. No, I'd do it differently, I know: I'd take off my stockings and shoes, and walk until I had hurt my feet, and I'd muss my hair all up!"

Here pussy mewed vociferously, and gave desperate plunges to escape from Lizzie, who was nursing poor pussy, imagining all the while that it was herself.

"Lizzie! Lizzie! let the cat go," said Mrs. Bell.

Kitty hid herself under the sofa, and the ladies having completed their visit, went away.

"Isn't it almost time for those cousins to come?" asked Lizzie of her mother.

"Yes, they will soon be here, and you must be dressed now."

Lizzie looked very prettily in her simple dress of white, with ribbons of blue. Her hair was very long, and her mother had taken the greatest care to arrange it nicely for her. Now Lizzie was very anxious to know what sort of a picture she made, so she went down the stairway and into the parlor, where she could see "all of herself at once," in the mirror.

"No," said she, as she stood and looked at herself, "I guess I'll cut my hair off, or else I'll unbraid it and stick it full of burs, so's to make it look *very miserable*, and then I'll put on the oldest frock I can find."

"What *are* you talking about, Lizzie?" I asked, for the child had not seen that I was in the room.

Her face was very bright as she said, "I didn't know you were here;" and before I could speak again, she was gone.

Augustus and Kate Bell, Lizzie's cousins, came with their parents at the expected time.

"Lizzie, come to me," said Mrs. Bell, a little before the dinner-hour.

"What is it, mamma?" said the child, in too much haste to listen.

"There will not be room for all at the table to-day, and I wish you to give your place to one of your cousins."

"I want my dinner, too—I shall starve," said the child.

"Mary will give it to you, just as soon as we have ours; only do not come to the table for it."

Mrs. Bell did not see the shadow that grew on Lizzie's brow, or she would have staid to clear it by telling Lizzie that hospitality to her little guests required her to give them her place, if need be.

No sooner had Mrs. Bell left the room than Lizzie lay down on the carpet and looked straight up at the ceiling, believing herself the most wretchedly abused child in the created world.

I can not tell you all the little furies that got into the child's heart.

One told her that her "mother didn't love her one bit;" another, "that she thought a great deal more of her cousins, just 'cause they lived in a city, and knew more;" still another whispered, the naughty little fury, "If I was you, I'd hate that Kate Bell as hard as ever I could."

"There, now! I'll just go and drown myself in the brook, so I will, when they're all at dinner, having a good time; *poor little Lizzie Bell* will be lying drowned down on the stones, only I'll be pretty sure to get a *thin place* in the brook, where they can see me."

Lizzie could not resist the temptation to peep into the hall and see the party go in to dinner. At last they were gone. Another little fury began to whisper, "You see they didn't

miss you one bit; they all went in just as happy as if you were with them."

"Oh, dear!" sobbed Lizzie, "nobody cares one thing about me; I'm just as mad as I can be;" and the child began her adventure.

She went to the garret and selected the most worn and forlorn-looking dress that she could find, one much too long for her, and that had been worn by an older sister.

Then she stole down stairs to take one last look of Lizzie Bell. As she left the parlor, she met Mary, with her dinner. "Come," she said, "your mother has sent you your dinner, nice and hot; I'll just put it in your mother's room, for I'm in a hurry."

Lizzie looked for one minute longingly at the dinner that she had a great desire for; but yet another naughty creature cried in her ears, "Don't eat it—if you do, they won't feel so sorry for you."

"Put it down, Mary," said Lizzie.

No sooner was Mary safely out of hearing, than Lizzie hastened back to her own room where she had hidden the old dress. She unbraided her long hair and combed it loose. She untied the pretty blue ribbons, and, after some effort, unfastened her dress. Then she put on the one that was ragged and torn; but it was too long —it would cover up her "*poor bare feet;*" so she rolled it up and put pins in it, took off her stockings and shoes, and put on a forlorn-looking sunbonnet that she had found one day in the highway.

Then Lizzie wished very much to see if she looked quite as pitiful as she desired. She waited and listened at the head of the staircase. All that she heard was the sound of glass, and silver, and crockery, mingled with voices in the dining-room. She didn't quite like the feeling of the stair-carpeting to her bare feet, but she thought that was nothing—she should soon be drowned The risk of returning into the parlor was too great; so she would only look in the mirror in her mother's room. She climbed a chair and looked at herself.

"It don't look like me," she thought; "but then mother and father will know me certainly; besides, I've left my corals on."

For a moment the dinner temptation came again. Lizzie took a piece of bread and stole out of the front entrance. She went timidly by the hedge-side of the garden, so that no one would see her, for she was afraid of the public road.

"Go back, kitty! Good-bye, pussy. You'll *never* be little Lizzie Bell's pussy any more," she said, as pussy followed her along the hedge.

I don't think that pussy was very intelligent, for she followed Lizzie, who walked on and on, trying in vain to find a nice thin place in the stream, where *anybody* could see her as she lay "all dead and drowned." She did not mind the briers that tore her feet, although she was careful to avoid the tall grass for fear of snakes.

At last, Lizzie grew very weary, and she sat down and took pussy in her arms, and told her all her forlorn story, and every time Lizzie paused, pussy gave a piteous mew.

"Look here!" said a little fury to Lizzie, "you know when Mary Lee died, and lay in her coffin, she didn't know anything about what people were saying about her, and if I was you, I wouldn't drown myself—I'd go off into the woods and get lost; and then you'll know whether they care anything for you, because if they do, they'll come for you."

"Yes, I will get lost," said Lizzie, obedient to the naughty sprite.

"Mew—mew!" said kittie, as Lizzie put her down and went into the forest near the river. Lizzie wandered on and on, with a vague idea that she should make more trouble by getting lost "deep into the woods."

After awhile the sun went away from the tops of the trees, and it began to darken. Every little while Lizzie paused to listen, to know if any one was searching for her. She heard the birds singing good-night to each other, and stopping at every nest to give a note of good-will, but no one coming to say good-night to poor Lizzie Bell. At last, Lizzie thought it was night, it grew so dark, and she sat down upon a log, and determined to stay there all night. She thought of the bread that she had put in her pocket, for she was very hungry; but, alas! the pocket was ragged like the dress, and the bread was gone. So Lizzie picked up pussy, and putting her in a basket that she had brought with her, with a vague idea of leaving it on the bank to show where she had jumped in the stream, she held it fast in her arms, and imagined how she would look to the people who came to find her. Suddenly, Lizzie jumped to her feet, dropping the cat in her alarm. Thunder rolled through the woods, and a flash of lightning lit up all the forest.

"Oh, dear! dear me, what shall I do?" asked Lizzie. "I *never* thought of the thunder and the lightning," and she ran as fast as she could, dodging about to avoid the trees, and trying to go the way she had come. In a few minutes the shower was upon the forest, and the rain-drops made a frightful noise to the child on the tree-tops, and the thunder crashed over her head nearer and nearer. She ran until she could run no farther, but still all was woods around her. "Kittie! kittie!" she called, but pussy had run up a tree in her alarm at being thrown so suddenly down, and was lost. Soon the rain came down, and Lizzie was pitiful to behold; her feet were bleeding from the briers and the rocks, she had lost her sun-bonnet on a branch in her haste, and was too much frightened to stop for it, and the rain was dripping from her long hair.

"*Oh, I wish I hadn't,*" sighed the child, as she sat down on a rock, and felt for the first time that she was "really and truly lost." The wicked furies had taken the child far enough; so they left her to get out of the trouble as best she could; and the angels that God sends came to her and whispered, "Only just think how good your mother was to you when you had the scarlet fever—how she sat up all night to watch you," said one. "She dressed you so nicely this afternoon," said another. "And there is the dinner she sent to you before she got her own," suggested a third. "And now they are all looking for you," said a fourth. "And your poor mother is crying about you," added the first, "just as she did when she thought you were going to die with the fever."

"Oh, dear! what shall I do?" cried Lizzie.

"Ask God to let you out of this forest," whispered an angel.

"Oh, God! I've been a naughty, wicked girl, please to forgive me, and let *somebody* come and find me," prayed Lizzie, while a long burst of thunder rolled and echoed from forest to forest.

"I declare! here she is, after all," answered Augustus Bell, "sitting down here on a stone."

"Oh, Lizzie!" cried Mrs. Bell, and she sat down on the stone and took the wet and ragged child into her arms.

"Oh, mamma, don't cry, I won't do so *never again*. I was going to drown myself because you didn't love me; but I won't—I'll be good always."

Lizzie was carried home in a pair of very strong arms, and poor pussy was left in the woods.

The following day, Augustus, Kate, and Lizzie went to search for her. They found the basket, and up in the very top of a tree, close to a bird's nest, kittie gave a delighted "mew" at being found.

So ended Lizzie Bell's trying to drown herself. Now, Lizzie, you know this is all true. You told me about it yourself. Just listen, and see if the next one is not true as well.

TWO WAYS TO LIVE ON EARTH.

BY CHARLES SWAIN.

THERE are two ways to live on earth;
Two ways to judge—to act—to view—
For all things here have double birth,
A right and wrong, a false and true.

Give me the home, where kindness seeks
To make that sweet which seemeth small,
Where every lip in fondness speaks,
And every mind hath care for all—

Whose inmates live in glad exchange
Of pleasures, free from vain expense;
Whose thoughts beyond their means ne'er range,
Nor wise denials give offense—

Who in a neighbor's fortune find
No wish, no impulse to complain;
Who feel not—never felt—the mind
To envy yet another's gain—

Who dream not of the mocking tide,
Ambition's foiled endeavor meets;
The bitter pangs of wounded pride;
Nor fallen power, that shuns the streets.

Though Fate deny its glitt'ring store,
Love's wealth is still the wealth to choose;
For all that God can purchase more
Are gauds—it is no loss to lose.

Some beings, whereso'er they go,
Find naught to please—or to exalt;
Their constant study but to show
Perpetual modes of finding fault.

While others, in the ceaseless round
Of daily wants and daily care,
Can yet cull flowers from common ground;
And *twice* enjoy their daily *share*.

Oh! happy they who happy *make*—
Who, *blessing*—still themselves are blest!
Who something spare for others' sake—
And strive, in all things, for the best!

LEARN in childhood, if you can, that happiness is not outside, but inside. A good heart and a clear conscience bring happiness, which no riches and no circumstances alone ever do.

INDEPENDENCE DAY.

INDEPENDENCE DAY has come;
Raise the banner, beat the drum;
Fill the air with song and shout,
Let the cannon's voice ring out.

'Tis the day of Freedom's birth
On the fairest spot of earth.
Let her happy children meet,
And her glorious fame repeat:

Tell how wrong oppressed her sires,
Till Freedom lit her battle fires;
Sing her triumphs when the foe
Vainly struck with cruel blow.

But, hark! A wailing cry of pain
Is borne along o'er hill and plain;
A muffled echo from the past
Yet lingers on the Southern blast,
Telling of hopeless years,
Of unavailing tears,
Of sadness 'mid all joy,
Of toil without alloy.
In Freedom's chosen place
Grew up an outcast race;
Proud men denied her boon
To children of the sun;
They used the strength she gave
To manacle the slave;
Grew haughty in their might,
Spurned the demands of right,
And sought with daring hand
To reign in Freedom's land.
But, list again! a shout!
A crash! a thundering out
From cannon's blazing mouth
The treason of the South.
From Sumter's battered walls
The flag of freedom falls!

But from the steadfast North
The echoing wrath bursts forth;
Swift rolls the swelling tide along,
"Union!" the mighty shout and song;

And onward march the stalwart brave,
Their country's glorious life to save,
With step unfaltering on they come—
Each heart beats like a rolling drum.

Now Freedom lifts her banner high,
And gives a glorious battle-cry;
The Stars and Stripes shall ever wave,
Nor 'neath their folds remain a slave.

Ay! raise the banner, beat the drum,
The day of Liberty has come.
Though strife still rages, God is just,
And Freedom's foes shall bite the dust

Merry's Monthly Chat with his Friends.

NOW, don't laugh at our misfortune, you fun-loving Merrys, for some of you know how to sympathize with us. By mistake our opening of the Chat got into the manipulator, and here is all that is left of it. Oh! here is a little scrap more which could not be destroyed, viz, love and good wishes to you all.

May, 1863.

I expected an outburst of wrath from insulted sovereignty, but I didn't expect it would be done up in poetry, a sugar-coated pill. What a mild and benign sway we should enjoy under Fleta the Fair if this be a foretaste! Leslie can testify to her being a "sharp stick"ler for her rights, and Wanderer to the sweet manner with which she snubs. Jim, don't you feel in full feather since you became a goose? I do. We are in the same pen, you know (the pen that is said to be mightier than the sword). A goose-quill is no mean weapon. Remember what once saved Rome, as the his(s)tory relates, and let us, though but geese, be faithful to the commonwealth. Still, I think our Merry republic has little to fear from this candidate for regal honors. Who ever heard of such a saucy, defiant, independent, Hail-Columbia, Yankee-Doodle-spirited girl as Fleta being a *Queen?*

Lucy, I didn't think it of you! ascribing to me such aspirations.

I have replied to both letters, Jasper. Best wishes for you and every other Merry sailor and soldier. Thank you, Minerva, for your sympathy and alliance. Of course we must fight—not for a crown, base metal at the best—but for a principle—"equal rights" and equal writers, and may our antagonists find find us "foemen worthy of their *steel!*"

A. N.

BROOKLYN, *June*, 1863.

DEAR ALL OF YOU:—The war of the Porkerals and the Green Pointers—or, more euphoniously, the war of the Queens, seems to have come to an ignominious end, both parties having dropped it as too hot a potato to hold long. "'Tis best so;" there is real war enough outside, without having a private one in the Chat. Let Fleta *reign*, single or double, as she pleases; "cats and dogs," or with her wonted gentleness, as she prefers.

Cap Davis, if you like me, come and see me, *via c. de v.* You know the way; 339 is my P. O. number. I have *not* Nina G.'s *carte.*

Juanita, I bespeak one of your *c.'s de v.* "at the earliest opportunity."

Winnie, T. G. I. is in a fair way of being turned inside out. *I* think those cabalistic initials stand for Tempestuous Gal(c)s' Infirmary.

Marian, if I *should* get to Saratoga this summer, I'll come and see you. In the mean time, please send me your *carte*, that I may know you "at sight."

Frew W. C. Crane, "sich is life." Be consoled; I feel for you.

Jessie Linwood, I inquired after *him* last time I wrote, but it was manipulated out. Don't give *us* up.

Coralie, call at 339; as you're a fellow (?) Brooklynite, I should like to see you.

Prue E. B., am I to be favored with a sight of your *carte?* I live in hope.

Fleta, we have, or had, a "P. D." in our town who took the "lines" in his own hands, and "roped in" *our Aunt Sue.* I haven't seen him lately; he *may* have got the "line" around his neck; I must see. Ask A. S. about him.

Blue-Eyes, the exchange was satisfactory to *me.*

Nannie Nightingale, I want to see a Miss-ourian, and will send you one of my *cartes* for one of yours. Can you "see it?"

Amy R., wilt exchange?" I've heard much of the *p.*-ness of Philadelphia g.-s, and should like to have a specimen.

Black-Eyes, may yours and the "*original's*" shadow never be less; if *yours* should be, there wouldn't be much of it. Did you know that R. W. R. was married? *Do* you know who W. F. O. of yore was?

Cross-Eyed Bill, I couldn't see the "cross." I think you would *pass* (in a crowd) any day.

Uncle William, do *oil* the manipulator well, so that I can *slip through* unscathed; but I have small hope of it. Yours always, *i. e.*, as *long* as you please,

WILFORLEY.

We commend Wilforley to Grasshopper's kind regards.

SULKY LAND, *May* 19.

I *must* and *will* be heard! I am angry, enraged, *mad!* I can not see why that awful, antiquated, usurping Wilforley, and several other ancient people, have the right to crowd out the letters of dozens of "poor young ones" with their old, stupid, dry, unending epistles! They have written for years and years; let them retire, and give a chance to others. Who will back me? Winifred, Josie, Saucy Nell, and Coralie, will you? I have finished. I retire in a shower of tears! GRASSHOPPER.

What a very war-horse of a Grasshopper!

ADDISON, *April* 25, 1863.

DEAR MERRYS:—I have knocked once before, but *Wanderer* was not "*door-keeper*" then. Of course I do not expect the front seats,

Osceola, I have seen your *c. de v.*, and I think it will pass, especially in the Merry circle.

Wanderer, I have also seen yours—guess where. ROSE-BUD No. 2.

"From the desert I come to thee,
On a stallion shod with fire,
And the winds are left behind
In the speed of my desire."

For the war-cry has sounded, and I am armed for the fight.

Three cheers for Queen Fleta! Three cheers for the Princess Royal, our Winifred!

Down with the traitors that cry for peace. "Peace! there is no peace!"

Toss up your caps, and cry "Bravo" for our gallant generals!

"Ho! fire off your cannons, and up with your banners;

Ho! sing out bravely thanksgiving hosannas;

Ho! generals and soldiers, ho! push on this war;

Ho! conquer a Peace—beam out, Victory's star!" PERTINE.

GREEN POINT, *May* 16, 1863.

DEAR UNCLE:—I approve of your conduct in handing "Leslie" over to the tender mercies of Minerva, "but I do not think that all of the G— P—s (it is understood that "I is one") need as much care as Leslie.

"Osceola," I received your "*c. de v.*," for which please to accept my thanks. "Flibbertigibbet," don't go back yet. "Fleta F.," I expect to visit Nellie this summer. May I call and see you? Ernest, why don't you write to box 2044 P. O. I wrote some time ago. "Grasshopper," I agree with you about Osceola and the "old maids." "Uncle," I guess that "bill" will pass. It certainly is not a "counterfeit" one. O. Onley, Jasper, and the rest of the "sojer" cousins, our blessings follow you. Here's some *love*—each of the cousins and relations is requested to take a slice free of charge. PONTIAC.

We will say, privately, that Pontiac is a * of some magnitude.

COUSINS, a truce to kings and queens! If we *must* have a constituted form of government, let it be an *American* institution! What say you to a Congress? Come, let's elect delegates — the first session to be held in Brooklyn, Jan. 1st, 1864.

Leslie, did you see the "Point" of Saucy Nell's "green" remark? You could *see-green*, but it was quite *Point-blank*, I think!

Nannie N., what's the premium on *contraband* goods now?—depends on the length of the *ears* and *wool*, eh? Have you repudiated any more debts contracted from bad bargains lately? Look out for bankruptcy, young Liberia!

Cousin Fleta, may "Eugenie" continue to smile propitiously!

D. E. G., you'd better not agree with Wilforley in anything now! His mind was *wandering* when he wrote his remarks about me; he's said to be *worse* lately!

WANDERER.

A Congress! That will be just the thing. Uncle William agrees to report the debates when they meet.

July, 1863.

MY DEAR COUSINS:—What is the matter? The noise you make is enough to turn all our heads. Leslie, sir, please not to speak till you know what you are talking about. "Acknowledged queen," indeed! Not just yet, I think. And as for Dan H. B., who is so *very* polite and complimentary to the sweetest-looking cousin in the world, he would better retract directly. Dan, come here, if you please. Your speech is a *libel*, and *if* you don't take it back, I am at war with you henceforth. Be warned in time!

A. N. has "'spressed my sentiments." I believe in *no queens at all;* but if we must have one, Fleta has certainly the

best right to the crown. I do not believe in her kind proposition of "two heads," etc., for the rule, as I do not like *double-faced* people in any rank. I summon all loyal Merrys to the rescue, especially depending for support on Annie Drummond, Wanderer, and Elfie.

By-the-by, Elfie, how is *J. C. A.?*

Forgotten you, Nannie? No, indeed, not I. Glad am I to see your face here again.

Molly Myrtle, am I a naughty girl, or are you? I can not remember. There is blame somewhere between us, I know. Annie E. D., ditto.

Fleta, will you exchange *c.'s de v.* with me? *Please!* My address is Daisy Wildwood, Providence, R. I.

DAISY WILDWOOD.

The manipulator, you see, is very careful with flowers.

DEAR UNCLE :—Don't think that you have a new niece come to pester you; for it's nobody but that young slip of a thing Mignonette that you gave permission to enter the circle of cousins. Your niece is a roving planet; she is now in a wilderness that they call Bleeker, teaching a dozen or so young minds how to shoot. Thank you for the corner—it will be appreciated; and as I am fond of kittens, I shall soon coax Puss to come and sit by me.

Puss, it seems that you and I are to sit face to face, so we shall soon get acquainted; just to think of Uncle's sauciness, to even think that you would scratch; I am sure that you have better manners than that. Love to Uncle, Aunt, and Cousins.

MIGNONETTE WILDWOOD.

Puss, *we* should prefer such a sweet blossom before catnip.

DEAR UNCLE AND COUSINS ALL :—Some weeks ago a speech was delivered in Cincinnati, in which the speaker, talking of the power of Congress to make anything a legal tender, and of the colonies during the Revolution, said: "Even the little State of Franklin, now almost lost in history, had its legal tender." I think it must be about lost, for I can not learn anything about it. So if any of you know where it was situated, I would like to know. Thanks, Henry, for your kind welcome. Alice Clayton, I shall be very happy to claim relationship with you. Accept a kiss from your new-found relative. I wish all the cousins would wear a badge, so that I could recognize them as belonging to the celebrated "Merry family." Love to all. MAY CLAYTON.

Who will tell us all about Franklin? Uncle Will promises a photograph to the first correct historian of the place. Good idea that of the badge. What shall it be? Who will send us the best design? Perhaps we will have it engraved.

MERRYS ALL :—I have come to ask admission into the parlor. Uncle Will, let me have that seat close to Dan, won't you? I want to give him a broadside for his conduct toward our Queen Winifred. This is but my first entrance. Look out, then, for I am going to double my energies.

Saucy Nell, I don't believe Dan's representations of you. Black-Eyes, you are on the right side. When are you going to visit California? Will you and Winnie exchange photos? Remember my address. CALIFORNIA TOMMY.

Save your powder, Tommy, to fire Fourth-of-July salutes over the return of peace.

Extracted Essences.

RENA, we like the photo much; would you also like to exchange with Uncle Will? He is ready.

WALTER sends cheering words to the Merry soldier boys, wishes an introduction to all the cousins (shall have it when we have a year or two to spare), and asks for Wilforley's *carte.*

SAM T. K. says: "I think the *manipulator* an improvement on the old hatchet. As to the *war*, I say hurrah for Her Majesty Queen Winifred and Major-General Willie H. Coleman! Down with that Dan(dy); let him make his *fleeting* exit to the *forest*, or he will find himself treading on a live Coal (man)."

CURLY HEAD shall have a seat beside Dolly. She would like a slice of Ham on a *cart(e)*, but hopes it will not be burned.

Aunt Sue's Puzzle Drawer.

MERRIMAC wins the prize for May, having sent the greatest number of correct answers.

Robert Merry offers a prize of any bound volume of the MUSEUM to those who send correct answers to the Hieroglyphical Rebus on page 31, which he considers one of Uncle William's best.

Questions, Enigmas, Charades, etc.

1. 'Tis found in our troubles, 'tis mixed with our pleasures,
'Tis laid up above with our heavenly treasures.
"'Tis whispered in heaven, 'tis muttered in hell,"
And it findeth a place in each sibylline spell.
In Paradise nestled, 'mid Eden's fair flowers,
It has sported with Eve in rose-perfumed bowers.
'Tis muttered in curses, yet breathed in our prayers—
From the path of our duty it tempts us in snares.
Deep, deep in our hearts you will find it engraved—
Though in misery sunk, yet from sin it is saved.
'Tis found in the stream that flows on to the ocean—
Though in bustle forever, 'tis ne'er in commotion.
'Tis wafted afar o'er the land in each breath,
In the grave 'tis decaying—you'll find it in death.
It is floating alway on the broad stream of time,
Yet it findeth a place in eternity's clime.
In the legends of nations it holdeth a place—
No feature without it can boast of a grace.
In thunder you'll hear it, if closely you listen,
In moonbeam and sunbeam forever 'twill glisten.
In the dew-drop it sparkles, 'tis found in the forest,
It whispers in peace when our need is the sorest. *Katy Dyd.*

2. My first is a bird, my second a fish, and my whole an insect. *Ned W.*

3. Add a letter to a boy's name, and make the name of a poem. *Lina.*

4. I am composed of 16 letters:
My 3, 16, 7, 10 is a part of the body.
My 8, 2, 6, 9, 1 is conclusive.
My 5, 14, 13 is a point.
My 12, 4, 15, 11 some people love to do.
My whole is a noted explorer. *Johnnie.*

5. I am composed of 9 letters:
My 3, 5, 1 is either a verb or an adjective.
My 4, 2, 7, 8, 6 is one who uses a certain tool.
My 9, 8 is a pronoun.
My whole is a reader of the MUSEUM. *Ida.*

6. I am composed of 14 letters:
My 1, 2, 4, 7 is an adverb.
My 10, 12, 13, 13, 8, 11 is an idle talker.
My 13, 3, 5, 6, 9 is a number.
My 14, 8, 7 is a metal.
My whole is a well-known paper. *Belle.*

7. Transpose something nice to eat into the way children would like to get it. *William R. Quinan.*

8. *Talpet* river is in *Sena Bark.* (Transpose the names in italics.) *Julia E.*

9. My first is found in many a stream.
My next's a fruit—don't eat it "green!"
My whole, a fruit, though very small,
When well preserved is liked by all. *Willie ho!*

10. Entire, I am what ladies used to do;
Behead me, and I fasten things together;
Behead again (in sound), I'll shelter you,
And entertain in any kind of weather. *Sam T. K.*

11. My first is (in sound) where a king found my second after he had committed my whole. *K. C.*

12. Divide a mineral and leave two animals. *Geo. T. M.*

(The following blanks are to be filled with the same word differently accented.)

13. A —— would not find much occupation in a ——. *Alpha.*

14. It could scarcely —— a man to offer him ——. *Daisy.*

15. A lady's —— should be very ——. *C. M. E.*

16. What is that household article which, if you should deprive it of its head, would grow fast to yours? *Jamie D.*
17. 10000500150510N. *Tommy.*

ANAGRAMS.

18. NINE PETERS. *A. Older.*
19. DART BY HIM. *Ida May.*
20. SERPENT IRE. *H. A. Danker.*
21. SIN, A LION ATE IT. *Hawthorne.*
22. Behead that which may have assisted to cause a wound, and leave that which may assist in the cure. *Osceola.*
23. Transpose a weapon into an ejaculation which the victim might use. *Fred W. C. C.*
24. Transpose a good man into what he should be. *Minx.*
25. Persons naturally —— a ——. (Fill the blanks with the same word reversed.) *C. M. E.*
26. HEE4T. (Something sent as a present.) *A. Older.*

WORDS ENIGMATICALLY EXPRESSED.

27. Injure metal strong wind. *Charlie Little.*
28. Weep sister. *Alpha.*
29. Permit the young lady. *Ned W.*
30. Transpose something which floats into something that swims. *Clementina.*
31. My first, an animal endowed
With beauty and with grace,
He walks erect, with conquering gait,
The king of all his race.
My second is a little verb,
In grammar often taught—
My whole it is a foreign fruit,
From sunny India brought. *Jim.*

32. HIEROGLYPHICAL REBUS.

(*Answers to the above must be sent in on or before the 10th of August.*)

Answers to Questions in May No.

469. Because they are frequently ordered to present arms.
470. Because they are fond of a broth of a boy.
471. B R and Y. [ter).
472. When he is a bare wrister (barris-
473. O! to, ton, tone, stone.
474. Clock, lock, cock.
475. Lion, loin.
476. Nun, cun, bun, run, sun, tun, gun, fun, pun, dun.
477. Clover, lover, over.
478. IDIOM.
479. The fellers.
480. Tulips, date, temple, hare (hair), copperhead, letters, ear.
481. Henry W. Halleck.
482. Samuel Portland Chase.
483. The court of death.
484. Arithmetic.
485. Rustle, luster.
486. Sable, bale.
487. "Purse sir," surprise.
488. Koba, boa.
489. Rout, tour.
490. Lander, darnel.
491. Master, stream.
492. Foal, loaf.
493. Calomel.
494. Florida.
495. Ancient.
496. Abolitionist.
497. Achievement. [way.
498. Where there is a will there is a
499. Verdigris.
500. Currents.
501. If I understand you, I must instantly go on a departing boat.
502. Turnpike.

MERRIMAC answers all but 470, 472, 478, 480, 487, 488, 490.

C. W. Jenks answers all but 470, 471, 472, 485, 487, 488, 500, 501.

A. P. T. answers all but 470, 472, 485, 487, 488, 489, 490, 500, 501.

W. A. R. answers all but 472, 474, 479, 486, 488, 489, 490, 491, 492, 501.

Anna W. N. answers all but 469, 472, 474, 479, 486, 487, 488, 490, 491, 500, 501.

Amity Street answers all but 470, 471, 472, 474, 479, 482, 483, 485, 486, 487, 488, 490.

W. C. C. answers all but 471, 479, 482, 483, 485, 486, 487, 488, 489, 490, 500, 501.

Stella answers all but 469, 470, 472, 479, 486, 487, 488, 489, 490, 491, 492, 497, 500, 501.

Tattler answers all but 469, 470, 471, 472, 479, 480, 482, 485, 486, 487, 488, 489, 490, 491, 500, 501.

Nedloh answers all but 469, 470, 471, 472, 473, 479, 480, 485, 487, 488, 489, 490, 491, 492, 497, 500, 501.

Fiddlesticks answers all but 470, 472, 474, 475, 478, 485, 486, 487, 488, 489, 490, 491, 492, 498, 499, 500, 501.

Golden Arrow answers all but 470, 471, 473, 474, 476, 477, 479, 480, 482, 486, 487, 488, 489, 490, 491, 497, 498, 501.

Louisa Dolbeer answers all but 469, 470, 471, 472, 477, 480, 482, 483, 486, 487, 488, 489, 490, 491, 492, 496, 497, 500.

Willie W. Perry answers 470, 473, 474, 476, 477, 478, 480, 481, 484, 493, 494, 495, 499, 502.

Ernest answers 474, 480, 481, 483, 484, 492, 493, 494, 495, 496, 497, 498, 499, 502.

A. C. B. answers 471, 473, 476, 477, 478, 479, 480, 481, 483, 484, 494, 498, 502.

Onie answers 475, 476, 477, 478, 480, 481, 493, 494, 495, 497, 498, 499, 502.

Mercury answers 473, 475, 476, 481, 482, 483, 484, 494, 496, 497, 499, 500, 501.

Grasshopper answers 474, 475, 479, 480, 483, 484, 492, 494, 498, 499, 502.

Lizzie answers 476, 480, 483, 493, 494, 495, 496, 497, 498, 499, 502.

Titania answers 476, 479, 480, 481, 494, 495, 498, 499, 502.

Ella answers 476, 481, 483, 493, 494, 495, 496, 498, 499.

Monitor answers 473, 478, 481, 484, 493, 494, 498, 502.

Rose-Bud No. 2 answers 474, 484, 486, 492, 493, 494, 502.

Harper answers 481.

Robert Dickenson answers 480.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Pertine. — Your letter and message were duly forwarded. *H. A. D.* has deserted us of late.

Stella sends a real hearty school-girl kiss to *Fleta* and *Winifred*, and love to all the rest, including the Aunt and Uncles.

W. H. Coleman (Washington).—Did you receive "a package for distribution in the hospital" about the first of last April?

Fred W. C. C.—"Half" doesn't count.

Juanita.—Please send me your address.

Ella.—Did the note reach you safely?

Harper.—Your guesses were pretty ingenious, but were not quite right.

Merrimac.—I do "laugh" sometimes at the answers sent; but it is generally *with*, not *at*, those sending them. I am indebted to you for a wholesome cachinnation over your answer to 470: perhaps you think they eat each other when they eat *greens;* but if you persist in sending such answers as 488, I shall certainly "tell of you!" What's the *reason* that "'over' is not an adverb?" Please send your address.

Louisa Dolbeer.—Thanks for the *c. de v.* I agree with "mother" on the subject, but do not object to the addition. The money was forwarded as requested. You "would like a seat near *Fred W. C. C.* and *Louisa B.?*" I am sure they will be delighted to accommodate you.

Grasshopper.—I will try and "be patient."

Susie E. V.—Of *course* you are "one of the cousins." Much obliged for the photograph. Where were you going with the bag?

Tattler.—*Wilforley* wants to know if I thanked you for the *c. de v.* you sent to him, and if I insinuated that he considered you a P. G. Just as if I should do such a thing!

Ernest. — The July puzzles were in print before I received yours of June 9th. Where is that *c. de v.?*

Ned W.—I can not take that for an excuse.

Blue-Eyes.—Did you get the letter I forwarded?

Onie sends love to all the cousins, and wishes to be considered as one of them.

Leslie.—I am glad you can sympathize. If, after comparing with *Fiddlesticks*, you would like to exchange that "apology," just say so.

H. E. B.—The "address" was sufficeintly right.

Thanks for enigmas, etc., to *Harper*, *Golden Arrow*, *Monitor*, *W. C. C.* (*very* good), *Nedloh*, *Ernest*, *A. P. T.*, *Mercury*, *W. A. R.*, *Onie*, and *Anna W. N.*

SELLING JOSEPH.

The mid-day sun looked down
From its throne of azure hue.
While clouds of white and brown
Flecked the firmament of blue.

The warm wind idled by,
Fanning the swarthy cheek,
Kissing the golden head
Of the youthful bondsman meek.

And by a brother's hand
Sold, for the rest of life,
To a vicious, reckless band—
To their misery and strife.

His soul, ye have not bought—
Though the body thine may be—
'Twill to its Maker soar
When from earth's frail clay set free!

PHILIP SNOW'S WAR.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "KATE MORGAN'S SOLDIERS," "NAT'S SHOES," ETC.

CHAPTER X.

"HERE is the key, sir," said Philip, delivering it to Mr. Bryan for the second time that Saturday night.

"And you found your letter?"

"Yes, sir!"

"Have you opened it?"

"No, sir! I must hurry home, or mother will think something has befallen me."

"Very well; don't lose the letter;" and Mr. Bryan closed the door.

"Lose the letter!" laughed Philip to himself, as he buttoned his coat tightly over his working-blue and hurried on; "he thinks I don't know the value of anything."

It was quite dark and very cold. The stars quivered in the blue-black vault under which the boy ran. Philip's breath came and went in quick gasps; it was so cold that his lungs refused to let the sharp air in.

"Whew!" thought Philip, "I'm glad *I'm* not on the pond just now; I should want to fire the willows to keep warm. I hope Steve and all the rest got home in time."

Philip had turned from the village, crossed the bridge, and was under the the poplars. The wind had arisen, and Philip heard a flutter of garments.

In a moment more his sight gave him the outline of a figure coming toward him—then two, a woman and a child.

"Oh, Philip! I've been so anxious and waiting so long for you," said Mrs. Snow.

"Yes, and don't you believe Steve is gone and been drownded all up!" said Essie, shivering.

"Oh, mother!" exclaimed Philip.

"Essie, child, keep quiet," said Mrs. Snow. "Philip, something has happened to Stephen Waite, I scarcely know what. Will you go back with Essie and let me go on and see what I can do?"

"Mother," said Philip, "it is terribly cold; you had better let me go, and I will come back at once. Here is a letter for me—you can open it while I am gone;" and Philip drew out the letter, delivered it to his mother, and turned his back to the wind and ran.

He would have stopped first at Mr. Hoffman's house, but the always welcome lights were missing.

The way seemed very long, and the cold was fast creeping into Philip when he reached Mr. Waite's home. Lights were moving in every room.

The curtains were up, and Philip could not resist the temptation to look in. He was afraid to know what had happened.

Nell Hoffman was in the room. She sat quite near the window, with her hood tied closely under her chin, looking with a sorrowful face very intently in at an open door that Philip could not see. Philip crept in. No one seemed to notice him. Nell did not move. Philip went quite close and laid his hand on Nell's. She turned her eyes from the open door. "Oh, Philip, Philip!" she sobbed.

"What is it? I have not heard—I just came in," said Philip.

"Oh, Benny is drowned!"

"Blind Benny!" ejaculated Philip—"how came he on the ice?"

"You know he has been wishing so much to go all winter. Stephen prom-

ised to take him some day, and so this week he has been fitting up a chair with runners, that he could push before him on the ice; and Benny was so interested in it, he would feel his way out where Stephen was working at the chair, and put his hands all over it to feel how it looked, he said. This afternoon Stephen took him with us, down to the pond, and for a long time he guided him over the ice, and Benny was so happy. Well, Stephen left him a little while to run across the pond with Aunt Clara and me—and he said, 'Don't let anybody touch you, Benny, till I come back.' We were on our way back, when little May Green, who hardly knows how to manage her own skates, slid up behind the chair, saying, 'I'll give you a ride,' and off she started. The wind was blowing pretty strong by that time, and she could not stop the chair. Stephen started at once. I didn't see him go, though, for he let go of me so suddenly that down I went, and by the time aunty had picked me up, Stephen was far away. 'The black hole!' screamed aunty;

and in an instant the chair was gone out of my sight, and May Green, and Stephen Waite. Nothing was seen but the ice in that direction. It seemed an awful time before we got near, and even then aunty kept all the children back. Benny's chair was floating in the hole, and May Green was holding fast to it. Aunty made us all stand in a row and hold fast to each other, and she went to the end nearest the hole and lay down on the ice and reached over for poor May. May wouldn't let go of the chair, and aunty caught her fast and drew her in. I didn't see how aunty dared to do it, but she did. By that time some men came, and then there were Stephen and Benny yet in the water. At last, after much trouble, they got them out—and Benny is dead!"

"Where is Stephen?"

"He is in there, just beginning to breathe; they won't let you go near him, or speak to him."

"Where is Benny?"

"I don't know where they have put him, but he is drowned;" and Nell Hoffman began to cry afresh as soon as her story was told.

"Can I see some one? I want to ask if my mother shall come here."

Nell went to find her aunt. Miss Hoffman came at once to Philip—

"I will send Peter down for your mother. I should have sent for her earlier, but I was waiting to know about Stephen."

"Can't I just look in to *feel sure* that he is alive?" asked Philip, "for I must go home to stay with Essie and let mother come."

Miss Hoffman led Philip to the door of the room wherein Stephen Waite lay, struggling for the life that had so nearly departed from him.

Philip stole one glance at his friend, then turned away and rode home beside Peter.

Blind Benny was not Stephen Waite's brother. He was not related to him in any way.

Benny's father and mother perished at sea, in one of those storms that so frequently break on the coast of New Jersey. The blind little boy was saved.

Mr. Waite was on the coast at the time, and took charge of the child, no other person being at all desirous of assuming the care of a blind boy, belonging to no one on the earth.

Benny mourned piteously for his mother for many days, and would not be comforted.

Mr. Waite took him to his home, and from the day he entered it until the hour when he went out with the merry party to the pond, Benny had been carefully tended and loved by all the household. The blind boy had sweet winning ways. Blind Benny had gone home now—had gone to his father and mother.

Philip answered Essie's many questions concerning the accident to the best of his ability, and the child stood watching her brother eat his supper; suddenly she asked, "Isn't it good, Benny has left his blind old eyes down here, and so God will give him a new pair of eyes as well as a new name when he gets home to heaven? Do you believe he's got up there yet? He started one, two hours ago. Shouldn't you think he'd get dreadfully tired all out going right straight up, and up? It's a great deal harder than Jack's beanpole, 'cause that had humps on it to climb by, and I know I should come tumbling back again, and leave a great big hole in the clouds for the angels to mend up. Oh. I'm glad I aint going to heaven till I get bigger."

"Essie, I should think you'd be afraid to talk so."

"I didn't say nothing naughty, and I aint afraid—are you, 'Hilip?"

Philip gave up the effort that he had thought it his duty to undertake, and concluded it was better not to lecture Essie. Meanwhile he waited for the return of his mother.

CHAPTER XI.

The night grew to be colder and colder. The fierce north wind pricked the earth in every pore—it came in at the windows and almost blew out the light. Philip kept the fire burning brightly. He put down the curtains and pinned them over the windows.

He even rocked Essie to sleep in the large rocking-chair, and was yet holding the sleepy morsel in his arms when he thought of his letter, the letter that he had given to his mother.

Putting Essie on the lounge, where Dolly had long been proprietor, Philip looked about the room.

Mrs. Snow had carefully laid the letter away, and Philip had a long hunt for it. At last it was found, and opened. Money dropped out; fair new bills fell rustling down at Philip's feet. He did not heed them at the time although they were fresh from the bank, for the words of Mr. Bryan's letter arrested his attention.

Oh, joy!" cried Philip in the solitary house, jumping up in his enthusiastic enjoyment and shouting to himself.

Essie spoke in her sleep. Philip hushed his joy in an instant and bent over her.

She said, "I'm afraid—I shouldn't hit straight—as the flour did—I should drop—down—to the wrong house—and nobody—wouldn't know—I was a little angel."

"Essie! Essie!" said Philip, shaking her vigorously; but, no, Essie was too far away in the land of dreams to hear any sound from Philip's voice. It did not enter there.

Essie was quiet—she dreamed that an angel came to the step at the door, all done up in a cloud, and that she peeped through the cloud, and found it all filled with beautiful flowers, and the angel was just pointing with a very long pencil to something on the step, and Essie, in her sleep, tried to see, but could not.

Philip turned away from the dreaming child. There lay his down-trodden money. Philip gathered it up. The amount was just double that which he had contracted with Mr. Bryan to work for, and the letter made allusion to it in these words—"One half the inclosed money is for the boy who came to work for his mother, the other half for the work that he has done."

"There is some glory left in the Iron Furnace yet," thought Philip, as he sat and fully enjoyed his month's

earnings. It was the first money that Philip Snow had ever earned. Before him lay the first-fruits of his victory.

The long black hands moved slowly over the white face of the clock and reached the hour of ten, and yet Mrs. Snow had not come. Philip began to grow very sleepy, for his day's work had been hard. He listened for Peter's bells to send their music up from the bridge. The bells were not heard. Philip's eyelids began to close. Hearing faded away—Philip was fast asleep in the rocking-chair.

One more weary journey the tired hands made around the clock, until they touched the hour of eleven.

Philip was utterly unconscious of the stroke of the clock.

The silence was broken by sounds outside. The noise of feet on the walk, on the stone step close beside the door, of a knock on the door, did not arouse Philip.

The knock was repeated—again and again it shook the door. Essie murmured something, but no ear was near to hear.

Philip heard nothing.

Some one tried the door, opened it a bit, and peeped in. Seeing only two children, fast asleep, the man ventured farther. He looked about the room, then at the boy in the chair, and assuring himself that there was no one else there, he ventured near the stove as if to warm himself. He must have been traveling far, and very cold, for he drew off his boots and rubbed his feet in his hands a long time before venturing to put them near the heat.

At last he seemed warm. The remains of Philip's supper were still lying on the table. The man looked wishfully at them. Philip's money lay on the table.

The stranger looked up at the clock. It said quarter past eleven.

Taking up the lamp, he crossed over to the lounge and held it quite close to Essie's face. He scanned every feature closely, without moving a muscle of his face or uttering one syllable.

Then he gave a like attention to that of the sleeping Philip. Philip certainly was not a beauty in his sleep. His face was browned by exposure in the keen wintry air. His mouth was too large, and his heavy hair hung in masses around a forehead whose beauty at the moment was entirely concealed.

Just as the man was holding the lamp near enough to singe Philip's hair, a jingle of coming bells was heard. They ceased in front of the house.

The man started, dropped the lamp into the very midst of Philip's money, and retreated to the chair he had left.

There was an instant of silence. Then a noise was heard outside, saying, "No, I thank you, Peter."

"That's it!" ejaculated the stranger. There came a pause. Mrs. Snow waited a moment at the threshold. She had been preparing Blind Benny for his long sleep, and her heart was sad. She was uttering a prayer of thankfulness that her children were left to her; and then came the strong wrestling prayer of her existence, the prayer for the safety of her husband in this life, and his everlasting joy in the life to come.

Do you wonder that Mrs. Snow should pause here to utter her prayer? You must remember that this step was very precious to her. Many blessings had come to her on it. It seemed the place where the angel of God had met her.

God's stars hung out of the dark-

ness, dropping brightness all the way down to earth. It was near to midnight. The Sunday was almost come.

Mrs. Snow quickly opened the door. The sight that met her eyes made her start back. Peter was beyond re-call. She could not flee with her children there. She stood as if made fast to the door-post.

"Be not afraid; come in, madame," said a voice so full of softness of tone and calm assurance that Mrs. Snow's fear half vanished.

"Who are you, and what do you here?" she asked.

"I knocked, and no one answered. I tried the door, it opened, and I came in; I was cold, and I warmed myself; I was hungry, and I have not been fed."

A vision of all the angels and the prophets who ever were sent to be lodged or fed passed before Mrs. Snow's mind, and her fear abated.

She closed the door behind her quite fearlessly, and walked to Philip's chair. She shook him. He breathed heavily. She called him. "Philip, Philip, wake up!"

I am sorry to write that Philip was so impolite as to answer his mother with a snore. It came up from the depth of his tired sleep. Mrs. Snow brought some water, and let a few drops fall on his face. The boy started, rubbed his eyes, opened them wide, and exclaimed, "Oh, mother, have you come?"

"Yes, wake up, my son."

"I am awake now, I haven't been asleep more than two minutes."

"Yes, you have, for I've been here a half hour, and I'll warrant you didn't hear *me* come in," said a strange deep voice close to Philip.

Philip started and looked around. "Who the mischief are you? and how did you get in?" asked Philip, looking from the stranger to his mother for some explanation of this phenomenon.

"I'm a stranger, my boy, and I came in by yonder door when you were asleep."

"I'll never be caught napping again," said Philip.

"You said you were hungry," said Mrs. Snow, turning to the stranger. "Will you take of this? it is getting very late," and she spread before him her widow's fare.

The man ate of it, and thanked her.

"Can you give me a lodging?" he asked, having partaken the food set before him.

Mrs. Snow had foreseen this question. The days were past wherein strangers were apt to be angelic, she knew, and this man's appearance was certainly ambiguous. He might be a saint, but it was much more probable that he was an intense sinner. But what could she do at this hour of the night? Places where he could get a lodging were certainly closed, and the night was fiercely cold. She hesitated to answer. Philip whispered, "I think I'd say yes; he can sleep up stairs in my bed, you know."

"I am very tired, I've come from far," said this prophet-sinner, evidently afraid she would refuse his request.

"My boy offers you his bed—you can stay," replied Mrs. Snow; and Philip conducted the stranger to his room.

"Where are you going to sleep?" asked the man of Philip.

"Oh, you know I can get a nap almost anywhere," said Philip; "you'll find this a grand good bed to sleep in." As Philip said this, a strange smile flitted over the face of the stranger.

"I'm sorry to take your bed," he said.

"Never mind me," said Philip. "Good-night!" and Philip closed the door and went down.

"Do you feel afraid of him, mother?" asked Philip. "I don't one bit; maybe its because I am used to such odd men at the Furnace."

"I shall not sleep very soundly. I would much prefer to have this man elsewhere," said Mrs. Snow; and she gathered up the morsel that lay on the lounge and carried it away to a better resting-place.

Philip was amused to see his mother fasten as securely as she could the only door leading to the stairway.

"I do not intend that our guest shall come down until morning," she said; "and now, Philip, for your letter. I would not read it until you were present."

Philip had gathered together his money and put it away. He drew it out and gave it to her, saying—"Here, this is for you; I didn't go to the Furnace for money, I went for you, so this is yours;" and Philip gave the letter that had given him so much joy to his mother. She read it, and clasped Philip in her arms; and if a tear or two fell from her eyes and were lost in the depths of Philip's heavy hair, God's angels will know where to find them in the time coming, when all tears shall be wiped away.

"My child! it is Sunday!" exclaimed Mrs. Snow, as the stroke of twelve cut through the night air, from the church down in the village, and struck against Mrs. Snow's cottage as if arrested by it.

"And I am wide awake," said Philip.

"Come, darling," said Mrs. Snow; and side by side mother and child knelt, at the first hour of the Sabbath coming, to ask protection during the hours of rest.

Philip lay down on the lounge and fell asleep. All night the winds blew, and the snow drifted, and the cold deepened, but the Angel of Protection kept watch, and no harm came to the sleepers.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

DON'T KILL THE BIRDS.

Don't kill the birds, the pretty birds,
That play among the trees.
'Twould make the earth a cheerless place
To see no more of these.

Don't kill the birds—the happy birds,
That cheer the field and grove;
Such harmless things to look upon,
They claim our warmest love.

A sword was recently presented to a captain of a Western regiment. The party presenting it said: "Here, John, is a sword." The captain took it and replied: "Thank you; I'll see you again about it after I have tried it." The presentation and reply were both to the point.

THE OLD HORSESHOE.

THIS is the title of a new volume, of 300 pages, just published by the Massachusetts Sabbath School Society, and contains an account of the early life of Samuel Budgett, the great English merchant. It is written in pleasing style, beautifully illustrated, and shows how, from a small beginning, he worked his way upward and onward, by energy, honesty, and perseverance, to the highest position in society, and great in all that constitutes manhood and Christian greatness. We take the accompanying illustration and extract from the book, and hope you will all read the work for yourselves, and see how easy it is by always doing right and always doing good to be both great and noble.

THE FIRST CENT.

"A horseshoe!" exclaimed Sammy, as he discovered one in the road: and he went on saying within himself—

"A good one, too; just lost by some horse, I should think; I wonder whose it is; the owner should have it if he would come along."

And so amusing within himself, he kept on his way to school with the horseshoe in one hand, and his dinner-basket in the other. He scarcely

knew what to do with it, and yet he carried it along, turning it over again and again, and thinking a great many things to which he gave not utterance. But a new idea "popped into his head" just as he found himself before a blacksmith's shop, the owner of which was hammering away at the anvil, literally earning his bread by the sweat of his brow.

"Want to buy a horseshoe?" inquired Sammy, as he stepped into the shop just as the shower of sparks flew toward him from the red-hot iron.

"A horseshoe, my boy!" replied the blacksmith; "lucky feller this mornin' to find a horseshoe. And what do you ask for it?"

Sammy made no reply to this question, for he had not even thought what kind of a bargain to drive, nor how much the horseshoe was worth. Indeed, he had no more idea of the value of it than he had of the price of real estate. So the familiar, jolly blacksmith did not wait for an answer long, but added, in his quaint unpolished way:

"Wurth 'bout penny, I reckon," and suiting his actions to the word, he threw down a penny to Sammy, and drew his brawny arm across his forehead to wipe off the sweat.

Sammy passed him the horseshoe, and picked up the money, delighted with his bargain, for he never had a penny of his own before, although he was now ten years of age.

"Thank you," he said to the blacksmith, as he turned to leave, for Sammy was a polite little fellow, though he was poor.

"Hold on, my boy," said the blacksmith, "let's see what's to be did with the penny. Spend it, I s'pose."

Sammy made no answer to this, although he stopped and listened respectfully to the man. The truth was, he had not thought what he should do with it. He was too much pleased with his prize to think of that as yet.

"Keep it, keep it," said he, "and make a nest-egg of it."

By this the blacksmith meant that he should lay it up and add more to it, and not spend it for some useless thing. The lad knew what he meant, and, with a smile on his face, he hurried away to school, resolved to practice upon the kind blacksmith's advice.

This scene transpired just seventy years ago in England. Sammy lived in Coleford, and attended Mr. Milks' school at Kilmersdon, three miles distant. It was a long way for him to go to school, but it was the best thing his poor parents could do for him. Glad to have this opportunity to improve his mind, like a good obedient boy, he walked to Kilmersdon day after day, and week after week, without uttering a single complaint. * *

What a bright day that was to Sammy! He was worth a WHOLE CENT. He could scarcely keep his hand out of his pocket, it was such a novel thing for him to have a cent to handle. And through the day, how often the cent would occupy his thoughts, in spite of his lessons! Indeed, he found it quite difficult to keep his mind closely upon his studies. The cent was worse even than a roguish boy at his side to interrupt him. Still, he kept on through the day, and if he was not quite as ready and thorough as usual in his studies, he succeeded in holding his place in his class. He was glad, however, when school was done, that he might hasten home and exhibit his prize to his parents.

"Mother!" he exclaimed, as he reached the home at night, "you can't guess what I have in my hand."

"Something wonderful, I dare say," she replied, with a-broad smile on her face "Your eyes are big enough, if that's all," and still she kept on with her work.

"Look o' that!" he continued, holding up his cent with an air of triumph. "That's mine."

"Why, how came you by that?" his mother inquired. "Who has been so good as to give you a cent?"

"Nobody gave it to me," answered Sammy. "The blacksmith *paid* it to me for a horseshoe."

"A horseshoe! and how came you by a horseshoe?"

"Found it in the road on my way to school this mornin'."

"And sold it to the blacksmith for a penny?"

"Yes, mother; and it is all mine, ain't it."

"Certainly, my son, and you must make a good use of it."

"The blacksmith told me to make a nest-egg of it," said Sammy, laughing.

"A nest-egg!" responded his mother, joining him in a laugh. "I hope you will, for it is good advice—none better, seein' it's the first cent you ever had. Little boys shouldn't spend all their cents for worthless things. Maybe you'll want it one of these days to buy bread with, or to help your poor old mother."

"You shall have it if you need it," answered Sammy, whose young heart was always full of love for his mother. "I'll keep it till you want it, mother, and all the rest of the cents I get;" and he looked as if it was the happiest moment of his life to have even this small amount to give to his mother in some time of need.

"'Taint best to count chickens 'fore they're hatched," added his mother, "though you do well to obey the commandment, 'Honor thy father and thy mother, that thy days may be long upon the land which the Lord thy God giveth thee.'"

WHAT'S IN A NAME!

It has long been customary in marriage that the lady's surname should be changed to that of her husband. I have never heard even of a woman's rights convention that condemned this, yet it is often wrong. We know there is something in a name, and if a lady has the good fortune to inherit a beautiful one from her parents, she should not be compelled by marriage to relinquish it. If her husband, on the contrary, has a preposterous ugly one, let him drop his and assume hers. There are many instances where ladies, celebrated in history, have had beautiful names and lost them by marriage. There was Jenny Lind; she had a name the people loved, but she married a German adventurer, lost her beautiful name, and will be heard of no more.

And just imagine Florence Nightingale or Rosa Bonheur marrying and becoming plain Brown or Jones. Horrible! If I had the power I would immediately make it a high crime and misdemeanor to bear the name of Brown, Jones, or Smith. It appears that every tenth person in the world is afflicted with one or the other of these names. No heroism can make such names appear beautiful; not even martyrdom can hallow them. Captain John Smith is not half the hero to-day he would have been if his name had been less objectionable, and John Brown will never go down to posterity as a martyr; his name alone would prevent this.

LITTLE MARTIN AND HIS TAMED MICE.

JAMES, in his Epistle, says: "Every kind of beasts, and of birds, and of serpents, and of things in the sea is tamed, and hath been tamed of mankind." And here is little Martin, with his *tamed mice.* Yes, and he has not only *tamed* them, but he has *trained* them to do a great many curious things when he tells them.

Martin carries his little pets around in a cage that he straps on to his back, and exhibits them, and makes them go through all sorts of maneuvers. In this way he gathers a great many children and older people, who are delighted and astonished at the feats of the little creatures, and they give little Martin their pennies for the show. In this way the little fellow collects a good deal of money to help support his poor widowed mother and his little sister Fanny.

Martin is a good, honest, thoughtful little fellow. Although he meets all sorts of people, and all sorts of boys, anybody might know by his appearance that he does not imitate the wicked in using bad words. You will never catch him with a cigar in his mouth, or getting into a quarrel, or spending the money he earns at the candy stores and drinking-shops. He is not going to spoil his fair face and his fairer character in that way, you may be sure.

How delighted this group of children are, as they watch the antics of the little creatures as they *keep time*, while their young master sits there, with his long ringlets hanging upon his shoulders, and sings.

It is curious and wonderful how such creatures—naturally so timid—can be tamed and taught so many things. But James tells us of *one thing* that "*no man can tame.*" What a curiosity it would be to find a boy, or any one else, who should succeed in catching and taming this thing! He might carry it round as a show, and would excite far more wonder than little Martin does with his tamed mice.

We will leave our readers to look over James' Epistle, and find out what it is that "no man can tame." You can all, probably, *catch* that "unruly evil," and we hope no one will spare any effort in trying to *tame* it. If one should succeed, and will let us know how it was done, we will publish an account of it for the benefit of all the rest of our Well Spring family — *Well Spring.*

LENGTH of life can not be computed by years. In the last 365 days we have lived half a century. Their history will occupy more space than the fifty years previous, and every individual will remember them as embracing many years of his existence.

I think there is a very simple reason why the ancients were granted so many years of life. God is just to all ages and nations, and you may be sure that when some great blessing is granted, it is to compensate for some great evil or defect. The ancients were without a Past, that great store-house of learning from which we daily draw. That is the school in which *we* are taught. They could live only their own lives; we live those of thousands. Methuselah lived 969 years. In the present age every man of common intellect who uses his advantages lives two thousand. We have the combined wisdom and knowledge of more than twenty centuries.

UGLIANA;

OR, THREE GOLDEN PIPPINS FOR A KIND WORD.

A FAIRY TALE—BY FLETA FORRESTER.

ONCE upon a time, in a far country, there lived an old woman by the name of Ugliana. She was such a frightful-looking creature that everybody shunned her; so she lived all alone in the heart of a great wood and nobody ever came near her, and she never saw anybody except once in a great while when she went to market. Now you will wonder what an old woman could find in a great forest to take to market. Well, sometimes she carried dried herbs and sometimes different kinds of roots, such as are used in medicine, and sometimes frogs, which make very delicate food for sick people, and often a few tender spring chickens which she raised in the wood. But whatever else she carried, she never forgot to put in her basket, last of all, three golden pippins and a pretty birdsnest.

One morning Ugliana came to the low door of her hut and, looking out, muttered,

"The clouds hang high, the humming-birds fly low—it will be a fine day—I will go to market."

So she drew on her red hood, stamped on her thick shoes, and taking her basket set out for market. And this was what she had to sell: a bunch of sassafras roots, four newly plucked pullets, two tender young frogs, the three golden pippins, and on top of all the birdsnest.

Ugliana walked along wagging her head, for Ugliana when she walked had a way of wagging her head which was very funny.

First she crossed the forest, then passed through a long lane, and finally came to the king's highway.

"Now," croaked she to herself, "shall I go to Bobinople, which is to the east, or Crabbapple City, which is to the west. If I go to Bobinople, which is to the east, I shall meet many wicked boys who will point a finger and say,

"'Yonder goes Ugliana—old witch—shu! shu!' Then I shall not answer—oh, no! I shall only walk on, and say to the first dandelion I meet:

"'May the biggest dandelion of Dandelion Land be plucked by yonder wicked boys, and may it stain their hands so black that everybody will shun them.'

"That is what I will say if I go to Bobinople, which is to the east, and meet wicked lads with pointed fingers.

"But if I go to Crabbapple City, which is to the west, I shall perhaps meet the great prince, who rides out daily on his swift white horse, all gay with scarlet housings; and I will say:

"'The tufted pigeon of Pigeondom spread his left wing over your Mightiness and save you from evil men.'

"And that is what I will say, if I go to Crabbapple City, which is to the west, and meet the great prince, who rides out daily on his swift white horse, all gay with scarlet housings.

"But the mighty Mudge grant whichever way I go, I may at last meet the man who will deserve the nest and the pippins by giving me a kind word.

"*Wig-a-wag, bush-a-boo, diddle-bolly, wung!* I'll sit me down and sing, and whichever way a bird flies first, that way will I go."

So Ugliana put down her basket, and finding a rock sat down upon it; and as she waited she sang, over and over again, her strange song—

"*Wig-a-wag, bush-a-boo, diddle-bolly, wung!*" And she sang, not as you would think an old woman might sing, but with a beautiful voice which was so sweet and clear that all the birds in the trees listened, and the brook near by stood still to hear.

At times travelers came along; and some asked, gruffly,

"Who are you?" and others said, crossly,

"Why do you sit here and sing?" and others, mockingly,

"What have you there to sell?" but to all she only replied:

"A sassafras scrag for a farthing—a pullet and frog for a penny—or three pippins and a nest for a kind word!"

At this they all turned on their heels and cried,

"How silly!" and went on their way.

So Ugliana sat there until high noon, and though many passed that way, no one gave her a farthing, no one bartered for a penny, and no one gave her a kind word, but many gave her kicks and curses.

By this time Ugliana had grown very weary and dejected, and had hardly courage to cry to a lad now approaching, "A sassafras scrag for a farthing! a frog and pullet for a penny! and three pippins, a birdsnest, and an old woman's blessing for a kind word!"

The lad was of a very fine form, and his eyes were so blue, that as he came toward one it would be easy to believe that there were two round holes in his head through which you caught a glimpse of the blue sky behind him. As for his hair, it looked like the surface of the river when the evening sun glances upon it, so wavy was it, and in color so like burnished gold.

Ugliana's heart thumped for joy, for she thought such beauty must cover a kind heart. "And now I shall get the kind word I have sought for so long!" But the beautiful youth only pulled aside his blue silk trowsers with a look of extreme disgust, and turning to two servants who followed, cried:

"Ugh! — what a disgusting creetchaw! — aw! Take her out of my sight!—aw! Throw her into the ditch, aw!"

So the two servants caught hold of Ugliana and rolled her into the ditch at the side of the road, while the youth passed on holding a vinaigrette to his elegant nose.

Here she lay a moment quite stunned, but when she opened her eyes she found a very plain-looking and poorly clad youth kneeling over her and sprinkling her face with cool water which he had brought from the brook.

"Are you much hurt, goodie?" said the youth, setting her gently on her feet. "I saw the rude servants of that coxcomb throw you here and I hastened to your assistance!" Ugliana was now weeping such tears of joy that she could not speak. So the youth, thinking perhaps she imagined

her basket and its contents lost, found it for her, and in order to comfort her said:

"I have only a penny in the world, good mother, but you need it perhaps more than I, so what will you give me for it?"

"A sassafras scrag for a farthing, a frog and a pullet for a penny, and three pippins, a birdsnest, and an old woman's blessing for a kind word!" mumbled the old woman as usual, so long had she been in the habit of saying only these words to every one who spoke to her.

"Then," said the lad, gayly, "I will have the frog and the pullet. The frog shall I give to my sick mother, the chicken will I have for my dinner to-morrow, and the penny shall be for you." So handing her the price, he selected a frog and a pullet from the basket. Then the old woman, putting her hand on his head, exclaimed, fervently, "Also, oh, noble youth, take, for your *kind words*, the three golden pippins and the birdsnest; and may the mighty Mudge bless you forever and ever!" As she finished speaking she rose up, and as a sudden shiver passed over her she was changed into a beautiful princess, dressed as a bride and radiant with youth and loveliness.

"Listen, astonished lad!" she murmured, with a voice which sounded like music on the distant waters at the mid of night, and with a blush more beautiful than the inner surface of a shell in its home in the deep, deep sea, "listen, astonished youth! and hear from my thankful lips the story of the Princess Brambella! Many years ago I lived in a beautiful palace far from here, in a city by the sea. I was my proud father's only child, and as such he almost worshiped me. As I grew in years, suitors came from far and near to win the Princess Brambella, but to none did I give my heart, because it was bound up in my royal father, and I cared only for him. At last a very powerful and wicked magician saw me and loved me with so violent a passion that when I refused him my hand, he stamped angrily with his foot and swore that if he could not marry me, none other ever should be able to do so. I was so frightened that I swooned away, and when I came to my senses, I found myself transported to this wild forest and my form changed into that of an old withered hag. I was very sad, as you may imagine, and cried bitterly for a long while. At last the wicked magician appeared to me one day, and after taunting me awhile, offered to restore me if I would accept him. I angrily refused, and bade him leave me if he had only come to see my misery. He obeyed, but turning as he went, cried out that when I chose to think better of the matter and send a proper reply to his suit, I should be beautiful again and live happily as his queen.

"I hissed at him with my poor toothless mouth and cried, 'Begone!'

"So he went, and as he disappeared in the forest sang, spitefully,

'Ugliana! Ugliana!
Will not treat me in this manner
When five years have traveled by!
When five years have traveled by,
She will list to Bambroli.'

"I was very angry, and for awhile would not stir out of my hut—not even to procure food, for fear of meeting Bambroli, my wicked persecutor. At length I was visited by a good fairy, who had heard my cries of distress and taken pity on me. She had tried to comfort me, but had not the power to release me from the evil spell cast around me. However, at the close of

her visit, she took three golden pippins from her pocket, and plucking a birdsnest from the bushes, struck it with her wand. 'There is only one charm,' said she, hesitatingly, 'which is sufficiently potent to destroy Bambroli's spells—that charm is *a kind word.* Take these pippins and this birdsnest with you every time you go to market, and offer to sell them for a kind word. The minute you can obtain one, cry, "The blessing of the mighty Mudge be upon you forever!" and you will be Princess Brambella again, and no arts of Bambroli can harm you forever after. Reward the kind-hearted mortal with this birdsnest, and dash the three golden apples to the ground.' So saying the fairy left me. Many years have come and gone, but none were ever found kind enough to bestow a kind word on a poor, friendless, and half-crazed woman until I met you.

"By you the spell which bound me was broken, and I am too grateful to consider this birdsnest a sufficient reward. However, take it, and I will consider how else to reward so gentle and good a youth."

As the Princess Brambella ceased speaking, she dashed the three pippins to the earth, and immediately they changed into a glittering chariot drawn by two snow-white reindeers, whose antlers and hoofs were of solid gold.

"Ah!" cried the overjoyed Princess, "see what the good fairy has sent me to accomplish my journey! Ride with me to the sea, and there I shall find some ship bound for my father's shore!"

The bewildered youth took the reins with much doubt as to whether it was not all a strange dream.

As soon as the reindeers felt the touch, they sprang forward and bounded along with a speed that distanced the wind. In a very few seconds of time they had reached the shore and found a large ship just ready to sail. The Princess dismounted, and taking the lad's hand, said, "If a year hence you still remember the Princess Brambella, and desire to see her once more, come to the court of King Perle, who is my beloved and honored father, and I will give you anything you shall ask."

She turned away blushing deeply, and murmuring a few thanks, dropped something into his hand, and flew like a bird down the beach to the boats. She entered one of them, and it put off for the ship. He saw it glide smoothly and lightly on and on, as with a riveted and awe-struck gaze he watched its progress. At last it reached the ship's side. He saw the Princess mount and disappear from view, and caught the last parting flutter of her tiny handkerchief. Then, and not till then, did he give a thought to himself.

He rubbed his eyes violently, and stamped his foot nervously, saying, "It is a dream!"

But the reindeers beside him were pawing impatiently and tossing their burnished antlers with proud disdain of rest.

"At least, I will see the end of it," cried he at length, finding all his efforts to awake himself fruitless.

So, with a sigh toward the great ship which was weighing anchor under a fine breeze which was springing up along the shores, he leaped into the chariot and was off like a flash of summer lightning. He found that the gift which the Princess had dropped into his hand at parting was a beautiful portrait of the lovely lady herself, painted on the whitest of ivory and mounted with pearls and rubies. He hid it carefully in his bosom and proceeded to

examine the birdsnest which lay upon the seat beside him. He found it was loaded with innumerable costly gems cunningly hidden away in the thickly woven sides.

I need not repeat the joy which was brought in this way to their poor and comfortless home and his sick mother; nor how with the wealth, which the sale of one or two of his valuable gems procured, he built a magnificent castle by the sea on the spot where he parted with the Princess; nor tell of the splendors which surrounded him on every side. Enough to say that at the end of a year his happiness only wanted one thing more to make it complete—this was the Princess Brambella, for constant study of her picture, and the remembrance of her modest and virtuous bearing, had developed a deep and passionate love for her in his heart. So just a year from the very day on which he saw the Princess disappear from his bewildered gaze, he arrived in his glittering chariot, drawn by the snow-white reindeers, before the gates of King Perle's magnificent palace. Of all that happened there I am not informed; but I know that when he returned to his castle by the sea, the Princess Brambella sat in the glittering chariot, and held in her own dainty white hands the reins which guided the snow-white reindeers, while the youth, who was now called Lord Persimmon, pressed her softly in his arms and whispered in her ear many times—

"My own darling bride!"

Thus my story ends; but I can not leave it without saying in every little reader's ear—Whenever you are tempted to speak harshly or unkindly to any poor or sorrowing person, remember the beautiful Princess Brambella who lived under the shriveled skin and ugly features and form of Ugliana; and remember that under every form, however old, or ugly, or unsightly, there is something more beautiful than the Princess Brambella—a pure white soul, as beautiful as the angels, and only kept out of heaven by the arts of the wicked one. To be sure, *a kind word* will not *free* it; none but the great Being has power to do that—but it will cheer it to bear its weary deformity in patience and hope; and your own conscience will reward you with a hundred sweeter thoughts than all the gems in the wonderful birdsnest could buy.

SUMMER TIME.

I LOVE the cheerful summer time,
With all its birds and flowers,
Its shining garments green and smooth,
Its cool, refreshing showers.

I love to hear the little birds,
That carol on the trees;
I love the gentle murmuring stream.
I love the evening breeze.

I love to think of Him who made
These pleasant things for me;
Who gave me life and breath and strength,
And eyes that I might see.

I love the holy Sabbath day,
So peaceful, calm, and still;
And oh! I love to go to church,
And learn my Maker's will.

THE PEACOCK.

THIS brilliant bird is too well known to need any description. It is one of the most beautiful ornaments of our parks and grounds; and where these are extensive, its wild cry or screech, heard in the distance, is far from disagreeable—indeed, to some it is quite the reverse. It varies in its plumage accidentally; there are pied varieties, and one entirely white. In this last, the eyes, or circlets of the train, are shadowed out, as it were.

In the north of India there are surpassing quantities of wild pea-fowl. One traveler writes that he saw "whole woods covered with their beautiful plumage, to which the rising sun imparted additional brilliancy. Small patches of plain, among the long grass, most of them cultivated with mustard, then in bloom, which induced the birds to feed, increased the beauty of the scene. There could not have been less than twelve or fifteen hundred pea-fowls, of various sizes, within sight of the spot where I stood for an hour."

We usually talk of the peacock

spreading its tail, but the rich display is composed principally of the tail coverts.

These birds run very fast, fly heavy and strong, and roost on high trees, into which they fly toward dusk. The individuals differ as much in temper as human beings. Some are willing to take care of the young ones of others, while some have pursued and killed them—and this whether they had a brood of their own or not. Some cocks have assisted in the care of young ones, while others have attacked them. These birds, that is, the young ones, are good for food. In ancient times no great feast was complete without them.

A GOOD DOG.

Now, what do you hear, good Rover?
Is it master's foot on the walk?
I see that you think it over,
And soon you will *bow-wow* for talk.

Now, what do you hear, good Rover?
Is't naughty ones, apples to steal?
Ah, then you shall be reprover, [heel.
And seize the young rogue by the

Now, what do you hear, good Rover?
'Tis dear little tottering Will;
Go, leap there among the clover,
And watch him at play on the hill.

Wee Willie loves well good Rover,
They frolic and roll on the hay,
They're bouncing and tumbling over—
'Tis jolly to see them at play.

Forever he's kind—old Rover—
No kitten's more gentle than he;
E'en baby he takes as a drover,
And plods on his way patiently.

Fail ne'er in kindness to Rover—
Look at him, so faithful and true;
Your property he'll watch over,
From love and devotion to you.

LAUREL.

THE LITTLE SHOES.

ONE winter evening, a shoemaker's boy was sent with an assortment of children's shoes to the "Bowery Tavern." The landlady began calling to a little nurse girl to bring Adelaide to have her new shoes tried on. I could see the little creature, who was sitting under the gaslight in the bar, and kicking and screaming as the shoes were placed on her feet. At last a pair fitted, and the spoiled pet was lifted up triumphantly in her mother's arms. "Here, do look at her! the darling has let me get a pair of the very best ones on; look, father, do," said the mother, calling to her husband. Just then a tall man, very thinly clad, came out of the tap-room, passed the bar, and saw the child stretching out her feet for her father to see.

Now, a poor woman had been hovering about in the corner, peeping now and then timidly into the bar window, and then creeping to the door; she had a child in her arms, and looked ready to drop with cold and weariness. I had seen that woman on many a Saturday night, watching and waiting thus for her husband to come out. Ah, there he is! riveted for a moment, looking at the child showing her new shoes; with a start he roused himself, and rushed out.

"What, Bill, going so soon?" said the landlady.

Bill pulled his hat down over his eyes with one hand, clutched his old jacket tight over his chest, and answered the words with a sort of a grunt. He went outside; there were his wife and little one. For a moment the woman looked at him timorously, and half swerved aside, as if she were afraid. Something in Bill's look reassured her, and she went up close to him, feebly but yet coaxingly; he took the child from her tired arms; the little creature gave a short, quick cry of fright; and as he lifted it, I saw that its little feet were bare; it drew them swiftly up under its poor frock, but not before the father saw them. I wished his hat had been off that I might have seen his face as those two little blue chilled feet met his eyes. I noticed that he put them in his bosom, and buttoned his jacket over them, and held the child close, and went on his way with a heavy stamp, as if he beat his feet down on the ground; his wife, slip-shod and tottering, had hard work to keep up with him.

I had a faint impression of what was passing in the man's mind. From that night I was glad that I saw him no more among the frequenters of the "Bowery Tavern."

Some months after, there was a meeting at the Temperance Hall of the district, and many working men were present, and gave their testimony to the good effects of perfect sobriety; now and then they told little bits of their history about the reasons that led them to give up the public house. One tall, well dressed, respectable-looking man listened earnestly, until one who sat near him said, "Say a word, William Turner; you've known as much as any one here or anywhere; come, tell us, for I never heard how it was that you changed so much."

The young man, thus urged, rose and looked for a moment quite confused; all he could say was, "The little shoes, they did it." With a thick voice, as if his heart were in his

throat, he kept repeating this. There was a stare of perplexity on every face, and at length some thoughtless young people began to titter. The man, in all his embarrassment, heard this sound and rallied at once. The light came into his eyes with a flash; he drew himself up, and, looking at the audience, the choking went from his throat. "Yes, friends," he said in a voice that cut its way clear as a deep-toned bell, "whatever you may think of it, I've told you the truth—the little shoes did it. I was a poor drunkard, strong drink had almost ruined me.

"I suffered, I deserved to suffer, but I didn't suffer alone; no man does who has a wife and child, for the woman gets the worst share. But I'm no speaker to enlarge on that—I'll stick to the little shoes. I saw, one night, when I was all but done for, the publican's child holding out her feet for her father to see her fine new shoes; it was a simple thing, but, friends, no fist ever struck me such a blow as those little shoes. They kicked reason into me. 'What business have I to clothe others, and let my own go bare?' said I, and there outside were my wife and child, in a bitter cold night.

"I took hold of my little one with a grip, and I saw her chilled feet. Men! fathers! if the shoes smote me, what did the feet do? I put them, cold as ice, to my breast; they pierced me through and through. I had a trifle of money left; I bought a loaf, and a pair of little shoes. I never tasted anything but a bit of that bread all the Sabbath-day, and I went to work on Monday, and from that day I have spent no more money at the public house; that's all I've got to say; it was the little shoes that did it." C. L. B.

"ALL THE BOYS DO IT."

WALKING into the country one fine morning in spring, I fell in with a boy who was going to help a farmer plant corn. It pleased me well to find him disposed to get an honest living, even by the sweat of his brow; but his disposition to do another thing did not please me at all. As we were walking along, he took some tobacco from his pocket, and supplied his mouth with a liberal portion of it. He explained the matter by telling me that he had bought the tobacco only the day before, and that he was just learning to use it. Of course, one who hates the weed as thoroughly as I do, would not keep his tongue still in such circumstances. I felt that it was "a time to speak," and to offer some wholesome advice. I began with the suggestion, that the tobacco would be likely to make him sick. But he would believe no such thing; because, probably, he did not wish to believe it. I proceeded, therefore, to advise him to refrain from the use of tobacco for such reasons as these:

1. The use of it is inconvenient. Pains must be taken to keep a supply about the person, and, sometimes, no little pains to find a proper place to spit.

2. The use of it is expensive. A dime is but a trifle, I admit. But if a person spends a dime every two or three weeks on a foolish vice or habit, in the course of thirty or forty years he will waste no inconsiderable sum.

3. The habit of chewing tobacco is decidedly filthy. Suppose you don't squirt the juice on the floors and carpets; suppose you don't let it run down at the corners of your mouth; still there is nastiness enough in the habit to condemn it. You can not

help spitting, sometimes, where somebody don't want you to, and your breath can not fail to be a stench in everybody's nostrils.

4. Tobacco is pernicious, and in more ways than one. Some chew it for the sake of their teeth, some for the sake of their stomachs, and some for the sake of their bodies at large; but, in most cases, if not in all, it is a positive injury to the health of the system. Such, at least, is the testimony of those who understand the matter a great deal better than I do. Besides, there is danger that this stimulant will lead to a desire for others. Hence it is that tobacco-chewers, after a time, often get to be rum-drinkers.

The boy heard me out respectfully. Still, he seemed determined to learn to chew tobacco. "*All the boys do it*," said he. That, to him, appeared to be a full answer to all I had said. He soon found, though, that there was a little truth, at least, in my suggestion. For he was taken so sick, that, long before night, he was obliged to leave his work and return home.

That fellow stretched the truth, no doubt, when he asserted that all the boys chew tobacco. I am happy to know that not all the boys indulge in so vile a practice. I am forced to admit, however, that a great many of them do. In some places which I could name, there are lots of boys who seem to think themselves nearly large enough to do pretty much as they please. They are ten, twelve, or perhaps fourteen years of age; and, in their way of thinking, a little tobacco gives them a mighty lift toward manhood. You may see them in the streets, or in the midst of crowds of men, chewing their cuds as vigorously, or smoking their cigars as freely, as if they were as large as the largest. But what then? Do you want to imitate their example? Is the mere fact that so many boys use tobacco, a sufficient reason for your using it too? Should not such a fact disgust you rather, and determine you to keep clear from so filthy a habit.

It is quite common, in some places at least, for boys to swear. What then? Is that a good reason for your swearing too? Many boys lie; many boys hunt, fish, or do other unlawful deeds on the Sabbath. Would that justify you in doing the same things? Shame on all such pleadings! Your common sense tells you, that it is not always safe to follow the multitude—because the multitude is often almost as far wrong as it can be. To say, therefore, as an excuse or palliation for any deed or course of conduct, Everybody does so, is exceedingly foolish. It surely can give you no comfort to think that others, and even all the world, are unwise and wicked as well as yourself. You are responsible for your own character and conduct. If you are wise, you must be wise for yourself; but if you scorn truth, virtue, and the command of God, you alone must bear the consequences.

THE OLD MAJOR.

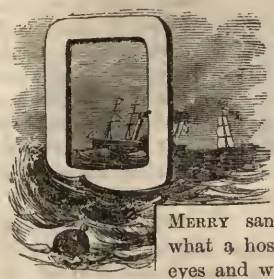
IF laughter is the daylight of the soul, a smile is the twilight.

"I DOUBT whether any one ever got to heaven who desired to go alone." Are *you* trying to lead some one there?

WHITE hair is the chalk with which Time keeps scores—two, three, or four score, as the case may be—on a man's head.

VIEW OF THE CITY OF ST. JOHN, IN THE PROVINCE OF NEW BRUNSWICK.

Merry's Monthly Chat with his Friends.



ONCE more at home, after an absence of some two or three weeks from the MERRY sanctum, and what a host of bright eyes and warm hearts to welcome me back! It is really worth going away to receive so many smiles of welcome and hearty shakes of the hand on one's return. And I am as glad to see you all as you are to greet me; but I must give you a brief account of my travels, etc.

In company with a large number of delegates to the National Division Sons of Temperance, I started from Boston on the commodious steamer New England, of the International Steamship Company, to attend the Annual Session of the National Division, which was to be held at Halifax, Nova Scotia, this year. We had a delightful trip, with our pleasant party of fifty or sixty, and the officers of the boat did their best to make our voyage comfortable and happy. But stop a moment, little folks. Before I go any further, I want you to get your atlases and trace out the places as we travel northward.

Leaving Boston, Monday, June 8, at 8 A.M., we arrived at Portland at 4 P.M., and at Eastport about 9 A.M. on Tuesday, and St. John's, New Brunswick, at 3 P.M. The weather was fine, and the time passed quickly with the cheerful and joyous company on board. It was my first visit to the Provinces, and I anticipated much pleasure in the brief time I had to spend, and I was not disappointed.

The city of St. John's, containing a population of about 10,000, is situated at the mouth of a river of its own name, and has a safe and beautiful harbor. In the accompanying engraving you will see a good representation of the city. It is regularly laid out and well built, and presents an imposing appearance when approached from the sea. Here we met our old friend Robert Sears, whom most of you know as the publisher of the Pictorial Bible and other interesting works, and received from him a most cordial welcome. Our stay was necessarily a short one. A large public temperance meeting was held in the evening, and we started early next morning across the Bay of Fundy for Windsor. The waters of the bay were calm and still, and the day delightful, and the company, increased by a large delegation from New Brunswick, was peculiarly social and happy, and one long to be remembered. By the way, I must not forget to tell you that Oliver Onley was one of our party. He had just returned from the war for a short time to recruit his health, and so we took him along, thinking we should have a *tall* time—and we were not mistaken. He seemed desirous of having an early settlement of the P. G. question, and accordingly made several reconnoissances in Portland, Eastport, St. John's, etc. We left him at Eastport on our return, and presume he will report the result of his investigations in due time to the Merry family. We arrived at Windsor, N. S., late in the afternoon, took the cars for Halifax, and at 10 o'clock were safely at our journey's end. I have not time or space to describe our visit here, but we spent a pleasant week with temperance friends, which will never be forgotten.

In the accompanying engraving you have a good view of Halifax, and the citadel on the eminence overlooking the city.

Through the kindness of Judge Jack-

VIEW OF HALIFAX.

son, the American consul, we were furnished with passes to visit the citadel. It is one of the strongest fortifications in America, and affords a beautiful view of the extensive harbor with its islands, and also the whole city and surrounding country. We must say, just here, that if all our representatives abroad were like Judge Jackson, the honor and dignity of the country would be ever and always maintained, and we should stand far higher in the estimation of the world than we now do.

Our call upon him at his office will not soon be forgotten. He took us all cordially by the hand, and the representatives from Kentucky, Missouri, Ohio, New Jersey, New York, and the other Eastern States, rising above every sordid consideration, encircled by the glorious flag of our Union, the cherished emblem of all our privileges, met and congratulated one another on the prospects of the speedy downfall of the rebellion, hoping and praying that the two great nations represented in the National Division then convened might ever live to enjoy and pursue the arts of peace so essential to national prosperity.

But I must not forget to tell you of one meeting that to me was worth all the rest. About 2,000 children from the different Sabbath-schools were gathered in one large hall on Sunday afternoon to hold a Children's Temperance Meeting, and a glorious meeting it was, too.

The friends of Temperance have gathered many of the children into "the Cold Water Army," and "Cadets," and "Bands of Hope," and it did us all good to see so many children pledging themselves to cold water and to temperance, and be assured, boys and girls who do so, you will never regret it.

The following, from the CHRISTIAN VISITOR of St. John's, furnishes a good description of the meeting:

"It was admitted by every one to be the greatest gathering of children that ever took place in that city; they absolutely covered the entire space within the building—on the platform, in the speakers' arms, clinging around their feet, in the aisles up to the doors, holding on to the gallery, standing in tiers inside the railing, so that as the eye rested for a moment on the crowded platform, and then rose gradually, taking in the whole scene to the gallery from one side to the other, and then down again to the crowded floors, it seemed like an immense hot-house of flowers ranged tier on tier far as the eye could reach; every eye glistened back its intense interest to your gaze, each cheek bloomed with a fresher and more charming tint, the golden-haired and the pale-faced blossoming in beauty beside the dark-haired and rosy-cheeked. It was very beautiful, and many a heart beat with high emotion and exalted feelings in unison and harmony with that perfect picture.

"The children sang; and then what a glorious rush of melody, filling the building, breaking in ripples on the outside air, two thousand voices tuned to Christian praise; one can almost hear them now, as the voices rise and fall with the notes of the music."

I had the curiosity to see how many of the temperance delegates were Sunday-school men, and found 64 out of 78 were either Sunday-school superintendents or teachers; so you see that one good cause helps another; and when you find a boy who does right in one

thing, he will be more likely to be right and do right in all. He will be "right every time."

Before leaving Halifax, the members visited the rooms of Mr. Chase, the photographic artist, and "were taken" in groups, which were concentrated in one large picture, containing photographs of about 70 representatives from 20 different States and Provinces. They are executed in the highest style of art, and make a beautiful memento of our week of social intercourse in the good city of Halifax One of these pictures can be seen in the Merry sanctum. But I have not space to tell you the half of what I saw and heard of interest. The pleasant memories of greetings interchanged and friendships formed on this delightful trip will be among the dearest treasures of my heart, and I come back to the post of duty stronger in the love of the great work of life and firmness in the faith of the ultimate triumph of Truth and Right.

HARRISBURG, *July*, 1863.

DEAR UNCLE MERRY:—Seeing that I have been admitted into the circle, here I am again, and have a great deal to tell you and the cousins. I suppose you know as much in regard to the invasion of Pennsylvania, and of the homes made desolate by the rebel horde as I do; but you have not experienced anything of that sort, and I have. Uncle and cousins, I hope you will all sympathize with me for my misfortunes. I do not wish to make you feel very sad, else I would tell you more what the rebs did at "the dearest spot on earth to me." I merely made my escape after seeing them all, horses, cattle, clothes, and everything else in their line, including a demand for myself, when I thought it proper to take leave of absence, which I did, traveling over hills and mountains to get out of their dominions. Now, girls, don't call me a skedaddler! I'm only a deserter from the Southern Confederacy. Uncle, I want to ask a question. Have we any cousins in Harrisburg? If we have, please tell me, for I would like very much to see one of the Merry group. I suppose you are all tired of my letter ere this, so I had better close, which I will, only let me tell you, as the rebs have pulled me up, dug me up, and threw me over the fence, there is still a "spec" left. And now, Uncle, hoping, send me another MUSEUM, for the other I suppose the rebels have captured, if it ever came so far as Franklin County, and perhaps in it some of the cousins' accepted proposition to exchange cartes-de-visite. I am yours, truly, CHARLEY F. SPECK.

We have several of the Merry family in Harrisburg, and at the time you wrote, Osceola was there, or else marching from there to meet the invader. He is in the Fifty-sixth, N. Y. S. M. Find him out, and shake hands with him for us.

POINT GREEN, *June*, 1863.

Once again, dear chatterboxes, Leslie is among you. He has broken from the chains with which our Uncle allowed Minerva to bind him, and now behold him more determined than ever to support the cause of Winifred, our fair queen.

Careful! careful! Miss Fleta. I think you will need Mr. Fleta to teach you how to swing that sharp stick a great deal fleeter before it stings as you imagine it will. I don't feel it yet.

Oliver Onley, you are in truth a warrior. Think of it, Merrys. He is fighting in two wars—the war for his country and his queen. Yes, the "shells are buss'd in our parlor." This kind won't hurt any one; in fact, they never could.

Nell, what is your particular spite against me? Did my remark touch the right spot? It must have done so—I can tell by the way you write. Our people are not "green," neither have we any "monsters" down our way. Your experience, however, has without doubt taught you that they are very pointed. I am sorry for you, Nell; your position on the field (Fortress T. G. I.) must be pretty well battered. They won't let you in either camp, and you are thus exposed to the fire from both sides. It is too bad!

Minerva, A. N., and all ye who are in favor of an unconditional peace—were this a political war, we would name you after a certain venomous reptile that has been spoken of quite frequently of late.

Flibbertigibbet, welcome back to our Merry circle. How could you stay away so long?

Josie, I shall not soon forget the evening spent so pleasantly with so many of the Merrys and our dear Uncle at your home.

Down-East Girl, Alice Clayton, Puss, Nell of B., Black-Eyes, Gypsy, Margaretta, and in fact all ye Merry girls, will you exchange?

I don't believe in that machine. If it chops me, I'll throw the remnants Lee-ward, and will expose its horrid dealings to all. Cousins, it is human, be assured of that.

I am still, in spite of Minerva (who, by-the-by, thinks she is holding me securely), your Merry cousin, LESLIE.

July 2, 1863.

DEAR UNCLE:—Josie, I have a compliment for you; guess what it is! Isn't it splendid, Mignonette teaching school? I should think 'twould be! Will you exchange cartes with me? For what has Satan come? to tempt us? Tell him we've a monitor to fly to if he comes too near. Wanderer, how is "Old General Taylor?" Love to all.

ALICE CLAYTON.

"LAWNVILLE," *June*, 1863.

At last I'm in the parlor—and truly you are all "Merry." Uncle Robert, you'll surely forgive my abrupt entrance. Some heedless cousin (Stumbler, I think) left the door open, and catching a glimpse of your loving, pleasant phiz, how *could* I resist the temptation to enter?

What an assembly of chatterers! O. O., I have a long time been interested in your letters, and more than ever since you're a soldier. You have my best wishes. A. E. D., I love you.

Fleta, the "manipulator" will not allow me to state my devotion to you. Irving, why not leave Hattie a few moments and speak to me? Winifred, you are such a favorite I despair getting near you. Accept my love? Eugene, at last we know you. Proud am I to own you cousin! Why not write to us? Saucy Nell, you're a favorite, and rightly named. Down-East Girl, is Hattie L. so fond of fun? Tommy, where are you? Wanderer (be quiet—no questions), I've heard from you quite recently. Portine, I've loved you dearly ever since I received March number. A. N., come often. With love to Puss, Blue-Eyes, and Flib., and a nod of recognition to Willie H. C., I am, merrily, "PHENE" F.

You are thrice welcome, "Phene," and shall have a seat by the side of Uncle Robert and next to Winifred. Eugene of course will write to you, if you write to him; our soldier boys prize letters very much from friends left behind. We can answer for Down-East Girl, that Hattie L. is "so fond of fun"—so very fond of it, that she has left the city for awhile, and is roving wild and free with the "young" folks on "old Long Island's sea-girt shore." We hope to see you always in your seat.

NEW YORK, *June*, 1863.

DEAR MERRYS:—The war came to a sudden close just as I was rushing in upon the field of battle with my sword drawn in defense of Queen Winnie.

Orange Blossom and Humming Bird, where are those cherries you pretended to send *via* Grasshopper? Will you change? Ella, Juanita, Heartsease, Flibbertigibbet, and Down-East Girl, will you exchange photos or ferrotypes with me? Come, do. But here comes that barbarous manipulator, so I will bid you a heart-rending farewell. "Kerr clickety crunch!" I'm going. Your unfortunate cousin, FIDDLESTICKS.

BATAVIA, ILL., *May* 27.

DEAR UNCLES:—What a noise we are having in our once quiet parlor! But if we must have war, I "spose we must," and I declare myself in favor of Fleta.

It would not do for Illinois to be divided against itself. I am very much interested at present in a juvenile temperance society called the Band of Hope. Are any of the numerous family connected with one?

Please don't hurt me, and I will remain your sincere COUSIN LOCKWOOD.

We know many of the Merry family connected with the Bands of Hope, and wish all were members. It is always best to *start* right when you commence a journey, and especially so when commencing life's journey, which has so many by-paths to lead the thoughtless and unwary astray.

WINTERPORT, *June* 19, 1863.

DEAR MR. MERRY :—I am a "Down-East" boy, but would like a place among the Merrys, if there is room. I have recently seen a few numbers of the MUSEUM, and think I shall like it. My sister took it eight years, and I like to read those old ones very much.

Inclosed is one dollar, and I wish you to send me the MUSEUM for one year. I suppose it entitles me to a steel engraving (as I see each new subscriber is furnished with one), which I shall be happy to receive. Yours, truly, ALLIE.

Glad to see you, Allie. Uncle Robert has gone "by mail" to see you.

TROY, 1863.

DEAR UNCLE MERRY—if so I may call you—"everybody does it"—so here goes. I have a few answers for Aunt Sue's Puzzle-Drawer; also one or two remarks to propel.

I really hope Jeannie Parker's plan of deciding the prettiest-girl question will be successfully carried out, so that when we visit our Uncle we can see the *roguish gallery*. How can you decide by having her send you a blind pig, for p. g. means pig without an *i*; such is my *eye dear*.

Blue-Eyes No. 2 should be Queen of the Puzzle-Drawer, for 501 is enough to puzzle the p. d., and all other d's—self included, of course. Yours, respectfully, W. A. R.

CHICAGO, ILL., *July* 4, 1863.

DEAR MERRY :—Though silent for some time, I have been present at the monthly reunions, but there are so many huge individuals, viz., the Queen, Leslie, and Osceola, that I was cast entirely in the shade. Fleta is, of course, of an entirely different faction from Leslie (the worse for them). I will not go back to tell whose letters are unanswered, or to answer the questions in back numbers. So I'm to sit between "Daisy" and "California Tommy." Well, Daisy, I think you had better excuse me. I'm sure the glitter of Tommy's costume will captivate you immediately. Grasshopper, I am afraid many of us are in as bad a condition as yourself in respect to the third italicised.

Cousin Mignonette Wildwood, Puss would jump immediately if you changed your name to "*cat-nip*."

Fleta, I am terribly *gallant*. I *guess* no one will dispute it now. I gave your "v." away. I was forced, rather. It has been offered to me since, but I'm too proud to take it. Please send me another. DANIEL H. BURNHAM.

P.S.—Winifred, Saucy Nell (*indeed*), and Josie, I'm much obliged for your kisses, but have none to spare. DAN.

DEAR MERRYS :—I will not make any disturbance if you will give me a seat by Saucy Nell, provided she is willing. I think we shall be friends. Please introduce me to Pertine, Busy Bee Black-Eyes, and Jolly Jingle. Give my love to all the cousins. Yours truly,

UNSTEADY.

There, Saucy, is work for you. Steady, there!

WALNUT HILLS, CINCINNATI, O., *July* 9.

DEAR UNCLE HI :—I have come all the way from Cincinnati with my dollar, and I will come in a few minutes and see you.

First of all, I want your photo—not any hocus-pocus, but a real, genuine picture of *yourself*. May I have it?

I have been your niece for six years, but I don't know any of my cousins yet. Please introduce me, especially to Fleta, Winnie, Pertine, Grasshopper, and Jim of Baltimore. I used to live very near Baltimore. Isn't Winnie sensible about being green? I like her—don't you? With love to all, I am your niece,

CARRIE S.

We send a "real genuine photo," taken by LEWIS. He takes none of the kind that you speak of; we shall expect yours in return. Shall we have it?

Extracted Essences.

FIDDLESTICKS will please take, first, my thanks for the "picter," which *is* a picter indeed, high in my gallery—and take, second, notice that I would like to get a *loop* over your head and draw you to my quarters. Come and see me, do. UNCLE HI.

MINNIE, of Athens, came with her birth-day gift of one dollar, which entitles her to admission to our Merry circle. We hope to see her every month.

PONTIAC complains that we made a "raid" upon his letter of last month,

and completely changed its "base." In his message to "Fleta F." he wrote he expected "to visit N. H. this summer," but that the "p. d." made him say "Nellie" instead of New Haven, and he is uncertain now whether Fleta will give him a cordial reception or not. Probably, if Uncle Robert had not been out of town, Pontiac would have bid him "go to Halifax." However, he thinks the next time he is bidden to go, he will leave by the next boat.

ELFELDA, you are right about S. N.

C. F. WARREN would like to have any of the Merrys who may be at the White Mountains this summer write "M. M." after their names when recording them on the hotel book, as he desires to see some of the cousins there.

BUFFALO, N. Y, *July* 7, 1863.

DEAR UNCLE ROBERT:—Give my love to the dear Merrys, and tell them I sha'n't treat them to any "notices" this month, or "credit" for answers. I've run away—off on a holiday; but I left a stock of puzzles just to amuse them till I return.

I left Brooklyn last month in an evening train to Albany: the weather was perfect; I sat on "the river side" (in the cars), and oh! how beautiful it was. The sunset—the purple clouds with golden borders—the trees—the cows—the little children—the evening star—the moon—the everything. At Albany I got into a *sleeping car* for the first time: when I first entered I "made the remark—'te he!'". It did look so funny. "*Can* I get into those shelves?" I asked myself. I tried, and succeeded. There was plenty of length and plenty of breadth, but for height—oh my! Should any one discover in me, for the future, a lack of veneration, benevolence, and the other attributes which develop themselves on the top of the cranium, please attribute it all to the height of that berth. I sha'n't tell how many glad faces greeted "Aunt Sue" with kisses when I reached Buffalo. Suffice it to say, I was abundantly satisfied with my welcome. The ladies were busy with a "bazaar" (or fair) in aid of the wounded soldiers, and it was a beautiful sight to see all the beautiful girls of Buffalo dressed in a kind of uniform (blue muslin dresses, white aprons, little fancy caps, and cherry ribbons), waiting on the tables—for they furnished dinner for any and every one, at fifty cents a head, every day from Tuesday till Saturday. Around the room (St. James' Hall) were several booths, representing different nations—English, Irish, Scotch, Mexican, Spanish, Chinese, Gypsy, American, Swiss and German, Turkish, French, and Indian. In the evenings, two or three ladies in each tent (having charge of the tables) were dressed in costume. Their hearts seemed to be in the work, and the result was about $7,000 (net) for the wounded soldiers. One evening a little boy ran up to our door with some tickets for sale—"one cent each," "admit one." "What were they for?" "Oh! Clara and Lottie have got up a bazaar next door for the soldiers." "Let's go," said I: only children were *expected;* but five of us went in, and there was a little table spread with strawberries, cherries, cake, flowers, oranges (*two*, divided into sections), etc. I put some paper over one of my combs and tooted national airs on it, while the boys drummed on the fence. I gave my musical services gratuitously, but one little boy brought me a penny for another tune, and I was presented with some bouquets, which I returned to the "bazaar." Well, the little girls took in one dollar and four cents, and on repeating the performance another evening they realized one dollar and sixteen cents more; the big folks made up the sum to $2 50, which the children took to the "Ladies' Aid Society." Go ye, little ones, and do likewise.

Then we went to the Falls of Niagara; I needn't say anything about *them*, but I will about the Cataract House where we

stayed; it is just the nicest, cleanest, sweetest, best house I ever stopped at; and *such* meals — *so* good and *such* a plenty. I spied a pretty black-eyed chambermaid in the linen closet; she looked so pleasant that I opened a conversation with her, and part of the information I gleaned was, that she had the charge of 500 blankets, 1,000 sheets, and 2,000 pillow-cases. Going over to Goat Island we passed a paper-mill; of course, I must get in there if I could: everybody was very polite, and we found no difficulty in gaining admission. I saw the brown gruel made by the dirty rags, and the white gruel after they had been bleached with chlorine, and I saw the gruel oozing through rollers on a kind of blanket, and being passed from roller to roller without any one touching it, each following roller pressing the pulp tighter than the last, until it had a pressure on it equal to four Great Easterns; and at the end of the room, about 100 feet long, the paper, which was gruel at the other end of the room, was being cut off in sheets (for the New York *Tribune*, I believe). Two girls straightened the sheets as they were cut off, but the Niagara River made the paper.

How about that manipulator? Girls and boys, old and young, my best love to you. AUNT SUE.

MUSIC.—We have received the following pieces of music from O. Ditson & Co., Boston: "Gentle Bessie," Scottish ballad, by Edward Land; "The World of Light;" Onward for Ever;" Marion, or 'Tis said there's an Altar in every Heart;" and "Children's Toys," all of which we can cordially recommend to the Merry family.

Aunt Sue's Puzzle Drawer.

Questions, Enigmas, Charades, etc.

33. I am, alas! to many a soul
A source of deep regret,
Yet many make by me the whole
Of all the cash they get.

Oft when I'm used by prudent men
Before they act, I serve
To save them from the consequence
Of many things absurd.

But if I am not used before
They act, it is too late,
And often sad the pang I cause
To those who contemplate.

'Tis not, however, human kind
Alone possesses me—
I'm found in heaven, in every lake,
And sometimes on the sea.

Sometimes in dwellings I am seen,
But in whatever place,
'Tis rare indeed that I present
To all the self-same face. *Forestina.*

34. Entire, I am a kind of rock; beheaded, I am considered very healthy; again beheaded, I am a beverage; then transposed, I am a meadow. *Down-East Girl.*

35. My first is a drink; my second is feminine; my third is the cry of an animal, and my whole is a city in Scripture. *S. D. H.*

36. Take the first syllable (which is sometimes used as an interjection to express contempt) from a warlike instrument, then transpose the remainder and leave some ends. *Clementina.*

37. Entire, I am found in Brooklyn; with my first two letters changed, I am a very strong and pretty kind of crockery-ware; when entire, my first is a kind of mountain; my second is found all over the world. *Golden Arrow.*

38. Behead something irritating and leave something soothing. *Louise.*

39. My first is annoying, my second (under certain circumstances), alarming; my whole is something frightful. *A. R. M.*

40. 1802500A. *Farrand Bacon.*

41. My first is a nickname; my second, a pronoun; my third, a conjunction; and my whole, a fish. *Birdie.*

42. Transpose a ruler into a river. *Mercury.*

43. Why is silver currency like Cæsar's army by the Rubicon? *M. D.*

44. My first is a project; my second is an amusement for children; my third, a much used article; my fourth is a trap, and my whole is a name famous in English history. *Onie.*

45. What boat is found in every ocean? *Merrimac.*

46. 10050055N. *Monitor.*

47. Behead an animal, transpose and leave a coin. *Golden Arrow.*

ANAGRAMS.

48. At the charge of —— *scores ran.* *W. C. C.*
We have no reason to suppose that —— required *more acid.* *Minx.*

49. I caught a *crying cold*, and was ill ——. *Ernest.*

50. *Our cheaters* are generally ——. *A. Older.*
You will scarcely find a *cart-horse* in the ——. *Tommy.*

51. Do not *stay*, *Pet*, over the ——. *Ida May.*

52. I am composed of 13 letters:
My 7, 9, 8 is a fish.
My 6, 12, 11 is to chafe.
My 2, 5, 10, 13 is part of a ship.
My 4, 3, 1, 9 is a girl's name.
My whole is a book, which contains the reflections of the Merry family. *Fanny H.*

53. I am composed of 16 letters:
My 13, 7, 3, 9, 5 is what children generally like.
My 1, 15, 3, 4, 5 is a boy's name.
My 6, 4, 2, 3 is a bird.
My 14, 12, 16 is a pronoun.
My 10, 15, 11, 8 is a beverage.
My whole is a celebrated man. *Juliette.*

54. I am composed of 16 letters:
My 10, 11, 12, 13 is a boy's nickname.
My 4, 5, 8, 9 is a girl's nickname.
My 1, 6, 7, 16 is a bird.
My 2, 3 is a preposition.
My 14, 15 is an adverb.
My whole was the name of a famous general. *W. C. C.*

55. My first is an evil being; my second is what he is supposed to do; my whole is what we must all do to gain the puzzle prize. *W. A. R.*

56. Change my head seven times and find (1) a spring, (2) recovered, (3) a fleet runner, (4) a tumulus, (5) an inclosure, (6) a ring, and (7) a noise. *R. L. B.*

57. (Reverse the same word in the following blanks:)
It is —— that papers should —— with news *Minx.*

58. Find a flower of which the first and third syllables are verbs, the second an article, and the fourth (and last) an adverb. *Fred W. C. C.*

59. Take an article of clothing, alter the last letter and show where it was made. *A. P. T.*

60. Should you ask the sun if it will take your photograph, why must its answer be paradoxical? *A. S.*

Answers to Questions in June No.

503. Penny-royal.
504. The letter E.
505. Rane, fane, cane, Dane, Jane, bane, lane, wane, vane, pane, sane.
506. Benefit.
507. Fungus.
508. Ezra, raze.
509. Drum, rum.
510. It is nothing after all.
511. THRONES: out of which word may be made "oh! she, the, nor, nest, snore, sore, so, on."
512. Chair, hair.
513. Bear, ear.
514. Goats, oats.
515. Grove, rove.
516. Flaw, law.
517. Antagonist, stagnation.
518. Hallucination.
519. Plumbago, lumbago.
520. Missouri.
521. William.
522. Temperate.
523. Certainty.
524. Belligerent.
525. Orientals.
526. Distiller.
527. Isolated.
528. Babelmandel.
529. Rebellion.
530. One is his livery, the other his diary.
531. Think twice before you speak once.

DOWN BY THE RIVER.

BY ADELBERT OLDER.

Down by the path we used to tread,
Where green-leaved boughs wave overhead,
Down by the somber, stately pines,
Through whose green leaves the sunlight shines,
Down through the quiet leafy dell,
The cool retreat we've loved so well,
Where daisies from their sly nooks peep,
And where the clinging wild vines creep,
Where stately lilies, white and red,
Bend to the breeze each queenly head,
Down where the roses' fragrant bloom
Fills the still air with sweet perfume,
Down where the brook, in mimic wrath,
Is leaping down the pebbly path,
And hear the willow branches quiver
Down by the river—

The fragrant clover blossoms spread
A crimson carpet where we tread,
And ceaselessly the waters beat
The glistening pebbles at our feet,
And, with a sound like tinkling bells,
The crystal water sinks and swells,
As breezy zephyrs, where they pass,
Scarce wave its surface, clear as glass.
The bubbles but one moment gleam
In golden tints upon the stream,
And then they disappear forever
Adown the river.

Down where the aspen branches quiver
Above the swiftly flowing river,
Where, with a sound like merry laughter,
The waves come leaping, hurrying after;
Down where, o'er rocks, 'tis leaping yonder,
There let us stray, and while we wander,
Life's greatest lesson let us ponder,
How *we* adown *Time's* current pass,
Now broken, now as smooth as glass,
How *we* shall disappear forever
Adown that river.

Give not back the hasty blow,
Though 'tis given wrongly;
Let the foolish scoffer go,
Though he tempt thee strongly;
Keep thy gentle Lord in mind,
Who was always meek and kind.

PHILIP SNOW'S WAR

BY THE AUTHOR OF "KATE MORGAN'S SOLDIERS," "NAT'S SHOES," ETC.

CHAPTER XII.

VERY early in the morning of Sunday, Mrs. Snow removed the fastening from the door leading to the rooms above, for a feeling of shame crept over her that she should have been so much afraid.

"I am much obliged to the man for coming," said Philip, on being aroused, "for this is much better than going up stairs, where it is freezing cold."

"There now!" said Essie, "you've been lying in *my* place"—and she picked up the Lady Julia, who had been utterly neglected the night before.

"Dear me, dear me—there's somebody up stairs," said Essie, a moment later. "Who can it be?"

"Maybe it's one of your angels," suggested Philip.

"An angel! a real live one! but I don't believe it one bit; angels don't clatter so, you naughty boy!" said Essie. Nevertheless, as the sounds increased, and feet were heard on the stairs, Essie's eyes opened wider and wider, and the child stood perfectly still as the steps came nearer and nearer.

When a hand touched the latch, she caught hold of Philip, exclaiming, "I forgot—it's only Stephen Waite coming."

Instead of Stephen Waite, who, poor fellow, had scarcely recovered his life, there entered the room a man whom Essie never had seen.

"Good-morning, sir," said Philip; "I hope you slept well."

"Yes, thank you, I did."

There was certainly something very peculiar about this stranger, and Philip took a good look at him by daylight.

His clothes were not worn, and they were not precisely those of a poor man, but rather like those of a person too much occupied by other events to care for his own appearance.

The face of the man was fine; large, clear gray eyes; a complexion browned perhaps by exposure, and thin, silky, white hair, were the most noticeable peculiarities of this stranger.

Even as Philip had done, Essie examined the man. With her quick, child-like perception she took him at once into her liking.

"I saw you before," she said, half afraid of the sound of her own voice.

"A mistake of yours, little one"—

"Not a bit—I did," she said, this time venturing near the chair in which he had seated himself as if expecting to be invited to breakfast.

"Then you must see in your sleep. I came last night, and saw you fast asleep."

The entrance of Mrs. Snow ended Essie's conversation.

"Breakfast is ready," she said—"will you come and take of it with us?"

"He acts just as if he was to home here," whispered Essie, as Philip lifted her into her high chair.

After breakfast the stranger bade the family farewell, with many professions of gratitude for his kind reception.

"Why can't you stay a little while longer?" questioned Essie, in nowise content to have her new object of interest flit away from her grasp so quickly.

"I am going to leave this little parcel here with you," he said to Essie; "will you take care of it until I come for it?"

"Yes, *good care*," said Essie, "and *come pretty soon*."

The intruder into the home of Mrs. Snow departed, and the parcel was duly laid away for safe keeping.

"He's a queer fellow," said Philip; "I shouldn't wonder if he was a bit crazy. Did you notice how he looked around with his eyes, very much as if he was looking at something he loved for the last time?"

"I thought he was going to hug me," said Essie.

Philip went up to his room to prepare for Sunday-school.

On the bureau lay a half-eagle. Philip tripped his foot and fell halfway down stairs in his haste to make the discovery known.

Essie ran to pick him up, but was a little too late. Instead of Philip, she picked up the golden coin that he had dropped.

"Oh, my! 'Hilip, where *did* you get this? It's dold, like papa used to have!"

"Why, Essie, the man left it here, to pay for sleeping in my bed, and his breakfast, I guess."

"Tell the truth, 'Hilip, 'cause its God's day to-day."

"I am telling you the truth—I found this on the bureau," and Philip and Essie ran together into the kitchen to show the treasure to Mrs. Snow.

"This seems like bread from heaven," said Mrs. Snow.

"It's dold from heaven," said Essie; "and, mamma, what kind of a thing is a raven? *May-be this man was a raven* like what fed Elijah when he lived by the brook till it all dried up—let me see; if he is a *real, true Bible-raven*, he will come back at evening, 'cause Elijah's always did."

"Essie—Essie! a raven is a bird, just like a crow," said Philip.

"Did you ever see one?"

"No."

"Then you don't know nothing at all about it, 'Hilip. I didn't know but you keeped one down to your big furnace, you was so sure. Mamma, tell me what kind of a raven was it that took the bread and cheese to Elijah."

"I don't know," replied Mrs. Snow.

"There, 'Hilip, go and study your Sunday-school lesson; I knew you didn't know," said Essie.

"They didn't have cheese in those days, Miss Essie," said Philip.

"Bread and cheese!—bread and cheese! That *ain't* quite like it. Oh, I know—bread and flesh! It's 'cause you take so much bread and cheese for your hungry basket, that I forgot."

Philip went to Sunday-school—Stephen Waite was not in his place, and blind Benny's seat was vacant for ever; but the angels are better teachers for our lost little ones, and Benny's lesson in heaven that day was learned with open eyes, for there are none blind in the Land of Light.

Philip, on his way home from church with his mother and Essie, went to see the little mantle of flesh that had once been worn by Benny.

Cold, and white, and still—all the warmth, and color, and action were gone. Essie had never seen death until she saw Benny in the grasp of our last enemy.

She put her warm, living hands on the closed lids so rudely pressed down by the heavy waters, she kissed the forehead above which the scarcely dried curls clustered, and turned away without saying one word.

"Benny has gone to heaven, you know," said her mother. Essie did not speak.

"Are you not glad that Benny can see now?" Essie gave no answer. Not until they had left the house was Essie induced to say one word.

"I was afraid to speak, mamma, in there, you know, for fear Benny would tell up in heaven what I said."

"What did you wish to say, Essie?"

"I wanted to have the angels come and take Benny right away, so that the big church-man and the grave-digger couldn't get him."

Mrs. Snow took Essie to the church-yard where Benny's little grave was opened, and she sat down beside it and let the child look into it until she became familiar with it. She told her the story of death, how it came upon the earth, and that this little dead body of Benny's would one day rise up out of the grave, glorious and beautiful, never more to die; that God himself would conquer death.

Essie's mind gathered in its store, and she looked up at last with her eyes filled with brightness and hope.

"This is God's big garden, then," she said, "where all the seeds are planted; but what funny flowers some of the folks will make when they come up! There's Mrs. Drown, I guess, maybe she'll be fennel, 'cause she keeps making her mouth go all the time in church, eating fennel.

"Then there is Mr.—Mr.—the man that lives in the big white house; *he* will be tobacco when he comes up, I know, because he always eats it. And what kind of things will the rum men be? I'm sure God won't let them grow in his *flower-garden.* He'll send some one to plant them away off, ever so far on the hills, and in the swamps. Anyway, I don't want to come up near them, so, when I die, won't you put me as far away as ever you can, close by good, nice little children?"

Mrs. Snow held Essie's hand very close in her own, and walked on in silence. Even Philip did not smile.

It was evening time—Sunday evening—and Essie stationed herself at the window, from whence she could see the road village-ward, the row of poplars, and the bridge below.

The early night was fast closing down over the earth, but, despite the darkness, Essie was intent on watching the most distant point.

Mrs. Snow drew near the window to drop the curtain over it, but Essie said, "Do wait, mamma, I want to see my star rise."

Essie was not perfectly truthful in this statement, for however much her love for stars might be on other occasions, on this night her eyes were very near the earth. Mrs. Snow moved away, and had forgotten the window and Essie, when the child startled her by rushing from the window and throwing her arms around her neck, with an emphatic "Oh, mamma!"

"What is it, Essie?" asked Mrs. Snow.

"Hark! mamma."

Through the silence that followed Essie's words came the well-known sound of the gate.

"Mamma! mamma! *it is* Mr. Raven! *I knew* he'd come at evening, *just as the Bible tells.*"

Philip hastened to answer the knock at the door.

The stranger, who the night before appeared so unceremoniously, entered, but not alone. Mr. Waite (Stephen's father) introduced him to Mrs. Snow as an old friend of his own.

"This friend, Mr. Raye," he said, "had come to the village to spend some months."

Mr. Waite requested Mrs. Snow as a favor to himself to receive Mr. Raye into her house during the time that he might remain in the village; and to the satisfaction of Philip and the joy of Essie, Mr. Raye became a member of their little household.

Essie could not lay aside her faith in the raven, not even when she listened to Mr. Raye's voice as it ascended in petition to the one Father of all earth's children, and asked for "daily bread."

For full ten long minutes Essie tried to solve the problem of life, but it ended in sleep, as many another problem will, and Essie dreamed that ravens brought bright and shining treasures to the stone step at the door; but she could not pick them up; they were fastened there, and in the effort to snatch a glistening prize, Essie awoke. [TO BE CONTINUED.]

FREDDY'S PRAYER.

A LITTLE bright-eyed boy of four years, of our acquaintance, was saying his prayers the other night to his mother, and with hands folded and eyes closed he sweetly said:

"Now I lay me down to sleep,
I pray the Lord my soul to keep;
If I should die before I wake,
I pray the Lord my soul to take."

"God bless my papa, mamma, and—"

He stopped all at once, opened his eyes, and exclaimed,

"Mother, mother, what shall I say if I've been a bad boy?"

"You should not stop to ask questions, my son, while saying your prayers," replied his mother.

"But, mother, if I've been bad, what shall I say?"

"Ask God to forgive you; but you should say your prayers all through after you begin, without stopping."

His question answered, he reverently folded his hands, and closing his eyes again, continued,

"And will God forgive me for killing a hop-toad with a big stick, and throwing him down a deep hole. Amen."

Children of larger growth will please copy.

WILL ELLSWORTH'S DINNER.

BY MRS. N. McCONAUGHY.

THE snow lay deep on the country road as Willie Ellsworth set out for school; but little did he care for that. His pants were tucked inside of his stout boots, and no cold could peep through such a regular "dreadnaught" overcoat, and the soft, fleecy comforter which mother's own kind hands had tied about his throat. Just as he passed out of his father's gate, quite a different figure crept on before him down the road to the school-house. Poor little Jerry had no such warm wraps to protect his little pinched frame from the winter weather. His thin garments were clean and well mended, but his widowed mother was too poor to get him new ones. He was always a sad-hearted little fellow, for the great hearty boys were not as tender to his sensitive feelings as they should have been; and cold and hunger take all the brightness out of a child's life. Will hurried along, and a feeling of pity filled his heart for the poor child he had seldom thought much about before.

"Here, Jerry, tie my comforter about your neck," he said, wrapping it around him; "I don't need it a

bit with this big coat collar. There, wrap your hands up in the ends and they will do for mittens."

How gratefully the little brown eyes looked up into the boy's face at this unexpected kindness! Truly "heaviness in the heart causeth it to stoop, but a good word maketh it glad." Willie talked on with his little companion with great interest after this act of kindness. There is nothing like doing a favor to a person to interest us in him. Little by little the child confided in him, and at last the fact came out that all he had had for his breakfast was one roasted potato with salt. He usually "had two," he said, "but they were most gone now."

"You don't say so," said Willie, stopping short and looking in his face with astonishment. It was not many minutes before the little covered willow basket on his arm was opened, and a broad slice of bread-and-butter, with slices of good roast beef on it, was put into the boy's hand.

"There, eat that, Jerry, and welcome. I can run home for my dinner. You need not be a bit afraid of my going without," he continued, as the hungry child, with the true delicacy of a sensitive nature, hesitated to accept it. "I get as hungry as a bear by noon-time, and I can run home in ten minutes' time, and I know there will be a good hot dinner smoking on the table."

He did not tell the child he had brought his dinner on purpose to go on a skating excursion with the boys. He felt he could better afford to go without the sport than poor Jerry could go hungry. The little fellow devoured the food with the eagerness of famine, and it did Willie good to watch him.

"Here, you must have the other slice now," he said; "mother never means I shall go hungry." The boy had not known such a luxury for many a day, but he looked up pleadingly and asked—

"Mayn't I save it for mother?"

"Why, yes, if you like; and here are a couple of apples, too." The willow basket was usually well stocked from the big pippin bin down cellar, and its contents liberally distributed among Will's school-fellows. Will was a very popular boy.

Little Jerry entered the schoolroom with a brighter look than his hunger-pinched face had known for many a day, and Will's enjoyment was not in the least diminished by catching every now and then a glance from those grateful smiling eyes.

"Come on now, boys," said Harry Adams, as soon as school was over for the morning; "the master says we must eat our dinner before we start—don't let us be long about it."

"I must go home for my dinner," said Will, whose school-boy appetite came back sharp enough when the half-day's work was over. A school-boy is never too fastidious once he is hungry.

"Oh, you must go with us, or we shan't have a speck of fun. There's your dinner-basket," said Frank.

"I know, but there are only apples in it."

"He gave his dinner to Jerry," said a little fellow who sat in the same seat; "Jerry told me so."

"Ho, that's it, is it," said Harry. "Here, Tommy, you pass around my dinner-basket, and we'll take up a collection for the benefit of Will Ellsworth. I'll head it with a boiled egg."

"A good idea," said Will, laughing,

and folding his hands about his knee. "I'll see how you come out before I decide to go home."

"I'll give a doughnut," said one. "Here's a biscuit," said another. "Are you fond of pickles?" asked Frank.

"I'll divide my pie," said Mark.

"Don't anybody rob himself," said Will.

"Here's a jumble," said Benny, and so on around the little group, until a pretty well-filled basket was set down before him.

"Very well done," said Will, in no wise disconcerted. "Much obliged to everybody. Come, Jerry, there's plenty for both of us;" and the boys all took their dinner in high good-humor. Then with a shout and bound they all dashed off for the pond, a quarter of a mile away. The ground was cleared in a very short time, and a merry morning they had of it.

Willie gave his mother a glowing account of it at night, and did not forget to mention little Jerry, and the sad case they must be in at home, with only a few potatoes to eat.

"I am glad you gave your dinner to him," said his mother, as she kissed him with a tear and a smile in her eye. "Poor little fellow! we must do something for them. I will speak to father about it this very night. Only think how many good things God has given us, and here is such poverty only a half a mile from our door! You may take them a basket of food for their supper, if you like."

"Couldn't you find an old jacket or something for poor Jerry? You can't think how thin and poor his clothes are."

A good stout bundle of second-hand clothing was made up for him, and Willie never felt happier in all his life than when he was taking them with the big basket of provisions down to the humble home. Both Jerry and his mother cried for joy at the sight of the treasures. "Mother prayed all day long," said the little boy; "that God would send us food in some way, and he has answered her twice over. I told her he had heard her, I knew, when I brought her the bread and meat for supper that you gave me this morning."

Nobody was ever in too great straits yet for God to help them, and nobody ever prays with their whole heart that he does not hear them, and answer them in some way.

The next day a few kind neighbors made up a load of provisions and sent it to the widow's home. No one missed his little donations—a bag of potatoes here, a ham from some well-filled smoke-house, a sack of flour and bag of meal, a box of turnips, a few heads of cabbage, and the like. Yet they made a suffering, deserving family comfortable for the whole winter. Willie's little act of kindness had grown into a very substantial charity. What a privilege it was to set on foot such an enterprise, and how easily it was done! If one good warm heart can be enlisted, such a cause is safe. Always be on the look-out for opportunities to do good to the needy. They will bring back into your own bosom a wealth of blessings which no treasure of God can equal.

PIETY, which is a true devotion to God, consists in doing all his will precisely at the time, in the situation, and under the circumstances in which he has placed us.

THE CHILD AND THE STRAWBERRIES.

When walking out one summer day,
I saw a little girl at play; [lane,
She was searching for flowers in a sunny
But I noticed she sought them all in vain.
Blossoms were plenty in that sacred spot,
But the little maiden found them not;
And sweet wild strawberries ripened there
In the soft green grass and balmy air;
But they chiefly grew in a hidden nook,
Where the little one never thought to look;
Or if, perchance, they caught her eye,
She very quickly passed them by,
On finding they bloomed on soft wet soil, [toil.
And could not be reached without some
And when she climbed up higher and higher, [brier,
She pierced her hands with the thorny
So she soon felt weary, and sat idly down,
To play with the leaves that fell around;
Rather than work for a rich reward,
She fell asleep on the mossy sward.
So is it with us when we wish to do right,
For, instead of trying with all our might,
We make weak efforts, and do not cry
For help from our merciful Father on high.
And, like the child who feared the thorn,
We dread the pricking laugh of scorn—
We expect great rewards, and notice not [spot.
Those springing flowers from a hidden
O, let us not faint, but persevere, [here.
This is not our home—we are pilgrims
If we do not weary in deeds of love,
We are promised a crown in the realms above.

TOM AND THE BANTAMS.

A TRUE STORY.

HEN we little folks were a talking together the other night, somebody chanced to mention that he had shot a cat. Two young ladies, who had just calmly read in the newspaper of the slaughter of "a few hundred" Union soldiers, immediately gave a slight shriek, and declared that the murder of the poor cat was "cruel, shameful, and outrageous!" I thought so, too, until the supposed murderer explained that his bullet had hit a fence about twenty yards from his intended victim, and that he had rejoiced over his bad aim ever since.

During the laugh that followed, I noticed that my friend Mr. C—— did not join heartily in the merriment. In fact, his face soon grew clouded, and his thoughts were evidently busy elsewhere. After a moment he turned to me and said:

"I have been thinking of something I did long ago. It troubles me even now, when I am reminded of it."

"Judging from your remorseful manner," I said, "it must have been even a worse deed than F——'s attempt at cat-murder."

"It was," he replied; "I will tell you all about it. I was a little fellow then, and yet big enough to be allowed the use of a gun occasionally. I had a pet cat, named Tom, a splendid creature, large, sleek, and yellow, who loved me, and would follow me like a dog. Tom was so good and faithful that mother could leave the dairy door open without any fear that he would disturb the milk so temptingly displayed in the rows of shining pans. He would sometimes look wistfully in at the door, as she stood pouring the milk from the bright pails, and when accidentally a white splash fell to the ground, he would leap to the spot and lick up every drop, considering the affair, no doubt, in the light of a reward for his honesty.

"Tom had big claws for neighboring cats, and even our dog Pompey had felt their scratch; but my baby sister and I could tumble him about for an hour without ever feeling a prick, so gentle and kind was he to those who loved and cared for him, though I know we gave him pretty rough pulls sometimes. It was strange, too, how much Tom knew. If a stray chippy-bird or a robin perched upon our fence, it was as much as its life was worth for Tom to get a look at it; and yet he would play in the barnyard all the morning and never touch one of the little banties.

"Those little banties—how I did love them! If there was anything in the world I liked as well as Tom (not counting, of course, mother and the baby) it was those soft, beautiful little

banties. I had saved up my money to buy a few big fowls, and when I had discovered that the old hen was going to 'set,' my joy and anxiety knew no bounds. At last the little banties came. There were six of them altogether, and I soon gave every one of them a name. There was Jenny, speckled and saucy, with the daintiest little white pantelets in the world; then little Tommy, named after the cat, because its feathers were just the color of Tom's tail; and Sicky, who was feeble, and didn't seem to enjoy life like his brothers and sisters; and Snowdrop, who hadn't a black or gray feather on him; and Funny, who tumbled about like a little clown; and, last of all, the Prodigal Son, called so because I noticed he strayed off every pleasant day, but was glad enough to nestle up to his mother whenever it was dark or rainy.

"Every day Tom and I would go up to the barn; he to look for rats and mice among the rafters, and I to scatter the crumbly mush for Jenny, Tommy, Sicky, Snowdrop, Funny, and the Prodigal Son. It was great fun to see them tumble over each other in their haste to pick up the golden crumbs. I used to take especial pains that Sicky should get his full share. As for the Prodigal Son, I usually let him take his own chance; and sometimes had to laugh to see him waddling in from under the fence after the meal was all eaten.

"One day when, as usual, he came home tired and weary, I saw the old hen comfort him with a plump worm, and I couldn't help joking with Tom about it.

"'Tom,' said I, 'isn't that funny? The Prodigal Son has come in after the feast, and now they're giving him the fatted calf.'

"Tom only said 'Me-ow;' but it seemed to me then as if he enjoyed the joke. All at once he made a motion, as if to say, 'If you want me to, master, I'll swallow the little rascal for you, fatted calf and all;' but I called him back fiercely, and gave him to understand that when my banties needed punishing I would attend to it myself.

"About a week after this I had an unhappy day. I had been late to breakfast, and had neglected to feed my banties. In school I missed my lessons, spoke pertly to the teacher, and in consequence got 'kept in.' By the time I reached home, feeling very cross and ill-natured indeed, mother met at the gate.

"'Henry,' said she, 'you left some weeds in the garden path yesterday—I wish them taken away as soon as you have eaten your dinner.'

"Mother was always so kind to me that I answered, 'yes 'um,' as cheer-

fully as I could. During dinner, however, I vented all my ill-nature upon Pompey and the baby (Tom was not in the room, or I might have acted unkindly even to him). In two minutes after I had seated myself Pompey was whining pitifully under the table, and I was calling out lustily, while the baby pulled at the table-cloth, and looked up at me with great wondering blue eyes.

"'Biddy, I think you *might* come and take sissy away. How can I eat my dinner with half a dozen young ones around!'

"'Arrah!' retorted Biddy, bustling in from the kitchen and snatching the baby from the floor, 'where's yer countin', Misther Hennery? blamin' one poor blissed little crayture, unless it's yerself, indade, that's as cross as six!'

"This didn't put me in any better humor, so I sulked through my dinner, and, after that, pitched the poor withered weeds into the pig-pen as savagely as if they had been the cause of all the day's mishaps. The next things to be attended to were my poor, neglected banties. I knew that John, our old colored man, was too kind-hearted not to have fed them in my absence, but felt sure that they had missed me for all that.

"'Tom! Tom! Here, Tom!' I called.

"Tom did not come leaping toward me as usual. Where was he? I wondered. Calling him two or three times in vain, I went alone to visit my pets, trying all the while to swallow the great lump of ill-nature that kept rising in my throat.

"Arriving at the barn-yard, what a sight presented itself! There lay Jenny, Sicky, and the Prodigal Son upon the hard ground, *dead!* And under the shed sat Tom, deliberately pulling to pieces the mangled body of poor little Snowdrop.

"Almost blinded with passion, I seized a rope that lay near me, and resolved to deal full vengeance upon him.

"'Why not?' I thought, as I hurried toward him. 'He has killed my poor banties, and he must die himself. It is only *justice*.' Tom didn't try to get away from me at all. He only rubbed his head against my knee and purred while I fastened the cruel rope around his neck. I would have choked him in my rage, but he looked up at me so earnestly I could not do it. Resolved, however, that *justice* should be done, I suspended him to a tree near by, and rushed to the house for my gun. It was loaded; and as I hurried toward the tree with it in my hand, I could hear Tom crying piteously.

"Steeling myself against him, I raised the gun and fired. Tom was quiet enough then, poor fellow!

"Just at that moment John called to me from the field—

"'What yer shootin', Massa Henry? A weasel?'

"I couldn't tell him; so I shouted back in reply—

"'I've not seen any weasel.'

"'Haint you?' answered John, leaning on his scythe. 'Well, *I* killed one early dis mornin', but I didn't know till arterwards what he'd bin a-doin'. He'd bin a-killin' mose all ob your banties, Massa Harry—dat's a fac, he had.'

"I didn't wait to hear any more, but rushed into the barn-yard. With a bursting heart I lifted my dead birds one by one. There, on each little throat, was the fatal sign of the weasel—a small hole, through which the

warm life-blood had been drawn. I picked up Snowdrop just where poor Tom had dropped him when I dragged him away. *The hole was in Snowdrop's neck too.*

"I sank upon a stone and cried bitterly. Tom, dear, faithful Tom, had been eating the *dead* bird even while the live ones, Funny and Tommy, had been chirping at his feet.

"It was too late to recall my deed —my act of supposed justice—now.

"With many a sob and resolve never to be passionate again, I buried poor Tom under the rose-bush in my garden, and near him, beneath the lilac-tree, I laid my banties.

"It was a long time ago; but when I went back to the old homestead last summer, I stole alone to a thicket of tangled rose-bushes near the fence.

"I parted the branches, and far down among them I could see the great round stone I had placed there years ago. It was green and moldy, but I could trace out the name my boyish hand had chiseled upon it—

"TOM."

By this time all in the room, old and young, were listening to C——, and when he ceased speaking no one cared to break the silence for a while.

At last I asked little Kate if she understood what "justice" meant.

"Course I do," she replied promptly; "it means shooting cats."

"Oh, no, Katy," said Eddie; "it means *don't punish until you find out.*"

"That is something like it," I replied; "but you must remember that justice does not always punish—sometimes it rewards."

"Anyhow," chimed in Charley, "it doesn't mean the same as *revenge*—does it, Mr. C——?" M. E. D.

"DIED RICH."

"YES, he died rich," was the remark of a friend, as one lately deceased was spoken of. 'Twas too bad that he should *die* rich, wasn't it? Doubtless he would much rather have *lived* rich; at least any one would suppose so. For years he toiled, and delved, and scrubbed, and scraped, that he might possess riches. To the question, What is the one thing needful? his only answer was—money, *money*, MONEY! Never pausing to look to the right or left, to heed either the good or beautiful in life, he only looked straight on to where, in the deceitful mirage of the unattained, sat enthroned the golden calf he worshiped—*money!*

Success went hand-in-hand with the years, and the toil-worn worshiper finally sat amid the luxurious splendor of his surroundings, wearied with his long race. And then, just as he was exultant in success, Death drafted him. Not all of his many thousands was sufficient to procure a substitute, and there was no exemption. And then, leaving all his wealth, for his shroud had no pockets, he was borne out from his princely mansion, in the great bustling city of the living, into the *silent* city, where none of the mansions exceed six feet by two! His heirs expended a few hundreds (and considered a large property bought cheap, at that) in placing a monument to his memory; ordinary subsoil covered his remains; and he lacked even the miserable consolation of hearing it said of him—"He died rich!" Such is life!

EVERY lady in every land
Has twenty nails on each hand
Five-and-twenty on hands and feet—
All this is true without deceit.

WATCHING THE LITTLE BIRDS.

MARY has come out of her little room this bright morning, and is watching the little birds that have come into the yard for their breakfast. Is it not a pleasant sight?

Mary loves the birds and the flowers, and all the beautiful things "Our Father" has made. She loves them *because* he made them.

These little birds seem to know that Mary is their friend. They are not alarmed that she sits there so near them. They look up now and then as though they were glad to have her so near.

And what interesting lessons we can all learn, when we see that God takes care of and feeds these little creatures! Not even a sparrow—though two of them are worth only a farthing—is beneath his care; it can not fall on the ground without his notice.

Now if God so cares for these little creatures that he has made, will he not much more care for us? Let us all trust in him, and in our deepest sorrow he will be with us; he will ever be our friend and protector, and at last take us all to himself in his beautiful home above.

ESSAY ON MAN.

At ten, a child; at twenty, wild;
At thirty, strong, if ever;
At forty, wise; at fifty, rich;
At sixty, good, or never!

THE BLIND CHILD.

IT is so beautiful to see the bright sunlight, and the green trees, and the colored flowers, and the moon, and the golden stars; but it is a great deal more beautiful to look into the face of a good man and see the clear light of his kind eyes! But little Paul could see none of these things, for he was blind, and to him it was always night. Ah! how lonely and sad life must be when it must be passed in perpetual darkness!

His mother was poor, and his father was dead; but the last words he said to his weeping wife were, "Trust in God! God never forsakes his people!" and then he closed his eyes and died.

Now the poor mother was all alone in the world with her blind child, all alone, for she had neither friends nor relations. And she had no money, either, but must work diligently with her needle for her living; but that she did not mind, and worked gladly, day and night, for her little blind boy. The blind child was as dear to her heart, perhaps more so, than those children who can see are to their mothers, for he needed it more. Sometimes she did not come home for the whole day, for she had to go and work for strangers from early morning until late in the evening; and all that time the blind child was alone. But no, not quite alone, either, for good Martha, the old woman who lived over the way, and whose room-door was directly opposite the poor mother's, came several times in the course of the day to look after little Paul; she was such a good, kind old body! But then she could not stay with him long, for she must make haste and spin all her wool if she would not go hungry. "Munter," though, a little puppy-dog, and Bibi, a dear little canary-bird, staid with him all the while, and kept him company. The canary-bird used to sit upon his pillow and sing him the sweetest songs it knew; and when the little boy let his hand hang down over the side of the bed, Munter would run up and lick it; when Paul, too, wanted to get up, this same sensible Munter would take hold of his little coat-sleeve and lead him up and down the room, that he should not run against a table or a chair. He took such a walk every day.

The happiest time for the little boy, though, was in the evening, when his mother came home; it seemed like day then to him. She used to put her little work-table close beside his little bed, and tell him, while she sewed away as fast as she could, of the blessedness of heaven, and of the good God and all the holy angels; and so she entertained him with the most beautiful stories until late in the night—until he shut his eyes for very weariness. Little Paul often asked: "Mother, isn't the night almost past?" This cut the poor woman to the heart, and sometimes she hardly knew what to answer him. "When we get to heaven," she said sometimes, "the night will be at an end. But God's eyes can look through the thickest darkness, and he is always looking at you, even at this moment, and keeping watch over you."

Thus they lived together very pleasantly, until by-and-by Paul got to be six years old. At that time the mother complained one morning that she was sick, and so weak that she could not stand up; she had to stay in bed the whole day, and was seized with a burning fever. The next day it was still worse, so that she lost her mind

and became quite wild in the head. Good old Martha watched over and tended both mother and child faithfully; but when another day passed, and still the poor woman was no better, the old woman ran to the doctor and brought him into the sick-room. The doctor was a kind, benevolent man; he felt the sick woman's pulse, asked a great many questions about her illness, and at last shook his head. It is always a bad sign when the doctor shakes his head. When he saw little Paul lying in his bed, he said: "That child must not stay in this room, he must be taken away immediately, for the woman is very, very sick. Has she no relations or friends to whom he could be sent?"

Then old Martha answered, "They have no relations, and few care to be the friends of the poor; but little Paul is blind."

The doctor took Paul out of his little bed, and carried him to the window and seated him on his lap. After he had looked closely for a long time at the sightless eyes, a bright smile of pleasure passed over his face. Without saying a word, he took the child in his arms and carried him across the street to a large fine house that stood there. In this house lived some very rich people, friends of the doctor's, who very readily agreed to his request that they would take care of the child until his mother got better. Emma, the sixteen-year-old daughter of the house, undertook the charge of him, and the kind-hearted doctor came every day to see him. After a good many days, as Paul was asking again and again for his mother, the doctor promised that he should go to her very soon, if he would promise him to hold quite still while he examined his eyes, for they were very sick too, and must be cured.

The boy promised, and kept his word from love to his mother. The doctor took a sharp instrument, and removed with it the thick skin that had hindered him from looking upon God's beautiful earth and the bright sky, and restored to him the use of his eyes. Not a single cry of pain had escaped from Paul's lips as the sharp instrument cut into his eye, and only twice had he whispered softly, "Oh, mamma!" The operation had succeeded.

The next day the doctor permitted Emma, as a reward for her care of the little boy, to remove for a few moments the bandage he had tied over his eyes. Little Paul trembled through his whole frame as the first ray of light streamed into his opened eyes, and then exclaimed, "Now I'm in heaven, and the night is all past!" And as he saw the bright body of the sun—though just then it was almost covered with silvery clouds—he cried out, "There is God's eye!" He looked around him, and at the blooming Emma who stood beside him, and asked her if she was "God's angel!" But now the eyes had to be bandaged up again—so said the doctor.

The mother's illness was conquered by the skill and unwearied care of the worthy doctor; but the weakened woman recovered very slowly, and it was many weeks before she could leave her bed. The separation from her child gave her so much uneasiness, that she could not get well as soon as she otherwise would, until the doctor discovered what it was that troubled her; and gave her his word that the boy was safe and well, and well taken care of, and she should see him just as soon as she was sufficiently better to bear it. But it seemed a great, great while to the longing mother.

It was a beautiful spring morning, and the mother for the first time had left her bed, and was walking feebly across the room, when Emma led the boy, dressed in a new suit of clothes, across the street to the house in which his mother lived. She went up the steep, high steps with him, opened the door very softly, and pushed him gently into the room. The mother stood near the window and prayed; she had not heard the door open, and little Paul stood timidly near it; everything was strange to him; he did not even know his mother. But Munter sprang toward him, and barked so loudly with delight, that the mother turned around.

"My Paul!" she cried, as soon as she saw her child; and Paul, who knew her now by her voice, was in her arms and on her bosom in a moment. The mother hugged and kissed him, and looking affectionately into his face, started back in astonishment, exclaiming, "Great God! he sees!"

"Yes, I'm in heaven now," answered Paul, laughing with delight. "I have seen God's eye, and one of the holy angels, and now the night is all past."

Overcome with happiness and gratitude, the poor woman sank upon her knees and lifted up her folded hands; and Paul folded his little hands, too, and raised them to heaven, as his mother had taught him long before to do; and a wordless prayer went up from the hearts of both to the throne of the Highest. Then came into the mother's mind the remembrance of those parting words of her dying husband, "Trust in God! God never forsakes his people!"

Tears flowed from her eyes, and thus relieved her heart, that was almost crushed with the weight of the mercies that had been poured out to her; and when little Paul saw her weeping, he, too, shed the first tears that had ever fallen from his eyes; but they were tears of joy.

Blessed Paul! may all the tears thou sheddest on earth be such as those!

THE TRUER LIFE.

Have we not all, amid life's petty strife,
Some pure ideal of a nobler life
That once seemed possible? Did we not hear
The flutter of its wings, and feel it near,
And just within our reach? It was! and yet
We lost it in this daily jar and fret,
And now live idle in a vague regret;
But still our place is kept, and it will wait
Ready for us to fill it, soon or late.
No star is ever lost we once have seen;
We always may be what we might have been.
The good, though only thought, has life and breath;
God's life can always be redeemed from death;
And evil, in its nature, is decay,
And any hour can blot it all away.
The hopes that lost in some far distance seem,
May be the truer life, and this the dream.

Be earnest, oh, be earnest!
For night is coming on;
Then work, oh, work, for soon the day
Of mercy will be gone.
Arise! no longer idle stand,
The Master calleth thee;
Prepare thyself to do his will,
And serve him cheerfully.

OLD LADY SATTERLEE.

BY SOPHIE MAY.

THE village of N. has one beautiful broad street, and the boughs of the grand old elms meet overhead as if they were clasping hands and forever playing "King's Cruise" for all the town to march through.

Once as you looked down the long green avenue, the last thing to be seen was a white cottage, and the eye rested on it with delight. It shone in the sun as white a snowdrift, and the greenest vines crept lovingly over it, while all around the yard was a neat white fence, and before the house a pair of twin willow trees.

A stranger riding down the street would fancy that this little dwelling must be as full of delicious every-day joys as a hive is full of honey. It called up pictures of happy children, and innocent frolic, and "sweet home."

But, alas! we all know how deceitful is a fair outside! As the stranger drew nearer, he would see that it was not fine paint but coarse whitewash which had dazzled his eyes from a distance. And more than that, if the wind should be boisterous and take a sudden fancy for playing antics, it could blow the house over like an empty nutshell. The swift bright river was all ready for it, and would give it a merry ride over the falls. There was no such thing as a little child to be seen near that dwelling; only "a white old hen with yellow legs," and one of them lame and dressed with a rag, and two sleepy gray cats which winked in the sun. These were the only living things except old lady Satterlee, who might be seen any day picking up chips in the yard or drift-wood back of the house, talking to herself all the while. With her apron full of dry sticks, her flossy hair floating on the wind, her shoestrings creeping out of their knots, she made you think of the crazy dame that wicked Harry Gill caught pilfering from his wood-pile. Poor old lady! she was quite alone in the world. In the still grave-yard close by she had buried her husband and children out of her sight. No wonder she talked to herself, and gossiped with the sleepy cats and clucking hen, there being no human ears to listen to her!

As a little child I remember how I used to go there with the other children to see her "curiosities." She always met us at the door with a smile, tying her cap-strings at the same time, and talking in broken sentences without waiting for any answers.

"Why, how d'ye do, Annie, and Sarah, and all of you? How are the folks at home? Pleasant day! Take some chairs. Your mother well? Take a chair, and—a fine day! Tell Jane I thank her for the pie—nice pie."

Then came the curiosities. This piece of lava from her nephew, who was "sailing on—suppose you've read of it, little girls, in your geography. He's been over it a great many times—over the sea. In the crater—that's the place—it pours over—a volcano—he sent it to me—it's the Mediterranean—it's Vesuvius.

"And here's a tooth—so sharp—follows the ships—savage as a bear—my nephew has sailed round—a shark—the whole world."

There were brightly tinted, whispering shells; branches of brittle coral which looked as if the strange insects under the water had dreamed of our trees on the earth, and tried to fashion something like them; a few stuffed birds as mute as fishes; a rusty little dirk which the King of Something, off somewhere, gave to Prince Somebody-else — we never clearly understood which was which, or where it happened, or what it was for, or how that "nephew" got possession of it.

But these curious objects lay on the table and mantle, and could be seen for the looking. What amused us far more was the "real, regular curiosities," which were stowed away out of sight, and only brought out on particular occasions. The poor woman was something of an artist in her rude way, and made pictures, though not with brush or pencil. A favorite one with us was known as the "Camp Meeting."

On a piece of bark she had stuck green moss, with here and there a bit of looking-glass tucked in for a brook. Tents of white paper dotted the ground, and small rag-babies stood for the preachers, or sat down for the audience. Hymn-books half an inch square were as plenty as August flies, and we could almost fancy we heard the little crowd of worshipers singing "pennyroyal" tunes, led by solemn "Elder Nickerson," or "Camp Meeting John," who stood up very prim about the size of your thumb.

It was very ingenious, but somehow we had to hide our faces every now and then and laugh in secret.

Another picture she called "Ruth and Boze" (Boaz). The lovers were represented on moss-covered bark as two cunning rag-dolls dressed in black, carrying in their arms small handfuls of jackstraws, which Mrs. Satterlee explained as "the gleanings of the field." Then she told us the beautiful Bible story of Ruth and Naomi, broken into little bits, of course, with dashes between.

There was one piece which was always falling into ruins, because it contained lambs, so called, which the rats persisted in eating up. Stupid rats, not to know that when dough is moulded into sheep it is no longer dough, but mutton!

When strangers came to town, Mrs. Satterlee was asked to give them an entertainment, for the fantastic pictures, with her broken and incoherent explanations, were considered by the mirthful almost as funny as the negro minstrels or the tight-rope walkers.

She was much gratified by a large audience. Her little air-tight stove was cleared of its broken teapot, brick, and flat-iron, her cap-strings securely tied, her sleeves actually buttoned at the wrist, while her pleasant face beamed joy from every wrinkle.

Nobody left without dropping a piece of silver into her honest hand, and after everybody had gone, she was sure to find little treasures of cold chicken, cake, or pie hidden away in sly corners. It warmed her kind heart to be remembered, for she was old and lonely.

"Poor old lady, she is dead long ago." Her pretty, whitewashed cottage is no more, and even the bricks which formed her hearthstone and chimney have been carried away as cumberers of the ground. The turf on the river-bank is as green as if no cottage ever shut it out from the sun; but it is no greener than the tall grass which waves over the dear old lady's grave.

THE ENDLESS REST.—There are no weary heads or weary hearts on the other side of Jordan. The rest of heaven will be the sweeter for the toils of earth. The value of eternal rest will be enhanced by the troubles of time. Jesus now allows us to rest on his bosom. He will soon bring us to rest in his Father's house. His rest will be glorious. A rest from sin; a rest from suffering; a rest from toil; a rest from sorrow. The very rest that Jesus himself enjoys. We shall rest not only with him, but like him. Thanks be unto God for the rest we now enjoy! Ten thousand thanks to God for the rest we shall enjoy with Christ! Wearied one, look away from the cause of thy present suffering, and remember there is a rest remaining for thee. A little while and thou shalt enter into rest.

BE CONTENT.—There was a boy who only wanted a marble. When he had the marble, he only wanted a ball; when he had a ball, he only wanted a top; when he had a top, he only wanted a kite; and when he had marble, ball, top, and kite, he was not happy.

There was a man who only wanted money; when he had money, he only wanted a house; when he had a house, he only wanted land; when he had land, he only wanted a coach; and when he had money, house, land, and a coach, he wanted more than ever.

Be content with little, for much will have more, all the world over.

RED SQUIRRELS.

THESE sprightly little fellows are too well known to the boys and girls of this country to need any particular description. They abound in the wild woods, and also near cultivated lands. Indeed, they are more familiar with man than is profitable or pleasant to the farmer. They take large toll from his corn-fields, help themselves to the best apples in the orchard, and even take up their winter quarters in the corn-crib or barn, depending on the stored grain for subsistence. At times they become so numerous, and their pilferings so serious, that it is found necessary to declare war against the whole tribe. At such times we have known the men and boys for miles around to go out on a squirrel-hunting expedition for several days. Usually they divide into two parties, and each side endeavors to kill the greatest number; then, at the close of the hunt, the party having the least number of squirrels pay for a grand supper for all the hunters. In this way a section of country is pretty effectually cleared of the intruders for one season at least.

The red squirrel is a most industrious worker. All summer long you may see them skipping along the fences, providing for their young families, or laying up a store of nuts, acorns, grain, etc., for use in the winter. They store these in hollow trees, or some snug corner of a fence. Then, when winter comes, each squirrel curls himself up in his nest, wraps his bushy tail about him, and takes a long nap, for days at a time. He wakes up now and then when the sun shines warm, has a good dinner from his full pantry, and perhaps takes a run through the trees for a little exercise, and then lays himself away for another nap.

The Indians say that squirrels know when the approaching winter is to be unusually severe, and that at such times they emigrate from the northern parts of the country to warmer regions. They travel quite rapidly. When they

come to a stream, if they can get over in no other way, they boldly plunge in and swim across. One writer says that he has seen a squirrel perched upon a large chip, floating in the water, with his tail hoisted for a sail, scudding along at a merry rate.

The following account of their boldness and courage is given by a traveler:

"During our voyage our attention was drawn to some small object in the water, moving very swiftly along. There were various opinions as to the swimmer, some thinking it to be a squirrel or a musk-rat. A few swift strokes of the paddle brought us so as to intercept the passage of the little voyager. It proved to be a very fine red squirrel, bound on a voyage of discovery from a neighboring island. The little animal, with a courage and address that astonished his pursuers, instead of seeking safety in a different direction, sprung lightly upon the uplifted paddle, and from thence, with a bound, to the head of my astonished babe, and having gained my shoulder, leaped again into the water, and made direct for the shore, never having deviated a single point from the line he was swimming in when he first came in sight of our canoe. I was surprised and amused by the agility and courage displayed by this innocent creature. I could hardly have given credence to the circumstance had I not been an eye-witness of its conduct, and, moreover, been wet plentifully on my shoulder by the sprinkling of water from his coat."

A friend related to us an anecdote, in which the party most interested did not escape quite so pleasantly. When a boy he lived in the town of Waltham, Mass., and was intimate with Gen. N. P. Banks, at that time a school-fellow of his. They used to amuse themselves by catching and taming birds, squirrels, etc. These animals are very pretty pets when properly tamed. On one occasion they had caught a fine fat fellow in a box-trap. They took him into a room, closed the doors and windows, and let him out to have some sport. He went flying around the apartment at a great rate, in an agony of fear. Suddenly he was nowhere to be seen, and as suddenly Banks began to dance up and down in the most frantic and ludicrous manner. The squirrel had run up the leg of his pantaloons, scratching as he went, until he had made his way up Banks' back. There he was stopped by the suspenders, but he immediately fastened his teeth firmly into the poor fellow's flesh, inflicting a severe bite. He was taken out with some difficulty, and it is said, without doubt truly, that Gen. Banks has had a great horror of *back-biters* ever since.

REST YONDER.

This is not my place of resting,
Mine's a city yet to come;
Onward to it I am hasting,
On to my eternal home.

In it all is light and glory,
O'er it shines a nightless day;
Every trace of sin's sad story,
All the curse has passed away.

There the Lamb, our Shepherd, leads us
By the streams of life along,
On the freshest pastures feeds us,
Turns our sighing into song.

Soon we pass this dreary desert,
Soon we bid farewell to pain;
Never more be sad or weary,
Never, never sin again.

Merry's Monthly Chat with his Friends.

DURING the past month we have had the pleasure of receiving many calls from the cousins at the sanctum. We are always glad to greet and welcome them, and hope many more will call when passing through the city. So many have called by letter, that we shall let them speak at once. And those who had no fear of the manipulator—judging by the length of their letters—will learn to fear its power.

TROY, 1863.

DEAR UNCLE MERRY:—I have taken the liberty to look about in the Merry C *hat* since you dropped me in, and, oh my! *Brown-Eyes*, what a *Jolly Jingle* there is here, to be sure; it is well you have a *Beau-clerc*.

Here's a *Lina two*, to inform you that *Pontiac* and *O se o la* are in dangerous proximity to your Merry b *rain*. I account for your composure by the fact that *Mercury* is on a *raid* among the *nine Ts*, and if one's scalp was off he would be cool as a *Snowdrop*.

Our proposition is to turn the C *hat* upside over, spill all out, not to *pick bones*, but to *pic-nic*.

Suppose we all MEAT in the *Wildwoods*, where dwell *Daisy* s and *Mignonette;* and although there is no MAY CLAY *ton* now, still we can have an *August* time, and have a *Queen* whose *fleet*ing RAIN will not be MIST. Via refreshments, we can have *Burn* t *ham* and *Spec;* and as there is but one spoon among us, we will very likely have a *Wil for ley*—wonder if he will eng *rave* and *make a note for U.S.?* if so, I'll *meat* him like a *WAR*rior.

For drinks we *H A D-anker* of *Dolbeer*, which is *Goode now*, but if too freely taken will make you *Buck eye* with a *Mad-cap;* and if you *Cross i* BILL with a *Gipsy*, there will be Black-Eyes about, and you might *Flora Tattler*. This advice is from A. Older, *rail T* drinker, *Ill of noise*. In the line of amusements—a fight between *Merrimac* and *Monitor*, also by two *bulls* from the *puzzle answers;* shooting a *Golden Arrow* at a *Humming Bird* on an *Orange-Blossom*, by *Hunter Boy* and *Robin Hood;* a race between *Katy-dyd* and *Grasshopper*, prize a *Michigander;* and an *Ernest* match between *Johnny Jumpup* and a *Wanderer* picking up *Chips*, prize a *Fiddlestick*.

A lecture over *Green Point* T, showing how an im*Pertinent*, *Minx* did *Win i fred* by talking about a gentle *Zephyr*—the beauty of Venus—song of the *Nightingale*—expanse of her *Hoopes*—the ugly mug in the shield of *Minerva*—and did not *Know les* than to exclaim with *Blanche* d *cheek*, *Forget-me-not*. A *Saucy* K *Nell* was *told* for him.

N. B.—A *Hawthorne* hedge can be secured for s *candle-burners* in the *Forest-ina Birdie's* nest, where Puss has never mewed, the *Sunbeam* never cheered the *Olive*, and *Busy-Bee* never *bussed;* there they can have *Grace* to *Aimwell* at some fortunate *Tommy* (not Japanese), but *Onley* in a *Frank* manner, lest Wood Nymph tell Fanny Fay. At night a procession might be headed by *Bob o'* LINK *Ann a Drummond* light, which would make *Homely-face* have *two Cherry-cheeks*.

As for *us*, we will try and follow our nose between Blue-Eyes Nos. 1 and 2, unless some *Little Onie* tries to *Rob* us or *Sue* for a *piece*—but here comes *Uncle Hi* with his inevitable *Hatchet* to put an end to this W. A. R.

If the Pick *Nick* comes off, I'll tell you who took the most *horns*.

Our *War* correspondent is as fierce on jokes as a South-side guerilla on Yankees. Uncle Hi's compliments to him, with this caution, if he undertakes again to make a hash of the whole Chat at once, he'll find himself cut into mincemeat by the *Hatchet*.

Aug., 1863.

Wanderer, I like your proposal very much, and think that most of the cousins will. Will the girls be allowed to vote?

Wilforley, why didn't you answer my ?'s. I think I could guess who W. F. O. was, without much trouble.

Oliver Onley, do you expect the girls to send you their *cartes* before they have one of yours?

Cap Davis, I should like to see your *carte*. I imagine I know who you are.

Fiddlesticks, why do you consider yourself so unfortunate?

"Phene" F., I like you, and hope you will come again.

Fleta F., why is it that so many of the cousins stand in awe of you? Are you *so dreadful?* Please send me your *c. de v.* and let me see you. By the way, Uncle, what's become of Jasper? Yours truly, COUSIN FORESTINA.

Jasper has returned on a short furlough, after an absence of nearly two years, and of course called to see Uncle Robert. He looks well and hearty. Shake him up all round.

JAMESTOWN, *July* 19, 1863.

Mew! mew! Who has been talking about my scratching? Just let me catch hold of him and I'll—O! it's you, Uncle, is it? Well, considering who it is, I guess I won't touch you, but beware after this! Uncle Robert, you didn't even put me in the "Extracted Essences" last time, so I have hardly dared to come again; but I wish to say a word to some of the cousins. Mignonette Wildwood, I am glad that we are to sit so near together, but would be better pleased to have your photo in *my* album. Will you exchange? My address is in the last November number. Wanderer, what has become of you? You don't *wander* round this way very often lately. Grasshopper, I am coming. California Tommy, we must "scrape acquaintance," as we belong to the same State. *All* ye cousins! send a copy of yourselves to Jamestown, will you not? Uncle Robert, you may expect to see me at "111" about the last of next month. Until then, farewell. "PUSS."

Call by all means, and if Uncle Robert is not in, introduce yourself, and you will find friends.

STAMFORD, CT.

DEAR COUSINS:—I must see you once more; how are you all? Forestina, reckon not on your chickens before they are hatched. Wilforley, how many photos have you got of pretty girls? you might send me one or two. Nina Gordon, I wish you would write to me; I will not fail to answer it. Have any of the Merry cousins ever lived in or visited Oregon? if they have, I would be glad to know. If any of the cousins will be kind, obliging enough, etc., to write to me, they may direct

CAP DAVIS.

We have many cousins in Oregon. One subscriber has just sent us 60 new ones, and takes the sewing-machine as a premium—a good example for those nearer home.

June 4, 1863.

UNCLE MERRY, that *was* kind to devote so much space to me. I was quite overcome when I first saw it, but am now entirely recovered.

Winifred, I accept the explanation.

Saucy Nell, don't change your name on any account; it's *so* appropriate.

Thanks for *c's de v.* to Alice Clayton, Elfie, Tattler, and Marian.

A. E. D., *really*, now, *don't* you know? Kruna, are you trying my patience? Pertine, ditto. FRED W. C. C.

PAUTATOOK ON THE HOUSATONIC, CT., *July*, 1863.

DEAR COUSINS:—The war of queens is done for. Wanderer has suggested that we have a congress, which I think is "the one thing needful." So, Pertine, the war is likely to be over, and peace *will* be declared. If we have a congress we can all meet once a year on new-year's day. There will be some *calling*. Bob O'Link will call on Jay, and Pontiac on Osceola the *Seminole*. The Brooklyn Academy of Music will have to be engaged to hold the 20,000. A *badge* is another thing needful, which May Clayton has wished for. Suppose the *badge* be a pin which could be worn at all times and by all of us. Cousins Fleta, Forestina, and Carlos, I like your State very much, but not the "copperheadism." Pontiac and Irving, why do you not send me your photos? Uncle Robert, I send you my *c. de v.*—is there any room in the Merry album? I suppose there is always room for *one* more. Uncle, I am rather dull and can't *see* the 498th puzzle very plainly.

GOLDEN ARROW.

We have plenty of room for the *c. de v.* of each of the Merry family, and shall be glad to receive from all.

PROSPECT PLACE, WEST HARTFORD, *July* 8, 1863.

DEAR COUSINS:—Wilforley thinks the "war of the queens" is over, does he?

Does any one agree with him? I doubt it, and hope it is not so; if Fleta is permitted to reign—"cats and dogs."

I do not think *one* ought to have so much power, without she *sticks* to the "cats and dogs" and does not come near *us*. "*Equal Rights*," *not* "Woman's Rights," is *my* motto.

Grasshopper, I think you must have seen Wilforley, or his "face smile," when you penned that "awful, antiquated."

Pontiac, when you go to see Fleta, come and see me.

Nannie N., Fred W. C. C., I would like to see *your* photos, provided they are "*bona fide*."

Annie E. D., I am *coming*, some time. Don't forget me.

Uncle, I'm going—gone.

FLIBBERTIGIBBET.

Hope you will be "coming—come" again by-and-by.

Friday, June 1.

DEAR AUNT SUE:—I hope you are glad to see me. I shall be very sorry if you are not, for I've come a long way out of the woods, and I don't want to go back again. You needn't feel troubled about making room for me, for I don't take up very much. Put me by Daisy and Saucy Nell, and I shall be satisfied. This is all this time from LILY BELL.

Now you are fairly "out of the woods," Lily, and by the side of the "Wild-woods," we hope you will not care to go back again, but ring your little "bell" when you wish to be heard. Some one will answer.

ST. PAUL, *July* 15, 1863.

DEAR UNCLES AND COUSINS:—We are waiting at the door; may we come in without fear of the hatchet? Aunt Sue, will you introduce us to Fleta Forrester, Black-Eyes, and Wilforley?

Blue-Eyes, accept our love; also Daisy Wildwood.

Saucy Nell, will you send your photograph to NEVA AND LURA?

Welcome to a seat in our parlor from your Western home. Come every month. We can assure you that instead of writing the letters ourselves which appear in the Monthly Chat, we have very many more than we can possibly publish. In fact, it is the hardest work we have to do to decide what not to put in, and yet we would not have one write a word less. It cheers our hearts much to receive the kind words of the Merry writers, and though they find only a part of their letters in print, they know *all* are eagerly and joyfully read by us, and are among our heart treasures.

Let none write the less because their letters are not always in print.

SARATOGA, *July*, 1863.

DEAR UNCLES AND COUSINS:—Is it not a good thing that Uncle Merry has to feel the effects of the manipulator once in a while? I think so, as he will then have some consideration for us poor unfortunates.

Wilforley, I think you had better come to Saratoga, as the tempestuous gal(e)s would like to blow you up. I suppose you will not be frightened, as a little blow would not be amiss this warm weather.

Bess Anna, you may well pass for a stranger, as unmasked I know you not. I am willing to be your friend, but first tell me who you are. MARIAN.

UNCLES, AUNT, AND COUSINS:—Here comes another candidate for admission into the Merry circle, who promises, if admitted, to hold true allegiance to Queen Fleta, and also to hold with due awe that great machine the manipulator.

Uncle Will, as you seem to be usher, please give me an introduction to Fleta, Winifred, and Dan H. B., with as many more as you have time to spend in introducing; after which please seat me by Wanderer, with whom I would like to claim relationship, and also exchange *c's de v.* Yours for the Union, ROVER.

UNCLE MERRY:—A stranger, I come to you and ask to be admitted into the "Chat." At first I thought I would write to one of the Merry cousins and solicit an introduction into the happy family; but which one of them all was most kindly disposed toward strangers I did not know, so I concluded to appeal directly to headquarters. Was I right?

Heigh ho! here comes brother Willie with a basket of cherries! now for a feast. I have just come home from boarding-school, Uncle Merry, so cher-

ries and strawberries are "something nice."

The soldiers are having a public dinner to-day, given by the patriotic ladies of the village. The tables were spread in a beautiful grove a little ways out of town. The procession of soldiers, with a band of music, have just passed the house. Some of the soldiers seem to have grown old while in service. Heaven bless them! Love to all the Merrys.

HARRIE.

God bless the ladies for what they have done for our soldiers, and incline them to greater deeds of love and mercy to the brave defenders of our glorious Union flag!

VIOLET DINGLE, FAIRY LAND.

DEAR MORTALS:—I am now reveling in the beautiful grove, and idling my time by the perfumed fountains of *fairy land*. I wish I had some of you here to talk to, for the little elfs who inhabit and have the rule of this region, though very well in their way, are hardly fitting associates for a great mortal like me. I am unable to talk to them, too, for their language is entirely unintelligible. 'Tis lovely here, believe me. No lessons, or work; no horrid wars to deprive us of our chief supports; nothing to do but to enjoy the passing moments as well as we are able. But enough of gossip on the beauties of fairy land. No doubt you have all read glowing and natural (?) accounts of the beauties of this wonderful realm in the story-books which we perused in the "long ago" when we were children. But after all, dear friends, real life is much better calculated to satisfy the longings which are natural to each one of us than are the unnatural accounts which we read of fairy land and fairies. Don't you think so? But there! one of the sprites has been building a spacious mansion from a rosebud, and wants my approval of it. So I'll have to go. Yours, lovingly,

TITANIA.

PROV., *June* 3, 1863.

DEAR MERRYS ALL:—Home again after nearly ten months' service on the James River, watching, waiting for the long-threatened attack of Merrimac No. 2. I am glad once more to step into the good old parlor and say are all well, are all happy as when I left?

Dear Aunt Sue, you remembered me, and found me out; thank you for keeping my secret so well. I had a word for your ear long since, but couldn't find the opportunity to speak.

But I must again leave all for my country's service, and in going, pray God bless you all, every one.

JEAN DU CASSE.

OUT WEST, *June*, 1863.

I presume by this time that I need a new introduction to most of my beloved relatives, for the Chat has long been deprived of the music of my voice and the light of my countenance. I hope that Uncle with his weapon keen will spare a few of my flowers of speech, and the nonsense that comes between. When this "wicked and terrible war" broke out in our beloved magazine I felt it my duty to take the field. I wrote a letter declaring my policy; but the April number arrived before it was sent, and A. N. had forestalled me. The "flag of the free" is the only banner I could think of fighting under. I don't think that to be queen is just the thing for a republican girl to aspire to; but I think we've got soldier boys enough in the war to have a "Child of the Regiment." Don't you think, boys, that a cap and feather would be more becoming than a crown to our staunch Northern lassies who like to laugh, and dance, and have fun generally? Down with Chicago, eh? "If Chicago won't down," what's to be done? But fair (is she, Dan?) Winnie has commenced the onset with a heavy blow—going to cut our acquaintance: too bad, isn't it? The honor of the West! Ah! there's a host of us that have it at heart. But Wilforley is with us, or, rather, against the fair usurper. Stand up for your friend and correspondent, and for the glorious West, won't you? What were you going to say, Adelbert, if you had not come to the end of your paper? With love to all, and special love to "our corner," ELLIAN.

Welcome back to the Chat, Ellian. You see the "machine" works well—but you said you wouldn't "come again" if we would print *all* your letter; and of course we could not comply with your request. Letters sent to "Tommy" to our care will reach him on his return. He always calls at the sanctum as soon as he arrives.

BROOKLYN, N. Y., *August*, 1863.

MERRYS:—Recent trials, during which I was manipulated entirely, are still fresh in my memory, and I will stay but a moment.

Winnie, Saucy Nell, Josie, do not feel *too* badly about Dan's kisses; he can not appreciate you, my fair cousins.

Fiddlesticks, poor unfortunate! if you really wish an exchange, Aunt Sue has my address, and will mail your photo to me, and also return mine. Love and good wishes to all the 20,000.

ELLA.

DEAR COUSINS:—For the first time I address you.

Winifred, I was very sorry that I did not see you when you called; and also Minerva, Leslie, and Pontiac. Oliver Onley, how is that p. g. question getting along? Pontiac, where is that *c. de v.* you promised? Leslie, if we *need* a queen, Winifred, and none other, shall be mine. Love to all. From your cousin,

IDA MAY.

DEAR MERRYS:—Here I come again.

Dan H. B., give me your hand. We do not live a thousand miles apart, and if you need any help in defending the West, let it be known.

Fleta, I should like your *c. de v.* Please exchange. And, Dan, you too.

And now, Uncle William, please admit to a seat in the Chat a little

NONSENSE.

VERMONT, *August*, 1863.

DEAR MERRYS:—From away in the interior of the Green Mountain State I send greeting.

Yes, I've returned North. Mine is the same old story. Too many of us have the willing spirit, but bodily weakness, to endure the weary marches and continued privations of a soldier's life, to face the enemy on the field of battle, and to strike home for our country. An internal injury I received in the service is more severe than I had supposed, and my surgeon has sent me here for rest and quiet.

A. N., pray pardon my inexplicable stupidity in supposing you a masculine! The idea that one so keen and witty should be a "he" is preposterous!

Brown-Eyes, shall we ride this beautiful morning? I was on my horse much of the time while in the army, and now I only want a dashing rider for my companion "over the hills and far away" among the mountains here.

Daisy W., am glad to see you with us again. Come more frequently.

Saucy Nell, don't they take *c's de v* up your way any more?

Annie, I fear I infused too much of my spirit into the army. I have very little left.

Leslie, I'm with you. We certainly must develop Wanderer's capital idea of a Merry Congress. And the badge? Any designs yet, Uncle?

Regarding the p. g. question, my reconnoissances Down-East were perfectly satisfactory. At Halifax I looked in vain; not a p. g. At St. Johns I fared but little better. But when I visited Eastport and Calais and St. Stephens, I cried "Eureka!" and almost wished to tarry there the remainder of my natural existence. The Boston girls, however, gave me a loving "welcome home," and I am still in the belief that "our girls" will win. Muchly yours,

OLIVER ONLEY.

WASHINGTON, *Aug.* 3, 1863.

Leslie, friend, pray temper thy *Courtly* tendencies with discretion! Too much "monster-ous" *errantry* doth make thee mad! A rather contradictory statement is that of yours where in one breath you declare that your "shells" are "buss'd in the parlor," and are therefore harmless; and in the next breath insinuate their power to batter down such a stronghold as T. G. I. (whence your (k)Nell will yet be sounded!) with *Trusty Grenadiers-Inside*, and plenty outside, too! We acknowledge that your *missires* are "*P*ointed" (how could they be else?) perhaps they are *rifled*, too (whence?); but also we necessarily infer that they are fired from a "modern *bore*" (a *rifled Parrot*, one with *Green*, *Pointed* feathers!), that they are more *comical* than *conical*, and that they fall harmlessly over the pa(i)r-a-*pets* at Forts Saratoga and New Haven!

Minerva, Saucy Nell, A. N.—and any more who will—do let's set up an independent standard—our motto, not "Peace," but "A Constitution and undying opposition to Royalism!"

"Phene" F., I'll obey, lest you be of the cam-Phene order, and explode (?) at the bare mention of a *flame* or a *match* (?)! Do you admire the shade of the "Elm?"

WANDERER.

HOME—AFTER DESERTERS.

Come Ol., H. A. D., Adelbert, and Lieut. Fred. Ryder (I sincerely hope you have recovered from your wound. Pray, wasn't it a "wandering" shot, that took effect near the heart?), I have come for you all—prepare to return

Aunt Sue, I am very sorry that I can not see you; hope you'll be back before my departure.

Josie, didn't you get a note I sent you a short time ago?

Fiddlesticks, I should like to see you before I go; also any of the city cousins.

Jim, I passed through B. on my way home. Was sorry I did not have time to stop.

Heartsease, do I know you? Should like to see you.

Madcap, you never kept your promise to write. Will you exchange with me?

I should be most happy to exchange *cartes* with any of the cousins. Who will please send address to Uncle Merry? I have at last got the power to do so. Love to all from JASPER.

DEAR MERRYS:—

Hi (ram) diddle diddle!

The (old) cat's in the fiddle (sticks), etc.

I don't know what has got into me this month; I can't think of anything to write.

Winnie, may I be one of your noblemen?

Leslie, I'll bet on you! Will you change *cartes?*

I'll wager that Dan H. B. is coming in now with a great long letter. I'm afraid he must grease his paper, it slips through the manipulator so easily. But I hear that dreadful manipulator (human) calling, "Fiddlesticks, come hither!"

All ye good Merrys, pray drop a tear at the sad fate which overtakes every letter hailing from your affectionate cousin, FIDDLESTICKS.

August 3.

DEAREST COUSINS:—I suppose that it's most time I wrote to the Chat again; you should have heard from me before, but my wilderness school occupies so much of my attention that I've hardly time to think of anything else. But, as I'm home now for a vacation, I thought best to catch the first opportunity, and have a little friendly talk with you all. Dear Alice Clayton, do you really think that teaching school is such a splendid piece of business? Well, you would change your mind if you could be in my place about three days. You want to exchange; I haven't the *cartes* at present, but intend to have soon, when I will with the greatest pleasure. Puss, don't you think Uncle is impudent to talk about such a nice quiet little kitten as you must be in the way he does? If I was in your place I'd make him beg my pardon for his capers. Now, Dan Burnham, you just keep still about catnip; between you and Uncle poor Puss will be frightened to death. Love to all the cousins. Good-bye.

MIGNONETTE WILDWOOD.

Puss is never frightened at Uncle Robert—she is too mews-ical.

SARATOGA SPA, 1863.

DEAR UNCLE:—Please let me in a minute. Where is "our Queen Winnie?" I wish she would abolish that horrid "manipulator," for it mangled my last letter so badly that there was not even an "extracted essence" left.

Fred Warren, I thought you were coming to Saratoga this summer. Uncle Robert, are you not coming here this season?

Cousins, do any of you wish to exchange with me? I should like to do so (*via* Uncle Merry). As some new cousin has taken part of my name (Minnie J.), they may have all of it. Love to all the cousins. From MAMIE.

HILLSIDE FARM, *July*, 1863.

DEAR UNCLE:—I have come to most humbly beg a seat in the circle of "Merry cousins." If you young men have no objections, I would like to sit beside "Saucy Nell," for I have a sister by that name (all but the *saucy*).

Rose-Bud, we hope you will soon blossom and write longer letters. Pertine, if you come past our house on your way "from the desert," please stop a moment.

Daisy Wildwood, I have a kitty named Daisy; I wonder if she looks anything like you?

May Clayton, I think just as you do about a badge; let us select a design.

California Tommy, if I ever come to your land of gold may I not call on you?

Oliver Onley, I have two cousins down your way; if you see them give my love to them, and keep some yourself.

If any one will accept my photograph please tell me where to send it. From your loving cousin, ROMANCE.

Please send your photograph and address to Uncle Robert. We would like to see a real "romance."

HOME, *Aug.* 3, 1863.

I for one sympathize with you most deeply, cousin Charley F. Speck. Indeed, it is enough to make any one sad to think of the suffering caused by the "rebs."

Certainly we are friends, Unsteady! I'm afraid it will be "*steady* by *jerks*," Uncle!

Thank you for your good opinion, Cal. Tommy; you're a nice, *bright* boy!

Daisy Wildwood, *please* accede to my request.

Pontiac, are you a shooting-star? You and Golden Arrow bid fair to be twin twinklers in the Merrys' horizon!

Poor Leslie! you are quite carried away with excitement! I sincerely hope it won't run away with you during the dog-days!

Dan, your P. S. was a *li(e)bel!* From your expertness in that line I should say you had graduated with the highest honors. (?) SAUCY NELL.

LAREDO, IOWA, *May* 13, 1863.

DEAR UNCLE MERRY:—Won't you take in a little *Moore*, and introduce her to all the cousins, especially to Jennie P., Pertine, and Puss? If I do not gain admittance, I'll always think I ought to. Love to Aunt Sue. EM. MOORE.

BROOKLYN, *Aug.* 13.

UNCLES:—May I enter the Chat? To be sure I don't understand Chat customs, but if you will let me in I will learn. May I have a kiss from Nellie?

LILLIE LINTON.

Extracted Essences.

JIM begs to decline "said wings" that Fleta recommends, as they would be apt to soar the wrong way for him.

KEOKA, you shall be placed under the care of Uncle Hi, who introduces you to all the happy faces, and assures you a hearty welcome.

MONITOR indorses the proposition of a "Merry badge," and sends greeting to all. The price of "Tom Brown's School Days" is 75 cents.

MORICHES.—Our nameless friend may call again. Bring your name with you.

ELFIE DRYAD.—Thanks for your kind, good letter. The parties you inquire about are not married. It is very easy to start such stories, and easier still to repeat and gossip about them. I agree with you in your conclusions.

MUSIC FOR THE TIMES.—"We'll Fight for Uncle Abe," plantation song and chorus; and "Wanted a Substitute." Published by Oliver Ditson & Co., Boston. They are both fast becoming popular, and bid fair to soon take rank among our national anthems.

Aunt Sue's Puzzle Drawer.

HOW are you, dear children? I am just going to pronounce judgment on the June prize, and then I am going off again into the country, and must leave the merits of July for a future season. I dare say we shall come out all right at the end of the year. The three longest and most correct lists of answers were from *Louise B.*, *Clementina*, and *Merrimac*, and after due deliberation I have concluded to give a prize to the two young ladies, as I can not decide which is the more meritorious of the two. *Merrimac* must be left out in the cold, as his last was not quite so correct as the others, although his guesses were very good and ingenious.

Questions, Enigmas, Charades, etc.

61. I am a word of five letters: In me may be found (1) part of the body, (2) three different animals, (3) an article of clothing, (4) three different verbs, (5) two articles, (6) a drop of liquid, (7) the juice of a

tree, (8) a weed, (9) something that pervades all matter, (10) cunning, (11) price, (12) a beverage, (13) a preposition, (14) an interjection, and (15) two pronouns. *N. A. Mather.*

62. Entire, I belong to the United States; remove one eye, and I belong to an animal; curtail me now, and I belong to the human race; curtail me again, and the little child loves me; again curtailed, the printer knows me well; curtail me again, and I am invisible. *Birdie.*

63. I am composed of 15 letters:
My 9, 12, 4, 14, 15 is a law.
My 3, 13, 5, 6, 11 is a small settlement.
My 8, 7, 10 is a boy's nickname.
My 2, 1, 11 is an animal.
My whole is the author's name.

64. Add a letter to a girl's name, and make a flower. *W. C. C.*

65. I am composed of 20 letters:
My 8, 2, 6, 15, 5 is generally wet.
My 19, 4, 13, 18 is a fruit.
My 7, 1, 9 is to possess.
My 16, 11, 17, 19 is a hen-house.
My 10, 11, 9, 4 is a belt.
My 20, 12, 15, 3 may be found at the butcher's.
My 14, 4, 20, 6 is an article of clothing.
My whole is a small body of men. *C. W. H.*

ANAGRAMS.

66. I *met mine* —— men. *Louisa Dolbeer.*

67. *Ten men got in* to search for ——. *Ella.*

68. *Ion, this ape,* was taken by ——. *Grasshopper.*

69. *Lo! I read it* in the —— column. *A. Older.*

70. *Use care on it* if you employ ——. *Tommy.*

71. A10101000. *Monitor.*

72. I50505515050. *Golden Arrow.*

73. Entire, I am possessed of great wisdom; behead me and I am most precious, always present yet forever fleeting; now curtail me, and in sound I regain my first estate though I emphatically contradict it. *Daisy Wildwood.*

74. Behead a fabric and leave something alarming; behead the latter and leave something always acceptable *Clementina.*

WORDS ENIGMATICALLY EXPRESSED.

75. Within the string. *Amity Street.*

76. Artificial agony. *Bertha.*

77. A tardy letter. *Alpha.*

78. Gain a part. *Mary A. E.*

79. Entertainment satiety is castor-oil twice two the intelligent faculty. *A. P. T.*

80. I am composed of 10 letters:
My 1, 3, 5 is an animal.
My 2, 4, 9, 1 is an apology.
My 7, 8, 10, 6 is to abide.
My whole may be found in the United States. *Buckeye Ike.*

81. A man had 150 apples, and gave them to his three sons as follows:
To one he gave 15;
To another he gave 50;
To another he gave 85—150.
Now he required each of them to sell the apples at the same price, and each to bring home the same amount of money: how did they do it? *May of Irvington.*

82. My first is a biped; my second is a quadruped; my third, reversed, is what either a biped or a quadruped may sometimes be called. My whole is a celebrated tribe of bipeds. *T. Mitchell.*

83. A man —— by liquor, made an —— upon a companion with a ——, using —— and —— of rage.
(The blanks to be filled with the same word transposed.) *C. M. E.*

84. How would it offend a proud man to have to visit me in a cellar? *A. S.*

85. Behead something hateful and leave a girl's name. *E. W. W.*

(*Answers to the above must be sent in on or before the 10th of October.*)

Answers to Questions in July No.

1. The letter E.
2. Cockroach.
3. Marion, Marmion.
4. David Livingstone.
5. Wilforley.
6. The *Evening Post.*
7. Peach, cheap.
8. Platte River is found in Nebraska.
9. Crab-apple.
10. Spin, pin, in(n).

11. Treason.
12. Wolfram.
13. Sewer.
14. Incense
15. Gallant.
16. Chair, hair.
17. MODILLION.
18. Serpentine.
19. Dithyramb.
20. Enterprise.
21. Nationalities.
22. Flint, lint.
23. Spear, spare.
24. Christian, rich, saint.
25. Repel, leper.
26. A cheese for tea.
27. Martingale.
28. Crisis.
29. Letter (let her).
30. Keel, elke.
31. Mango.

CREDIT FOR ANSWERS TO JUNE PUZZLES.

Louise B., 28 and one good guess. *Clementina*, 27 and two good guesses. *Merrimac*, 27 and one good guess. *Fiddlesticks*, 26. *Mary A. E.*, 26. *W. C. C.*, 23. *Alpha*, 21. *W. A. R.*, 21. *C. W. Jenks*, 21. *Tuttler*, 21. *Louisa Dolbeer*, 21. *Ned W.*, 20. *Amity Street*, 20. *Anna W. N.*, 19. *Ernest*, 19. *Nedloh*, 18. *Bertha*, 18. *Grasshopper*, 16. *Forestina*, 15. *Willie W. Perry*, 14. *Ella*, 12. *C. S. & H. H. L.*, 8. *Monitor*, 5. *H. C. Hazen*, 5.

NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Louise.—I am afraid you have no excuse, so throw yourself upon her forgiveness.

Flibbertigibbet.—Thanks for the *c. de v.* Am I to inform *Wilforley* that you received his photog? *Flib* is prepared to exchange with any of the cousins, to whom she sends love.

H. C. Hazen.—You should have sent the answers with your puzzles.

Ella.—*Uncle William* and *Uncle Robert* are two distinct persons. I *am* "surprised" that the "cousins" should "want the photog." *Ella* would like to exchange *c's de v.* with *Minx* and *Pertine.*

Grasshopper.—I echo every implied hurrah on your "immense sheet of paper." I am glad you are going to send me that photog, as I am thinking of publishing the names (about December) of all those who *owe me photographs.*

Merrimac.—*Clementina* says I may show you her *carte* when you call.

Ernest.—I wish you success.

Jasper.—No news of *Busy Bee?*

May of Irvington.—I did "work it out," and your solution remains unopened. Is "May" the short for Martin, Marmion, or some other *gentleman's* name?

Georgaskins sends his answer to the rebus in July number thus: "A drag drugged two children with some doctor's stuff in a teaspoon belonging to King William, and a lot of big G-glasses of lager beer settled a baby and a quarrel between its father and mother, and the glass swelled." He wants his prize sent by canal. Does the lunatic asylum, in his neighborhood, know he's out?

Monitor.—Print the words composing the anagram upon a card or piece of paper; then cut the letters separate, and transpose them until you find the original word. If you can not find it out in that way, take your dictionary and run your finger down its columns, keeping the letters of the anagram in your mind.

J. L. T.—Many thanks for your kind assistance. I don't know how I knew about the "Mamma;" if you didn't tell me, the knowledge must have been intuitive.

Blanche.—Will you send me your address? I have something for you. *Merrimac*, as an apology for his error in adverbs, says he sends you his "*carte-Blanche.*"

Blue-Eyes.—I can not answer all your questions without "telling tales out of school." Suppose I publish some of your queries, and let those interested answer. "Is it true that *Fleta* and *Pertine* are really married?" "Where are *Winifred* and *Saucy Nell?*" "Has *Henry Danker* deserted us entirely?"

A. E. D.—Were we at Niagara about the same time?

D. P. W.—I like the looks of "*the little Crusader*" very much, and hope it will do well.

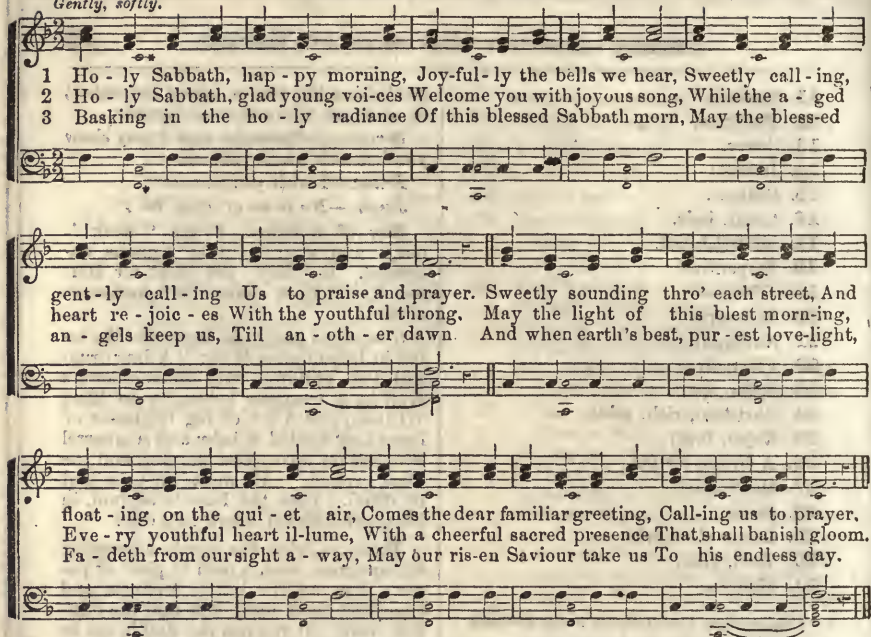
Juanita.—I am watching for that address.

Thanks for enigmas, etc., to *H. C. Hazen, Fiddlesticks, L. Dolbeer, Ella, W. C. C., Forestina, Daisy Wildwood, Louise B., Monitor, Clementina*, and *W. A. R.*

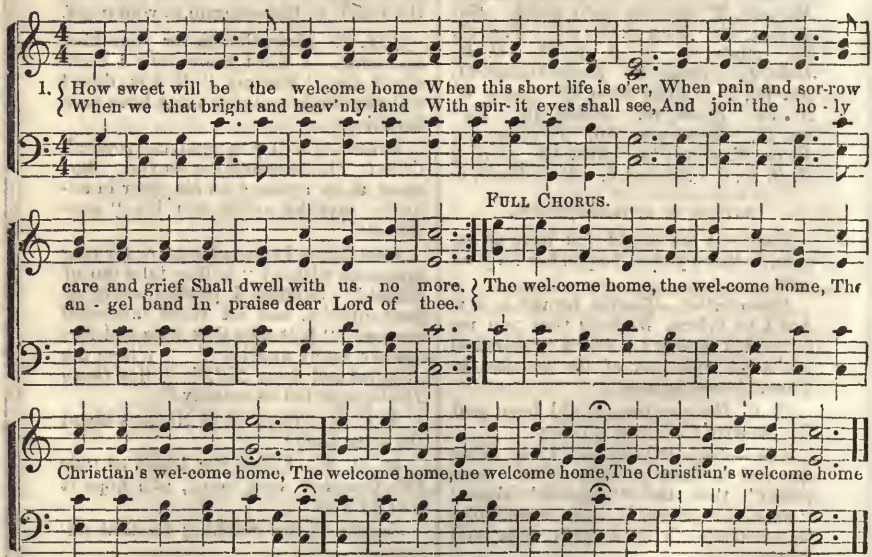
SABBATH MORNING BELLS.*

Words by Mrs. C. G. Goodwin.

Gently, softly.


1 Ho - ly Sabbath, hap - py morning, Joy-ful - ly the bells we hear, Sweetly call - ing,
2 Ho - ly Sabbath, glad young voi-ces Welcome you with joyous song, While the a - ged
3 Basking in the ho - ly radiance Of this blessed Sabbath morn, May the bless-ed
gent - ly call - ing Us to praise and prayer. Sweetly sounding thro' each street, And
heart re - joic - es With the youthful throng. May the light of this blest morn-ing,
an - gels keep us, Till an - oth - er dawn And when earth's best, pur - est love-light,
float - ing on the qui - et air, Comes the dear familiar greeting, Call-ing us to prayer.
Eve - ry youthful heart il-lume, With a cheerful sacred presence That shall banish gloom.
Fa - deth from our sight a - way, May our ris-en Saviour take us To his endless day.

THE WELCOME HOME.*


1. { How sweet will be the welcome home When this short life is o'er, When pain and sor-row
{ When we that bright and heav'nly land With spir-it eyes shall see, And join the ho - ly
Full Chorus.
care and grief Shall dwell with us no more. } The wel-come home, the wel-come home, The
an - gel band In praise dear Lord of thee. {
Christian's wel-come home, The welcome home, the welcome home, The Christian's welcome home
Welcome home,

In the last stanza the chorus may be repeated. *pp*

2. Lord grant my frail and wayward bark,
May anchor sure and fast,
Beside the shining gates of pearl,
Where I may rest at last!
When once within, my soul shall know
No hunger thirst or pain
No sickness sorrow, care or death
Shall visit me again! *Chorus.*

3. Oh may I live while here below,
In view of that blest day,
When God's bright angels shall come down
To bear my soul away!
When I shall walk the golden streets,
In garments white and pure;
And sing an endless song to him,
Who made my soul secure! *Chorus.*

* From "Golden Shower," by permission of Wm. B. Bradbury. Copyright secured.

KATY'S NEW HOME.

BY MRS. N. McCONAUGHY.

YOU never saw such a home as poor little Katy lived in the first six years of her life, before she was adopted into the household of good farmer Hartley. You would have first to turn out from the busy, beautiful thoroughfare where you are accustomed to walk, and go almost to the end of a narrow, wretched alley, then up, up many pairs of old rickety stairways to the tip-top room in the craziest old house of the row. You would not like to risk spending a single stormy night in it, nor even a single hour of the pleasantest day that ever shone. Yet this was poor Kitty's home; and the drunken woman who lived here she called mother. She was not, however. Her real mother was dead. She had not any nice bed like yours to sleep in, with a pretty blue star quilt to cover her, but only a pile of dirty shavings in the corner to rest her poor, tired little frame upon when she came home from her begging trips. There was no sweet good-night kiss, nor loving voice to teach her an evening prayer, but she was often driven to

that poor bed with blows and curses because she had not brought home more in her beggar's basket. If a kind lady, touched at the sight of her bare feet on the icy stones, or her cold, blue shoulders, gave her a pair of warm shoes and stockings, or a good flannel sacque to cover her, do you suppose she was allowed to keep them? Ah, no! the wicked woman took them off immediately, and, with a chuckle, laid them aside to buy rum with. She made poor Kitty go out next day looking, if possible, more distressed than ever, hoping to excite some one's pity again.

Yet there was one person in the wide world who spoke a kind word to poor Kitty. Away down on the first floor lived Mam. Roxy, whose floor was always many shades cleaner than those surrounding her, and who always locked her door when she went out. She was only a ragpicker, and you would, very likely, have thought her an awful old creature. Did it ever occur to you that those miserable people we see going about with a bag and a hook sporing into all the old ash and rubbish-boxes and barrels, may have a heart that loves somebody underneath those dingy garments? I dare say many of them have. Roxy took wonderfully to little Kitty, and sheltered her many a bad night in her room, when the woman was too much intoxicated to know it.

At last that woman drank herself to death, and then Roxy took Katy by the hand and led her to the door of a noble institution, which yearly rescues hundreds of such poor children from the very jaws of destruction. A nice warm bath, and clean garments, though very coarse and much patched, made a great improvement in her appearance. She received only kindness now, instead of hard blows and bitter words. Though only the plainest food could be afforded, it was always wholesome and regular. And she did not feel any more the fierce bite of that gaunt wolf famine.

After a time she found a good home in the country, as many hundreds of poor children from the institution had before her. What a wonderful world it seemed to her as she passed along through green fields and beautiful woodlands on her way to it!

Miss Annie, who was on a visit to her uncle Hartley's, took great delight in dressing her in the neatest manner possible, brushing smoothly her chestnut hair, and confining it by a long circular comb. Then the poor dress she had worn was replaced by a simple gingham one, and the bare feet encased in a pair of trim little gaiters. You would not have known the smiling, half-timid child Miss Annie led out to the supper-table. Never had she seen such a table as that, with its biscuit so snowy, its pitcher of cool cream fresh from the spring-house, its ruddy boiled ham, in benevolent slices, for the hearty farmer, with the fresh cottage cheese, and great bowl of delicious raspberries.

Then, too, there were a hundred wonderful things to be seen and learned as the days wore on, and she soon became a very helpful little maid to the kind, motherly Mrs. Hartley. Miss Annie delighted in guiding her about, and explaining the curiosities of her country home. And honest Ralph looked with a kind of compassion on the ignorance of a poor child who had "never seen a rabbit before."

"Oh, I know what I wish!" she said one morning as she stood looking at them; then stopped half abashed at the thought.

"What is it, dear?" asked Miss Annie, kindly.

"I wish poor Mam. Roxy had one of these pretty rabbits. She used to have some when she was a little girl, away in her father's home across the sea. She has told me all about her home such a many times. She did not pick rags then."

Little Katy had often spoken of Roxy and her kindness to her, and Miss Annie had formed various little projects for the old woman's comfort. She consulted her uncle about the rabbits, and he said she "might as well as not have a pair, and, may-be, she could make something raising them for sale."

Oh, how the poor, lone woman's face brightened up when she saw the good-sized box, with the snow-white pets in them, brought into her poor room! and how grateful to poor Kitty for remembering old Roxy in her pleasant home! May-be a thought of the far-off home-land, too, helped to bring a tear-drop to her eye. Yes, that old rag-picker had yet a tear for her childhood's memories. Always think kindly of even such poor creatures. It will do your own heart good, and may be doing them but justice.

Roxy could easily pick up food enough in her journeys for her two pets, so they were no expense to her. Leaves of cabbage, tops of celery and

turnips, fresh parings, everything came useful now. It gave her something to think of all day as she plodded on, and something she loved to care for when she came home. And as the little company increased she always found a sale for them, and a good many shillings found their way into her pocket as the proceeds.

That gift of little Kitty's was a real blessing, helping to keep her old heart fresh and cheerful. Mrs. Hartley was a Christian woman, and took a deep interest in the poor old woman. When the market wagon went to town, some box or basket of farm luxury often accompanied it for Roxy, and some little coarse print book or tract that would lead her soul to look upward and forward to the great eternity that she must so soon enter. We hope her kindly efforts were blessed to the poor woman's soul. We know that God sent down a blessing on the kind donor, for he has promised his favor to all those who are kind to his poor. "Blessed is the man that considereth the poor, the Lord shall deliver him in time of trouble." "For this thing the Lord shall bless thee in all thy works, and in all that thou puttest thine hand unto." So you see you never need be a bit afraid that you can not *afford* to do a kindness to one of Christ's poor servants. You have a sure paymaster.

THE BLISS OF GIVING.—"It is more blessed to give than to receive." If you doubt it, confer on friend or foe some unexpected favor, and notice how your heart will jump with joy. Try it, and you will agree with us that the *giver* is even more blessed than the receiver.

A LITTLE WHILE.

A LITTLE while to toil along
This weary, winding way;
And we shall join the ransomed throng,
And we shall sing love's choral song,
In yonder land of day.

A little while for doubt and gloom,
And feeble trust in God;
And faith shall spread her eagle plume,
The soul her palm and crown assume,
Forever with the Lord.

A little while to pour our love
On fading forms of clay,
To weep with tears of bitter grief,
With anguish that hath no relief;
And death shall pass away.

A little while to scatter smiles,
Like sunshine on our way,
With willing heart and kindly hand,
To help each trembling, outcast band,
To hope, to watch, and pray.

A little while to do the work
Our Master's hand hath given;
Fast fleet away the hours of grace,
Night falls upon our dwelling-place,
Short space to work for heaven.

A little while to face the storm,
And breast the angry billow;
And Christ shall whisper, "Peace, be still,"
And ransomed by our Lord's sweet will,
His breast shall be our pillow.

A little while! Take heed, my soul,
These words of love and warning;
That ere thou reach the appointed goal,
Thou go to Christ, and be made whole,
And enter heaven's bright morning.

PHILIP SNOW'S WAR.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "KATE MORGAN'S SOLDIERS," "NAT'S SHOES," ETC.

CHAPTER XIII.

PHILIP SNOW was an early riser on the morning following the arrival of Mr. Raye, and he appeared at the breakfast-table attired, not in "working blue," but, as Essie said, in his "sundiest clothes."

On his way to the Furnace, Philip met a number of the workmen. He could not avoid seeing and feeling the cold glances that were thrown at him from eyes that had grown familiar and kind during his labors with them.

He believed it to be caused by the change in his dress.

He spoke pleasant words to one and another, and received in place of his accustomed salutations suspicious glances and quickly-spoken brief sentences, that struck painfully against the bright morning and Philip's heart; but he kept steadfastly on his way, wondering in his mind what the change signified.

He had nearly reached the mill, when his footsteps were arrested by words that smote him as words had never before had the power to do:

"Here he comes! the mean, miserable *thief!*"

Philip instinctively looked behind him to see who followed, that could be so spoken against. The pathway was clear—the men had turned from it into the yard.

"I knew 'twould come to this, the mean, miserable Snow pride," said a second voice; and Philip looked up, his face white with anger.

Before an open window of the mill stood two men, and as one of the men looked at Philip and encountered the erect figure and the calm eyes that were fixed on his own, he could scarcely withdraw his gaze.

The watchman of Saturday night crept away, leaving Philip still standing and gazing into the open mill, as if his eyes could put out the burning fires that lit up the huge, black cavern within.

"Did you call *me* a mean, miserable thief?" asked Philip, stepping nearer and laying one hand on the stone ledge beneath the window.

"I never," said the man, who could not follow the watchman away.

"Who did?"

"He!" and a large, grimy hand pointed inward into the cavern.

Philip leaped the stone ledge and stood within. The fires roared with unwonted power.

Red hot, white hot, molten metal simmered, or gleamed, or ran, or was drawn, it seemed, to Philip in every direction.

"Show me the man!" said Philip; and he was obeyed.

"Out of the way! clear the track!" shouted a quick voice; and Philip dodged a swinging kettle of liquid fire that the watchman of Saturday night swung across from one furnace to another.

"*He* is the man," said Philip's guide.

"Stop and hear me!" said Philip, taking hold of the watchman as if his boyish hands had detaining power in them over the unyielding mass of material they attempted to seize and hold.

"Clear out, I tell you, I am busy," shouted the material, shaking off Philip's hand.

"You *shall* listen to me," said Philip; and there was something in his tone that made the mill stand still for an instant in the ears of the workman, and they were arrested by the power of the boy's voice—

"Did you call me a thief?" demanded Philip.

The watchman was compelled to answer. The crowd of witnesses stood around. For an instant he hesitated, his lips parted, but the words fell back voiceless. He made the second attempt.

"You are a thief!" he said.

"What have I stolen?" And Philip held the gaze of his accuser.

"I saw you at the safe; you stole a paper."

At this instant a murmur and a visible stir arose in the outer circle of witnesses, an opening was made, and the figure of Mr. Bryan entered. He stood close beside Philip.

"What is this?" he asked. "Why have you left my work?"

"It is my fault, sir," said Philip; "this man says I am a thief, that I took a paper from your safe on Saturday night."

"I sent him to attend to my business. The paper that he took was at my order—he has stolen nothing from me. Men, to your work," said Mr. Bryan.

The hum, the buzz, the roar, the trembling, the life of the place began again.

"I wouldn't be Jim Nery for a month's wages," said one, as the group scattered. (Jim Nery was Philip's accuser.)

"What eyes the young thing has in his head, to be sure," said another; "I thought they'd melt the ore."

"He's a Snow, and a big storm of the article, too," said a third, looking over his shoulder as Mr. Bryan and Philip walked into the office together.

Neither mentioned the incident that had just taken place. Mr. Bryan had many messages for Philip. He concluded them with the words—"You will stay with my sister to-night, and I shall expect you to return on Wednesday."

"Yes, sir," said Philip, taking the money Mr. Bryan offered him, and putting it carefully away.

"It is time for you to go."

"Good-morning, sir;" and Philip went out from the office, through the mill, and into the open air. More than one watched him go over the hill and away village-ward.

Philip stopped for a moment at the house of Mr. Waite to ask after Stephen, and to take one last look at Benny, for that day was to be the blind boy's burial-day.

Philip dashed away a tear and ran homeward. He was about to make an eventful journey. Three years had passed by since he removed from New York to his mother's native village, and on this morning he was to turn his face toward his old home.

The boy's heart was brave and happy, and now that the sudden anger that had burned in him at the words he had heard was dead and buried, he could again enjoy his anticipated visit.

Essie was preparing the Lady Julie's clothes for washing, and did not see Philip approaching.

Mr. Raye (or Mr. Raven, as Essie persisted in calling the gentleman) sat quietly reading, and only when the loud horn of the driver of the mail-coach was heard, and the bells of the horses hushed their music at the door, did he look up or understand that Philip was going on a journey.

"Good-bye, mother."

"Good-bye, Philip; take a look at the old house, if you have time, and be careful." The word "careful" was lost between a kiss and an embrace.

"Good-bye, sir," said Philip, and for the first time Mr. Raye looked up from his book.

"What! a traveling-bag! a journey! a good-bye! Take care of yourself, my lad;" and Mr. Raye put his arm on Philip's shoulder as he picked up his bag. Essie had heard the horn and the bells, and she was on the "angel's step" at the door as Philip passed out.

"Why, Philip, where be you doing?" she demanded, seizing her brother's coat and holding fast to it.

"Let go, do!" entreated Philip, as he saw the stage was filled with passengers who could see too plainly that he was a prisoner.

"Tell me, then."

Philip dropped the bag, turned and caught Essie in his arms and kissed her. "I am going to New York; don't you see that the people are laughing at me?" he said.

Essie went in very quickly, closed the door, and cautiously peeped at the departure from behind a window-curtain, wondering and indignant—wondering where Philip could be going, and indignant that she had not been admitted to the knowledge of his departure.

CHAPTER XIV.

PHILIP SNOW awakened very early on the morning following his arrival in New York.

For an instant he looked around the room that he was in, in utter amazement; he could not think who he was, he could not have told where he was; then came the consciousness that he was away from his home. Philip had forgotten that the breakfast hour in New York was later than his own in the country, and, finding himself in readiness for it an hour too early, he went out for a walk.

Without thinking of or seeking any particular direction, Philip went toward his old home. After a while the streets grew familiar; there was the same name over the grocery store at one corner, and the same drug store wore rainbow hues at another.

Philip reached the street in which he had lived, where he had spent the happy days of his life, when all was peace in his home. One day the law came in. Philip had a wholesome dread of the law. It had taken away his home. It had taken away his father's amiability, his peace, his happiness. The law had taken everything from Philip but his mother, Essie, and pleasant memories. And yet, as Philip looked at the house, at the door out of which he so often had gone, at the windows from whence he had watched the clouds in March to see if they were freighted with wind for his kite, or were windless for a day of pleasure, Philip felt that the present was the better time. He would not of his own choice go back to the old house and the old life. Even the Furnace had grown pleasant to Philip since so much space had come between it and him.

"I must tell mother just how it looks," thought Philip; and for the purpose of seeing the house he crossed the street and rested himself on the steps opposite. As he sat there, he saw a boy with long curls of fair hair going about from window to window, in the room that once had been his own.

"I do wonder how it looks inside,"

Philip said to himself; "I wonder if there is a bed there where mine was, in the corner, and if the room looks as neatly as it used to when I lived in the house; but, I declare! I don't know how far I am from Mrs. Dean's, and it must be almost time for breakfast." And Philip gave the house one survey in addition to that already made, then got up to go home.

The street door of the house opposite opened, and a boy of about Philip's size came out upon the steps.

"Come over," said the boy.

Philip obeyed.

"What in the world are you looking at our house so for? have you bought it? or may-be it's burning up. I say, is it?" And before Philip could answer, his questioner was across the street.

"I don't see but it looks just about as usual," he said, returning to Philip. "I say, boy, what's the matter with you?"

"Oh, nothing," said Philip, at a loss for words.

"I say *there is*—you look hungry."

Philip smiled, and said: "I am out before breakfast—I only came to have a look at the old house."

"What old house, pray?"

"Why, your own; I lived in it once."

"Where do you live now?"

"We moved into the country. I haven't been in New York in three years, and I just came to take a look at the house, so as to tell my mother all about it, because she was very happy in it once, when I was a baby, you know."

"Oh!" said the boy, "well, it is funny that you should care; we've lived in ever so many houses, and I never thought of going to look at one single one of them; just as soon as the last load of furniture moves off, I stop thinking about the old place."

Philip walked rapidly away, but before he reached the corner of the street the boy was by his side.

"What is your name?" he asked.

Philip gave his name, and the boy went homeward.

Philip accompanied Mr. Dean to his office after breakfast, and from thence he proceeded to the various places where he had been sent by Mr. Bryan.

The day was not half gone when Philip found his duty done, and not knowing where else to go, he returned to Mr. Dean.

He found that gentleman closely occupied in preparing legal papers; in fact, so absorbed that he did not notice Philip's entrance.

A door leading into an inner private office was open, and after a few minutes of rapid writing, Mr. Dean called —"John! John!"

John did not reply. Indeed, he could not, for his voice was fifty miles away. [TO BE CONTINUED.]

ODE TO THE EVENING WIND.

Gently float the evening breezes
Through the thick embowered treeses;
Or departing like sly foxes,
'Mong the rough and rugged rockses.
Now it howls, as if to post us
Of the presence of pale ghostes,
While the owl in anger hoots us,
Till we shiver in our bootses,
And the moon in pity spies us,
As the tears flow from our eyses;
So we hurry home and ease us
With a piece of bread and cheeses.

Samuel Wilson, Jr.

No doubt when horn-books did their desks adorn,
The pupils learned their lessons "in a horn." *Ibid.*

THE TWO RIDES.

LONG ago I paid two visits in one day. To be sure, there was nothing remarkable in this, for I have not always been such a "stay-at-home" body as I am now, yet I have never forgotten the circumstance.

It was a lovely midsummer's day, I remember, neither too hot nor too cold, and nature was decked out in her very best; so was I, too, for that matter, but we'll let that pass. My first visit was to Mrs. McBride, a pale, elegant lady who lived in the grandest house in the village. The windows were large and arched, and the carved columns of its fine piazza must have cost at least twenty dollars a-piece, though there were fourteen of them; while the ground about it could be truly called a gardener's paradise. Such wide graveled walks! such showy flower beds—square, oblong, and round! such funny bobbed bushes, trimmed into the most approved pattern! and such rows of well-regulated box! Not very tasteful, certainly, but "stylish-" looking to the last degree. There was a fountain, too, with a great deal of white marble and a very little water which sputtered up from a dolphin's mouth and tumbled back exhausted over its curly tail.

Barely glancing at these things, I ascended the broad steps and was soon ushered into the presence of the lady of the mansion. After talking awhile upon various matters, our conversation fell upon her children.

"Poor little things!" exclaimed the mother, with a sigh, "this warm weather is very exhausting to them. I have sent them out in the carriage with their nurse. A little air is beneficial to them in the morning, but I keep them in the house all the rest of the day."

"Children," I returned, "do not feel the heat as we do, and I am sure con-

finement must be very tiresome to them. Do you not think so?"

"Well," replied Mrs. McBride, "they *do* complain of it somewhat—in fact, they 'worry' all the time they are in the house. I really wonder that Marie has so much patience with them; but she says children are always cross in warm weather."

"Would they not be better natured," I urged, "if allowed to play out-of-doors?"

"Perhaps so," rejoined the mother, languidly; "but Anne and Estelle freckle shockingly upon the least exposure to the sunlight; and as for the boys, Miss Greene," she added, lifting her hands in horror at the very thought, "I *do* wish you could see their clothes after I have allowed them to play in the garden for an hour!"

At this moment a grand carriage drew up in front of the house. We could plainly see it from the window where we sat. After considerable pushing and squabbling, four impatient children, some crying, some pouting, scrambled out of it and rushed into the house.

"Ah! Estelle! Anne! *Prenez-garde! pas si vite!*" (Be careful! not so fast!) cried the nurse, hurrying after them; but the words were lost upon the air, for both little girls were already rushing into the drawing-room.

"Mamma, mamma!" they screamed in a breath, not heeding me in their excitement, "Edgar hurt Henry's eye, he kicked him, and then Henry—"

"Marie! what *is* all this commotion about?" cried the mother starting from her seat and addressing the nurse who at that moment appeared at the door.

"Ah! madame, it is nosing," answered the woman, shaking her head and smiling her polite French smile, "les enfans quarrels a leetle—dey fights—Henri, pauvre garçon! cuts him eye a leetle—it is nosing, madame—"

"Nothing!" echoed Mrs. McBride. "Oh, these children will drive me wild! Did Edgar strike Henry?"

"*Oui!* he strike him! Oh! he is ver bad, I know zat, madame. I tell him he get vune big vips. He tell me *taisez vous!*—hold my tongues—bah!"

At this point angry words and cries above stairs summoned the mother suddenly from the room. Marie, after looking at me despairingly, and exclaiming, "*Mon Dieu!* vat bad *enfans!*" hastened after her mistress.

Mrs. McBride soon returned, and anxiously apologized for the interruption to our conversation. "There is no harm done, however," she added, with a sweet smile; "the boys were merely quarreling about a pen-knife. It is shocking, though, that they are sure to get into trouble whenever I allow them to ride out alone with their nurse."

The words rang in my ear long after I had left the house—"No harm done!" Ah, mistaken mother! Who can count the cost of an angry word, or even of an angry thought? And how much greater must be the cost when a brother's hand strikes in wrath, though the wound heal in an hour!

That same day I sallied out again toward evening, for I had another call to make—not to a grand mansion this time, but to one of the humblest houses in the neighborhood. It was a little cottage built near a wood, where the trees looked nearly as old as Methuselah, where the branches shook their trembling shadows down upon the grass, and where violets and star-flowers in summer, and nuts and acorns in the fall, made the spot famous among the neighboring boys and

girls. Close by, inclosing a green field from the road, stood an old fence full of lichens and mosses, with a great swinging gate that looked as if built to admit a whole regiment of cows.

Long before reaching this gate I could hear the voices of children—not such as had saddened my heart in the morning, but glad, merry tones that, as one listened, made the sky seem to throw out a deeper blue, and the slanting sunbeams to fairly dance in the brook near by. "Ah!" thought I, "there are girls getting freckled, and boys soiling their clothes, and well for them that they may."

"Ha! ha!" they shouted, "wasn't that a good one? Now, Johnny, it's your turn to push!"

"Yes, jump on, all of you," answered a cheerful voice; "take care of your fingers. Sue, now for it!"

And then such a grunting, as of some one working very hard, and such shouts and merry laughter as there were, to say nothing of a series of frantic barks that seemed introduced for the sake of variety. I had no time to linger, but a glance at three ruddy youngsters clinging to the gate, and a chubby baby rolling in the grass, like a big bundle of flowers, did me good as I passed on.

In a few moments I reached the little cottage. There were no rare flowers about it. Hollyhocks bloomed in the garden, and marigolds clustered beneath the windows. A honeysuckle climbed vigorously over the porch, (very "common," but oh, how beautiful!) and over in one corner, instead of a fountain, was a puddle, with two or three funny little boats sailing upon it. The banks of this puddle were well dyked up with clam-shells (probably to keep it from overflowing the country at high tide), and on its eastern shore was a bakery establishment where mud-pies, nicely served in clam-shells, were spread out in fine array. There were no wide graveled walks, but as I walked up to the cottage door I noticed that the foot-path was very cleanly swept.

"Good-afternoon!" called out a cordial voice from the window; and the next instant my friend Mrs. Norris opened the door.

It was a pleasant call; Mrs. Norris was an active, kind-hearted woman, never at a loss for a cheerful word. Besides, her late husband had been a sea-captain, and had, years before, brought home sundry beautiful shells and curiosities from foreign shores; and to go into that pleasant parlor was to me like going into a museum.

There were large and beautiful shells from Africa upon the wooden mantle; bright-winged South American birds stuffed and perched upon twigs; dried grasses from the prairies hanging from the walls; and East Indian fans, screens, corals, gourd-shells, sea-weeds, coins, and boat-models spread in prodigal display in every possible corner of the neat apartment. Years ago there had been a live monkey and a parrot, but the parrot had lived to talk but a few summers, and the monkey had scalded itself to death in trying to take the tea-kettle off the fire in imitation of his mistress.

After hearing these sad histories, I had just taken up one of the shells, fourteen inches long, white as snow on the outside, and rose-red within, shaded to pink at the edge of its great fluted lip, when the mother's eye brightened.

"They're coming!" she exclaimed.

"Who are coming?" I asked. But the question was not needed, for at that instant I heard a mingled sound

of barks and laughter, growing more distinct as it neared the house.

"They're a noisy set," laughed Mrs. Norris; "and Carlo's the noisiest of them all."

A moment afterward, while we were standing at the little gate bidding each other "good-bye," the merry party approached; Carlo dashing on in advance, Susie, Eddie, and Willie huddling together, rather awed at the sight of a visitor, and Oscar, the oldest boy, trudging behind with the baby in his arms.

"Well, children," exclaimed their mother, "welcome home! This is Miss Greene."

The boys nodded pleasantly; and Miss Susie approached bashfully, placing her hand in mine.

"I've seen these young people already to-day," said I, kissing Susie's dimpled cheek.

"Oh, yes, mother!" cried one little fellow without a jacket; "that was when we were having our ride!"

"A ride! Where? How?" asked their mother.

"Why, on the gate," they shouted. "Oh, such a nice ride! I tell you it was fun—wasn't it, Sue?"

"I guess it was," replied Susie, shaking her head emphatically. "And oh! mother, you don't know how strong Willie is. He sat on the top rail while Oscar was pushing us, and never took hold one bit. He held his hands up in the air the whole time!"

"So he did," chimed in Eddie. "*I* had to hold on with my hands and feet, too, Oscar made us go so fast. He's a glorious horse!"

"Ha! ha!" laughed all the children.

"Bow-wow! bow-wow!" barked Carlo.

"Yes, *you* needn't talk," laughed Oscar, looking down at the dog; "you were frightened out of your wits every time the gate swung toward you."

Just then Susie ran past us in the direction of the mud-pie bakery. She was barefooted.

"Why, Susie," called Mrs. Norris, "where are your shoes?"

"There!" cried Susie, "if I haven't forgotten them! I left them over by the big gate. Now I shall have to go all the way back for them." And Susie suited the action to the word by sitting down disconsolately upon the grass.

"Oh, no, Sue!" said the good-hearted Oscar. "I'll go get them for you."

"And I will, too!" shouted Eddie.

"And I, too!" echoed Will.

Susie jumped up—

"Thank you, boys; may we all go, mother? All but the baby, I mean—she's tired; Oscar had to carry her nearly all the way home."

"Yes, children; but come back quickly, for your supper will soon be ready."

"Mother!" panted Oscar, running back after they had all started, "have you water and wood enough in the kitchen?"

"Yes, my boy; you brought me enough this morning to last all day. You may draw me a fresh bucketful of water, though, after you come back."

"All right, mother!" And Oscar scampered after the rest as fast as his legs could carry him, whistling for the dog as he ran; but there was no need of that, for Carlo was at the gate before him.

"You must excuse them, Miss Greene," apologized Mrs. Norris;

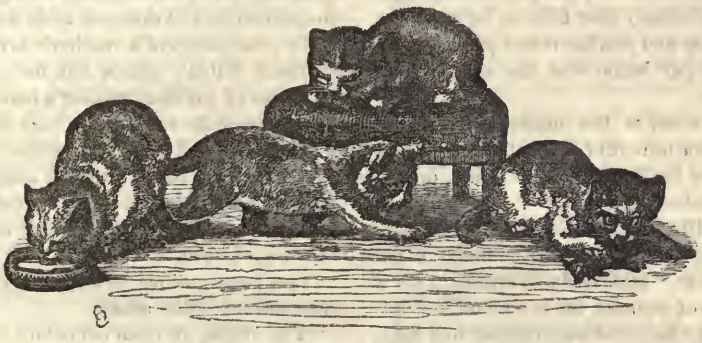
"they are not always quite as noisy as they are to-day."

"I do not mind that kind of noise at all," said I; "it is pleasant to see and hear such loving, dutiful children."

Mrs. Norris made no reply but by the happy light in her eye. I felt sure that seldom or never did a harsh, quarrelsome word jar the music of that household.

Do you wonder, reader, that to this day I remember those *two rides!* One taken in an elegant carriage, drawn by prancing horses, where the children had youth and wealth to make them happy, but were miserable in their beautiful coach; and the other on a rickety old gate, where all was joy and merriment. I will not preach a sermon on the matter, for I believe all the "Merry" boys and girls who read this will understand WHY the old gate proved to be the better carriage of the two.

M. E. D.



KITTY AND HER FRIEND.

NOW I will tell you a story about kitty and a friend of hers. This kitty lived about six miles from Boston, and had a very happy home. She was on excellent terms with the family. Even the dog used to play with her, and eat out of the same plate, and curl himself up to sleep in the same corner. One day the dog was sitting in the carriage-house while a man was busy there, when a mouse scudded nimbly over the floor and disappeared in a hole near by. Up sprang doggie, and hurried to the spot, but the hole was too small for his great body. He pushed his head in as far as possible, and ran back and forth round it at his wits' end. Suddenly he stood still, as if a thought struck him, and then rushed off at the top of his speed. In a minute he came racing back again, carrying kitty as cats do their kittens, by the back of the neck, and set her down before the hole! It was plain that he thought, "Kitty is smaller than I; she can get into the hole;"—and so she did; but whether she caught the mouse I never knew, though I have seen the place many a time.

THE LAST GOOD-NIGHT.

BY WILLIAM L. WILLIAMS.

ANXIOUSLY did Willy Haven await the teacher's word of dismissal; many times he glanced at the clock and wished it would soon strike five; at length the long hand reached the dot, and a single stroke on a silvery bell was the signal for the boys to close their books and prepare to go home.

Out of doors, Willie sped away swiftly for his home; his playmates looked wonderingly after him, for he was wont to stay and join the merry group whose pathway home was the same as his own.

"What is the matter with Willie Haven to-night? what is he in such a hurry for?" asked Isaac Green, one of his schoolmates.

"His mother is sick; poor Willie, I pity him—he thinks so much of his mother," said Eddy Winfield, with a tone of sadness, for it was only a few weeks since his own mother had died, and her irreparable loss was ever in his mind.

Meanwhile Willie ran home with heavy heart, and softly entering the front door, ascended gently to his mother's chamber; his father met him at the door.

"Oh, father!" whispered Willie, "is mother any better?"

The sad face of his father answered him plainer than his words.

"She is sleeping now, Willie, but is very sick indeed; I will send for you when she awakes," and Mr. Haven affectionately kissed his son and closed the chamber door.

Willie ran to his own little room, and seating himself by the window, the tears rapidly filled his eyes, for his love for his mother was deep and true; she was his constant companion, and away from her he was never contented. The little room where he sat was full of proofs of the affection which Mrs. Haven had for her son. The pretty mahogany book-case filled with interesting and instructive books, the neat white curtains, the beautiful engravings on the wall, the little ornaments on the mantle-piece, the curiously wrought pin-cushion on the dressing-table were all the promptings of a mother's love; wherever Willie's glance fell, he saw the works of his dear mother's hands, and the tears flowed afresh. At last he fell asleep, and was unconscious of his trouble till he heard his name called. On opening his eyes, he found his father standing by him, telling him it was time to go to bed.

"Can I see mother now?" was the first question Willie asked.

"Yes, Willie, you can come and bid her good-night," replied his father.

Willie accompanied his father to the bedside of his mother; she lay pale and thin on the bed, supported by two or three pillows; but although sickness and pain had faded her beauty and impaired the brightness of her eyes, yet Willie thought he never loved her so much or deemed her half so beautiful as she was then.

Mrs. Haven took her little boy's hand and kissed it, and then brushing the brown hair back from his forehead, gave a long loving look into his clear blue eyes.

"Can I say my prayers to you to-night, mother?" asked Willie.

The request was granted, and kneeling by the bedside of his mother, Willie repeated the prayers he had so often

uttered at her knee. When he arose, he took her fevered hand, kissed her again and again, and bade her "good-night."

"Good-night, Willie; *be a good boy*," said the sick mother, pressing her darling boy's hand as warmly as her strength would permit and imprinting a kiss upon his lips. Willie's father then accompanied him to his chamber, and in a few minutes the little boy had sobbed himself to sleep.

Alas! this was poor Willie's last kiss, his last good-night, for when the morning sun arose he was motherless. It was his first grief, his first real loss, and it seemed as if it would break his heart. The house which had always been so cheerful and happy now appeared desolate and forsaken; every object reminded him of the missing one, and he looked in vain for that loving face which always consoled him in his troubles and was merry with him in his joys.

Willie Haven at this time was eleven years old, and what might be called a pretty good boy; but he had faults, although the gentle discipline of his mother had checked their growth, and few were aware that they existed. He was self-willed, passionate, and heedless, too apt to consult his own pleasure rather than that of others.

One evening as he sat alone, after the first violence of his grief was over and moments of quiet thought had succeeded, the last words of his dear mother came vividly to his mind, "Good-night, Willie; be a good boy." "I will try to be a good boy," said he, "but how can I be sure of success?" At that moment his eyes fell upon his Bible, the gift of his mother one Christmas long before. "I will read this book," he said, taking it up; "it was mother's constant companion, and I will make it mine." This was a happy thought for Willie, for by no other means could he so certainly fortify himself against the temptations of the world than by girding on the breastplate of righteousness.

"Willie, I want you to come down to my office this afternoon, I have some work there which you can help me about; I am very busy, and have not time to do it all myself," said Mr. Haven at dinner-time one Wednesday afternoon, several months after his wife's decease.

Here was a great disappointment to Willie; he had agreed with a party of boys to go up to Artichoke River to fish for pickerel; they were to call him at two o'clock, and he had anticipated a great deal of pleasure in the excursion; he looked very distressed at hearing his father's request, and could not speak, so full of disappointment was he. Mr. Haven said no more on the subject, as he expected of course that Willie would obey him.

Willie had scarcely finished his dinner when two of his companions came to the door for him; they were Joe Bemis and Lem Floyd.

"Come, Will," said Joe, "we must start early, for it is a good ways off, and we want to get there as soon as we can."

"I don't believe I can go; my father says I must work down to the office this afternoon," said Willie, in a vexed tone.

"Now that's mean," said Lem, "to have to work on Wednesday afternoon; I wouldn't do it."

Willie was half a mind not to do it; and a few more words of entreaty from his comrades decided him. He seized his hat and hurried along with them up the street; they soon came to the rest of the party, who had been wait-

ing for them. Willie was cordially greeted, for he was a favorite with the boys; but he did not feel right; he was disobeying his father, and the charm of the afternoon's pleasure was gone. He several times determined to go back, but could not muster courage enough. At last, in passing a neat cottage, he saw in a little garden in front a number of lilies of the valley; these were his mother's favorite flowers; he recollected how fond she was of them, and how every spring she would keep a bunch of them in a little Parian marble vase with lilies of the valley wrought on it. Then his mother's last good-night came to his mind, and the words, "Be a good boy," sounded in his ears.

"Am I being a good boy?" he asked himself; and then, stopping short, he said aloud, "Boys! I can't go with you; it won't do; my father told me to be at his office this afternoon, and I can not disobey him; good-bye! Another time I'll go a-fishing with you;" and without staying to hear a word in reply he ran toward home as fast as he could.

By the clock on Parson Fox's meeting-house he saw that it was nearly half-past two, and he knew that his father expected him at that time; but it was a long ways to go, and he was a few minutes late.

"I have been waiting for you, Willie," said Mr. Haven; "did you come direct from the house?"

Here was a grand chance for a falsehood, and the temptation was strong; but the same gentle voice again whispered, "Be a good boy," and the naughty "Yes" which was on his lips fled away, and a truthful, noble "No, sir," came proudly forth.

"Where have you been, my son?" asked his father.

Willie told the whole story, and ended by asking pardon for his disobedience. Mr. Haven was overjoyed at the integrity of his son.

"Why, Willie," said he, "did you not tell me of your plans for the afternoon? I supposed that you had nothing particular to do, and would assist me in the counting-room, but I did not intend to deprive you of any pleasure. How far do you think the boys have got by this time?"

"Oh, not a great ways, father, perhaps two miles," said Willie.

"Patrick," said Mr. Haven, going to the window and calling one of his men, "is the horse in the wagon?"

"Yes, sir," answered Patrick.

"I want you to take my son up on the road to Artichoke River—he will tell you where to stop."

"Why, father!" exclaimed Willie, "shan't you want me with you?"

"No, my boy; I will try and do without you this time; you have been a good boy to-day, and I want you to enjoy this afternoon."

Willie kissed his father affectionately, and climbing into the wagon soon overtook the playmates he had left so abruptly.

The excursion now proved to be all that Willie had anticipated, and he felt additional satisfaction at having done right; the boys respected him more, and he felt that full comfort which always follows a good action.

Many times after that did those words turn him from the path of error and vice, not only during his school-days, but during his whole mercantile career; and even when his hair was silvered with length of years, he remembered that last good-night as vividly as when they were uttered on that sad evening more than half a century before; they had so tempered his life,

that at its close, like the setting sun, its splendor surpassed its whole preceding course. He had honored his father and his mother, and his days were long in the land which the Lord his God had given him.

WORKING GIRLS.

HAPPY GIRLS—who can not love them? What cheeks like the rose, bright eyes and elastic step! how carefully they go to work! Our word for it, such girls will make excellent wives. Blessed indeed will men be who secure such prizes. Contrast those who do nothing but sigh all day, and live to follow the fashions; who never earn the bread they eat or the shoes they wear; who are languid and lazy from one week's end to another. Who but a simpleton and a popinjay would prefer one of the latter, if he were looking for a companion? Give us the working girls. They are worth their weight in gold. You never see them mincing along, or jumping a dozen feet to steer clear of a spider or a fly. They have no affectation—no silly airs about them. When they meet you, they speak without putting on a half dozen airs, or trying to show off to better advantage, and you feel as if you were talking to a human being, and not to a painted or fallen angel.

If girls knew how sadly they miss it, while they endeavor to show off their delicate hands and unsoiled skin, and put on a thousand airs, they would give worlds for the situation of the working ladies, who are above them in intelligence, in honor, in everything, as the heavens are above the earth.

Be wise, then. You have made fools of yourselves through life. Turn over a new leaf, and begin to live and act as human beings—as companions to immortal man.

In no other way can you be happy, and subserve the delights of your existence.

IS IT WORTH WHILE TO HATE?—At best, life is not very long. A few more smiles, a few more tears, some pleasure, much pain, sunshine and song, clouds and darkness, hasty greetings, abrupt farewells—then our little play will close, and injured and injurer will pass away. Is it worth while to hate each other?

PROSPERITY is generally a stronger trial of virtue than adversity.

ALFRED'S BAD HABIT CURED.

ALFRED HARDEN was twelve years old, and it must be confessed that he had some bad habits. His father was in the grave, and Alfred was the only son of his mother. She was a very excellent mother, but her means of living were small, and she knew that herself and her little daughters, Amy and Ellen, would be almost dependent on the future exertions of this son. She was untiring in her advice to and her watchfulness over him; and, very wisely, was as careful to praise when she could, as to blame when she must, the boy. He had a good heart, and real affection for his mother and sisters. He was industrious —that was very hopeful; a boy that will *do* something, is very like at last to make his mark in the world; but the future of a *lazy fellow* is pretty much hopeless.

One of Alfred's failings was the leaving of almost everything which he began, unfinished. He could start with a great deal of energy upon something, but at the first difficulty he would give all that he had done a toss among the rubbish, and then feel discouraged, till something else came in his head. He began a tiny wagon for Ellie's doll, and some book-shelves for Amy's library, but for some mishap, neither were com-

pleted, and the box that he promised Bridget, to keep the kitchen knives and forks in, would have been capital, only it never had a bottom, and so on. So Mrs. Harden thought it was time to be very serious and determined in regard to Alfred.

She had a long talk with him about his entire lack of perseverance; she told him how she must depend on him as he grew older, but that she feared he would never come up to her hopes and her needs; in short, she was fearful that he would never achieve anything.

"Now," said she, "here lies the water-wheel that you were so eager to begin last week; I am sorry to say that I expect any moment to see it thrown by for a wrong stroke of your knife. I can see that you are able to complete this wheel, and as this is the thing you have now on hand, I want you to resolve to finish it, and make it work as a water-wheel should, before you take up anything else. I want you to promise me here on the spot, my son, that you will do so; and let it be the beginning of a change in you, and I shall have much joy."

Alfred had listened attentively, and then said he was truly sorry he had given his mother so much uneasiness.

"And now, mother," said he, "I give you my word that that wheel shall work."

Mrs. Harden was very happy, and told him when he had accomplished it, and she believed that he would, she would take him and his sisters on an excursion in the Bay, where the immense water-wheels of the steamers are plashing the waves in every direction, because this little work of his would be of real consequence and importance, as showing his regard to her counsel, and the conquering of his own bad habit.

Alfred kept his promise—the change in him was real; and mother and sisters looking out of the window, as he wades into the little stream, while the water drips and sparkles from the whirling spokes of his wheel he shouts "hurrah," it is difficult to tell which is happiest, mother or son. And so that little water-wheel made a man of Alfred Harden!

Or, was this it—Alfred Harden followed his good mother's counsel, and it made a man of him? L. E.

SOVEREIGNS OF ENGLAND.

First William the Norman, then William his son,
Henry, Stephen, and Henry, then Richard and John.
Next Henry the Third; Edwards, one, two, and three;
And again, after Richard, three Henrys we see.
Two Edwards; Third Richard, if rightly I guess;
Two Henrys, Sixth Edward, Queens Mary and Bess.
Then Jamie the Scotchman, and Charles whom they slew;
Yet received after Cromwell another Charles too.
Next James the Second ascended the throne;
And good William and Mary together came on,
Till Anne, four Georges, and William Fourth passed,
God sent us Victoria—may she long be the last!

GENIUS DEFINED.

It is common sense intensified.

It is the power of making efforts.

It is the power of lighting one's own fire.

It is patience.

DON'T BE TOO CONFIDENT.

I HAD a dream. The time was winter; and I seemed to have become a teacher in a large and flourishing school.

One day, when the hour for closing the school was drawing near, I perceived that the cold was increasing. That fact, however, disturbed me very little. On leaving my boarding-place in the morning, I had taken with me so much extra clothing, that I expected to get back there with a good degree of comfort.

The scholars were at length released. A release indeed they seemed to consider their freedom from the restraints of school. They threw up their hands and capered about, they laughed, talked, and shouted, as if just discharged from a long confinement in prison. I love to see the gladness of young hearts burst forth into action; I therefore did not attempt to restrain them, except so far as was necessary to keep them within the bounds of propriety. I at once began to prepare to return to my lodgings. I laid my hand on my overcoat very readily; but where was my shawl? My impression was, that I had thrown it over my shoulders in the morning, and worn it to the school-room. I was sure that I had put my overcoat in a certain place—there it was before my eyes—and I felt just as sure that I had put my shawl in the same place. No one could have made me believe otherwise. I found my overcoat where I had laid it; what had become of my shawl? Perhaps it had been removed by accident. Perhaps some roguish pupil had put it out of sight on purpose. Just then, however, I was more concerned to find it than to ascertain how it had got out of place. So I began a search at once. I looked under seats and in desks; in lower rooms and in upper rooms; among caps, bonnets, and piles of outer garments. At length I became desperate, and pulled out the contents of several satchels which I had discovered, to the dismay of the young ladies who owned them. Still, I was not successful. Several of the scholars finally came to my aid, and looked in all corners, likely and unlikely, but all in vain. What more could be done? The affair was a puzzle; as much of a puzzle, indeed, as I ever found a problem in algebra.

I began to think. At once the idea flashed across my mind, that, after all, I might have made a mistake. The more I reflected, the less confident I became that my shawl was at the school-room. I finally remembered, that though in the morning before starting out I had thrown it over my shoulders, I took it off again, and left my lodgings without it. This result of the matter impressed me deeply. It taught me a valuable lesson; and I resolved, when I should next meet my scholars, to try to teach it to them. As I was settling the manner of carrying out my resolution, I awoke.

Perhaps, reader, you think that this is no dream at all. It is all a dream, I assure you. And though there is nothing very terrible, very funny, or very remarkable in it, I determined, even before I left my pillow the next morning, to write it out for the sake of the admonition which it conveys.

If men committed blunders in their dreams only, the case would not be very serious. The trouble is, that they do the same thing when wide awake. How often do they say a thing is so, or so, which in the issue proves

to be otherwise! They don't mean to lie, yet, from mere carelessness, they state what is not true. The fact is, our memories are treacherous; we sometimes misunderstand what we hear, and sometimes we get only a partial view of a matter; we ought, therefore, to make assertions with caution. If we know, on good grounds, that a thing is true, we may stick to it to the last. Life is to be surrendered sooner than truth. But in matters liable to doubt or uncertainty, we should not be too positive. In telling news, or in repeating what others have said, we should keep right to the facts. To say "I *think* so," is often better than to say "I *know* so." For nothing is easier than to be mistaken.

THE OLD MAJOR.

"I'M TOO LITTLE."

THOSE words reached the ears of Mrs. Wilson as she came into the parlor one day. She found her three children seated on the sofa—Anna, the eldest, trying to amuse her younger brother and sister.

She had been telling them a story in her own wise way, of some good little girl who was a great help to her mother, and was showing the example of this excellent child for the benefit of Ella, when their mother came in.

"Too little for what, Ella?" asked Mrs. Wilson.

"I was telling her," said Anna, "the story of Katie Lee, and when I said she must be good, and do as Katie Lee did, she told me she was too little."

"Little girls of four years *are* rather small," said Mrs. Wilson, "but my Ella isn't too little to be good, I hope."

"But Katie was older than I, I'm sure," said Ella; "I can't do such things as she can."

"What things?" asked mamma.

"Why, bringing in the milk-pitcher; I'm afraid I'd spill the milk, and then Susan would say: 'Oh, you are a plague!'"

Mrs. Wilson smiled, for little Ella was called "a plague" very often.

"If you couldn't bring the milk-pitcher, darling, you could be useful in other ways," she said.

"Oh, no, I can't—I'm too little," persisted Ella.

Mrs. Wilson sat down and took the child upon her lap.

"Now listen to me; you can pick up my ball when it rolls on the carpet, and get papa's slippers, and fetch me a book, or my work-basket, can't you?"

"Yes, I can do those," said Ella.

"Well, then, are you too little to be useful?"

"Why, is *that* being useful? I thought it meant real great things," said Ella, opening her eyes in astonishment.

"It means that older girls are to do great things, and little girls are to do little things," said her mother. "You are a little girl now, and so your heavenly Father only wishes you to do little things, but then my darling must try to do them willingly and pleasantly. You should always be ready to do what mamma asks at once, and not say, 'I'm tired,' or 'I don't want to,' or 'I can't,' because, though you are only four years old, you are not *too little* to be sometimes useful."

GOOD-BYE AND HOW-D'-YE-DO.

BY W. R. SPENCER.

One day Good-bye met How-d'-ye-do,
Too close to shun saluting,
But soon the rival sisters flew
From kissing to disputing.

"Away," says How-d'-ye-do; "your mien
Appalls my cheerful nature,
No name so sad as yours is seen
In sorrow's nomenclature.

"Whene'er I give one sunshine hour,
Your cloud comes o'er to shade it;
Whene'er I plant one bosom flower,
Your mildew drops to fade it.

"Ere How-d'-ye-do has tuned each tongue
To Hope's delightful measure,
Good-bye in Friendship's ear has rung
The knell of parting pleasure!

"From sorrows past my chemic skill
Draws smiles of consolation,
While you from present joys distill
The tears of separation."

Good-bye replied, "Your statement's true,
And well your cause you've pleaded;
But pray who'd think of How-d'ye-do,
Unless Good-bye preceded?

"Without my prior influence,
Could yours have ever flourish'd?
And can your hand one flower dispense,
But those my tears have nourish'd?

"How oft, if at the court of Love
Concealment be the fashion,
When How-d'-ye-do has failed to move,
Good-bye reveals the passion!

"How oft, when Cupid's fires decline,
As every heart remembers,
One sigh of mine, and only mine,
Revives the dying embers!

"Go, bid the timid lover choose,
And I'll resign my charter,
If he for ten kind How-d'-ye-does
One kind Good-bye would barter!

"From love and friendship's kindred source
We both derive existence,
And they would both lose half their force,
Without our joint assistance.

"'Tis well the world our merit knows,
Since time, there's no denying,
One half in How-d'-ye-doing goes,
And t'other in Good-byeing!"

DIFFERENCES.

Fall not out upon the way;
Short it is, and soon will end;
Better far to fly the fray
Than to lose the friend.

Teach each other, as ye walk,
How to sing the angels' song;
Fill the time with homeward talk,
Then 'twill not be long.

Gently deal with those who roam,
Silent as to wanderings past;
So together at your home
All arrive at last.

Moral Character.—There is nothing which adds so much to the beauty and power of a man as a good character. It dignifies him in every station, exalts him in every period of life. Such a character is more to be desired than everything else on earth. No servile fool, no crouching sycophant, no treacherous honor seeker, ever bore such a character; the pure joys of righteousness never spring in such a person.

A TRUSTY DOG.

A NEWFOUNDLAND dog that was a great favorite with the cook of the family to whom he belonged, remembered every morning to be in attendance at the hour when the cook went to market. At the right time he brought her bonnet and shawl to her, and stood with the handle of the market-basket in his mouth ready to attend her. Whatever was trusted to him he brought home safely. He never attempted to eat the smallest bit of the meat which he carried, though it must often have seemed tempting to him.

Another dog of the same kind, when carrying home one day the meat for the family, was attacked on the street by several other dogs, who tormented him, barked at him, and challenged him to fight. If he had set down his basket to punish them they would have stolen the meat, and he seemed to know this, for he disregarded all their attacks, ran home as fast as he could with his basket, and then deliberately returned and punished them for their impertinence.

LITTLE folks do not always know how important it is to punctuate their letters and compositions. These few following lines will show them that commas, periods, etc., are very necessary. Part of them accidentally appeared in the MUSEUM of last month. Now every one of Merry's little boys and girls must try to put in the right stops so that they will read sensibly:

Lord Baltimore walked and talked seven minutes after his head was off.

Every lady in every land
Has twenty nails on each hand
Five and twenty on hands and feet
All this is true without deceit.

Merry's Monthly Chat with his Friends.

HERE comes old October again, to remind us that summer, with its joy and beauty, is past and gone, and cold and dreary winter is near at hand. See even now how the chill autumn frost has touched the foliage, and how quickly it bears the brilliant crimson and gold tints, yet soon to change again and fall and fade, and then the hoary face of winter be upon us. The summer of life, too, is fast passing, and the winter of age is near at hand. Another year of "Merry" life is nearly gone, and can you all say it has been rightfully and profitably improved? Our monthly meetings will be of no benefit to us unless we heed their lessons and they make us better boys and girls I am always glad to receive your letters and know that you take pains to make each letter better than the last; but I want your minds should also improve, and each one of you be much better because of the monthly visits of the MUSEUM. You will all soon enter upon life's realities and duties, and your habits are forming fast now. See to it that they rightly form, and all will then be well. I am glad to receive so many letters speaking well of the MUSEUM and wishing it success. But I must tell you that I have been talking with my printer and stereotyper and paper maker, and they all say the MUSEUM can not be published for one dollar a year. I knew that before, but kept hoping something would "come down," either paper, or printing, or something else. But no; *I* am the only one that has had to "come down," and now what is to be done? "Charge a dollar and a half a year, and it will be cheap at that," say several at my elbow. Well, *I* can't say anything till I hear what the "Merrys" have to say.

So now what do you say? Shall we raise the price or not? or can you all go to work and double our subscription list before January next, and continue it at one dollar a year?

I shall expect an answer from every one of you by next month. So now for the letters. Some of you look terribly "cut up."

TROY, N. Y., *Sept.* 7, 1863.

UNCLE MERRY:—Thank you for giving me so much elbow room. My respects to Uncle *High*, with this assurance: I've no desire to be a second Damocles, and will accordingly "get from under" the hatchet by making no more *Minx* meat. Shade of *Chat-ham*, what a resolution! I'll be a *whole funeral* soon.

Mr. Fiddlesticks, will you *scrape* acquaintance and exchange? If so, will give a *phial in* of Extracted Essence—same that Puss mourns for—hope she is *feline* better.

Satan, if you still exist, would like to see you—will bet you are only *A polly on* a perch.

Dan, I refer you to answer 35, but please don't go there, as I would like to exchange phizma*hog*anies.

Merrys, what say you to a "badge" representing an open book with the letter M on each upturned page? Might be made of *gold* and worn as a pin, as suggested by coz *Gold*en Arrow.

Uncle, let's have your suggestion. By the way of names, think yours of Rob is very appropriate, considering the 20,000 poor mortals you have *cousined*, How are you, Mr. *Man*ipulator. Adieu.

W. A. R.

Until that "gold" badge shall be made, let any Merry pin a large capital M to his coat when he is in car or steamboat, and if he sees any lady or gentleman pinning an M on to her or his shoulder, in response, it shall be as a sign that a Merry is present, ready to enter the right hand of fellowship. Respectfully submitted by A. S.

HOME, RECRUITING, *Sept.* 4, 1863.

DEAR UNCLES AND COUSINS:—Many thanks for your kind remembrances while away. What a charming time you've been having, and how many

new "chatterers" there are flocking in! That's right; "come in out of the draft," and we'll conscript you into the "Merry ranks." Uncles, has the manipulator "been stolen?" for surely the letters have that appearance; and so I've ventured in "with a long one" under that supposition.

Ellian, have you really turned up again? and has my letter been received which I sent to your home?

Winnie, shall try and be with you soon again.

Saucy Nell, did you know I was at "Saratoga" inquiring for you? It was a "sad disappointment" in not finding you there, and hope next time to be more "successful."

Grasshopper, that *carte* has not made its appearance yet. Have you forgotten Japanese Tommy? I'll warrant the girls haven't.

Jean Du Casse, how near we must have been to each other, for I was at Newport News in the Virginia about a week.

Puss, I'm looking very anxious for your arrival (rest assured I shall keep away from your claws, though).

Cousin Forestina, may I hope for an exchange?

W. A. R. ("war," is it?), what a rich joke you played! you knew the "hatchet" would not cut, for if it had, all would be spoiled.

Leslie, look out! we're coming with a great crowd prepared for a rush. Methinks I hear Uncle Hi say, "You've imposed upon my goodness; now for the punishment!" Oh, let me slip this time, and—and—Hattie, turn quick, and I may yet be saved from being manipulated.

TOMMY.

No, Tommy, the manipulator has not "been stolen;" not even has its edge been blunted. There was a desperate attempt made one day to get possession of it. While Uncle Robert was known to be quite sick and weak, a party rushed into the sanctum and were heard to call for *Mor*(e)*Phene;* but as there was none to be found, and the neighbors being aroused, the party suddenly disappeared, and the manipulator still lives, and works easier this month than ever.

STAMFORD, *July* 29.

DEAR COUSINS:—Will you accept as a member of your circle one who has taken "Merry" for eight years? Don't turn me away from your door, if my merits are *not* very great. At least give a poor mortal room. I have a shrewd suspicion that Cap Davis, Nina Gordon, Forestina, and I all live in the same place. Is it true, Aunt Sue? I am very much puzzled to discover who the others are. Can't you help me?

Forestina I have discovered, I think, but Cap and Nina baffle all my efforts.

I am ready to exchange *cartes* with any of the cousins at any time, especially Pertine and Wanderer, although I am afraid my face won't prove very attractive to any one.

I suppose that brevity is the one thing needful here, so will close now, *hoping* that my poor scrawl won't be cast into the fire.

MILL RIVER.

INDIANAPOLIS, *August.*

DEAR MERRYS ALL:—I have been looking in at your Merry circle for two years, and at last have dared to enter and introduce myself as Hoosier. I would love to see some of the cousins on a card or in person, for who knows but (as Artemus W. says) I may find my affinity in the Merry set? Much love to A. E. D. and Saucy Nell; should like to be near them. In fear of that wonderful high-pressure condensatory machine, I leave a few answers and puzzles for Aunt Sue, and much love to the cousins.

HOOSIER LIL.

NORWALK, *Sept.*, 1863.

DEAR COUSINS:—Again I address you. How are you all? Cap Davis, I am now more confirmed in my supposition than before. Golden Arrow, I'm a Unionist.

Jasper, I would like your *carte*. Aunt Sue has my address Romance, I will accept your photo. Love to all.

COUSIN FORESTINA.

P. S. Uncle Robert, I intend visiting the city soon, and may call and see you.

F.

Call, by all means; we should not forgive you if you came to our city and pass 111 "by on the other side."

STAMFORD, CT.

DEAR UNCLE—Having a desire to join the Chat, I venture to intrude. Love to the cousins. Should like Daisy's and Saucy Nell's photos. Am I *too* presuming? Your timid niece,

MINNIE DOUGLASS,

OUT WEST, *Sept.* 8.

DEAR UNCLE :—I was *very* sorry I could not see you when I called, although I was glad I called, for I had the pleasure of meeting two cousins, and I saw the Merry album. I have been on East all summer. How I wish I could have met more of the cousins !

Romance, my address is Box 652, Evansville, Indiana. You said if any one wanted your picture, to send their address, and *I* do.

Alice Clayton, you wanted me to exchange, I believe. I am ready now.

Saucy Nell, Brown-Eyes, Daisy Wildwood—in *fact*, all of *you*, I want your pictures. MAY CLAYTON.

We were very sorry not to see you when you called, but were glad that you did call and have Hattie show you the album. Hope you will come again.

BROOKLYN, *Sept.* 8, 1863.

DEAR MERRYS :—I trust you are all salubrious. So am I, except a slight cold caught by standing in rather a strong *draft* the other day, but from the effects of which I expect soon to be *exempt*. Yes, I drew a *prize* in the first lottery (outside of *fairs*) in which I ever invested, and quinsequontly am a "conscript"—but likewise a "myope," and one nullifies the other. I'll sell my chance for $250. There's a bargain ! Who'll take it? But hold on ! Maybe I'll do for a cavalryman, and as I shall then want a *war-horse*, I bespeak *your* services, Grasshopper, for Uncle Merry said you were one : *I'll* "back" you then. I will try very hard henceforth not to crowd out the "poor young uns'" letters with my "awful, antiquated, usurping, old, stupid, dry, unending epistles." Won't you try too, ye "other ancient people ?"

Aunt Sue, I 'spec' you had rather a "te-he"-tering ride of it in that sleeping car. Have been happy to *see* you so often lately ; would be very happy to get an old-fashioned letter from you. Did you know U O'd me 1 ?

"Phene" F., you a'n't a pheen-*ix*, are you? There seems to be an idea afloat to that effect. I'm *sure* you're not a pheen-d. Will you prove it by sending your *carte* to 339? Amiable Amy, when are *you* coming there ? Juanita, too ; Cap Davis, three ; Prue, four ; and ever so many more, *don't* compel me to waste all my "sweetness on the desert air." What's up, Pertine? One would think either your "dander" or you muscle was, or both, though you cry "Down" so vigorously. *Down* is too good for traitors, though ; unless you mean to *let* them *down* with hemp. Is there good preaching out your way ?

Yes, Wanderer, *let's* have the Convention, by all means : I (s)elect you delegate from Washington.

Leslie, you might as well stop your "hollerin';" you are flat on your back, whether you know it or no. Daisy W., I'm glad you agree with me about Fleta's right to the crown ; all sensible cousins do. Why dethrone her, when she has reigned so long and so well ?

Mignonette W., are you Daisy's sister ? Please send me your *carte*, that I may judge of the *likeness* (between you).

Winnie, are you resigned to "being green ?" Carrie S. seems to think so ; *I* don't : I don't think you *are* green.

Girls, if any of you want a *beau* for your fiddle, send for Fiddlesticks : I've seen him, and he is a nice beau-y.

Uncle Hi, "our *W. A. R.* correspondent" is a regular Trojan at joking : how he pun-ishes us ? Are you going to let him come it over *us so*, often ? He talks like a Pick-*wick*ian.

Forestina—'cause the answers were "cut :" cause the sun looked at me *cross-eyed :* no, I never did : I should like to see *your* photo. No, you *couldn't* guess, unless you *know*. That's "another man," I don't know who myself.

Neva and Lura, hope I see you ; happy to make 'quaintance ; should like to *really*, carte de visite-ically : will you ?

Marian, I'm afraid those "little blows" *would* have been *two* misses, though I wouldn't have missed them for a sixpence.

"What fairy-like music !"—ah, Titania herself ! Titania, if they take ph's in Fairy-land, will you condescend to bestow *yours* on a poor mortal like me ?

Glad to see you, Ellian. Yes, I believe in the West : hope to get there some day.

Wanderer, how you *do* "play on words !" Play away ! but you'll find "Cam-Phene" hard to put out.

Walter, send me *your carte* and address—you know mine—and I'll send you my *carte*.

Yours, badly, WILFORLEY.

LAWNVILLE, *Sept.* 2, 1863.

"*Bon soir*," Merrys all. I am here again, you see. Uncle Robert, who

would have thought that your little, unpretending, unsophisticated, quiet, unassuming, modest niece could cause such a sensation and uproar among the "Merry circle" as was caused by her abrupt entrance in the parlor? Cousins, I beg pardon; you will forgive me, won't you, Saucy Nell, Fleta, Tommy, Down-East Girl, Pertine, Blue-Eyes, Flib, Puss, Leslie, Osceola, Nell, A. N., and O. O.? By the way, last named, guess where I've seen you? Have you forgotten a "drufful pooty" moonlight evening? I recollect it "muchly." Black-Eyes, Gipsy, Margaretta, Winifred, Hattie L., Josie, Annie E. D., and, in fact, all the forty-eleven cousins!—small favors, like *cartes de visite*, thankfully received.

Forestina, the like is mutual—suppose we x.

Wanderer, have no fear. I don't expect to "go off" yet.

Dan H. B, do I know you?

Marian, I'll accept your "phiz."

Jasper, remember PHENE F.

Glad to see you again, Phene. You are among anxious friends; they all *feel* well acquainted with you, and desire an introduction.

FOREST DALE, *Sept.* 8, 1863.

UNCLE HIRAM:—I once more crave permission to write and tell my Merry cousins that the Buckeye Boy is still among the living, and that the State to which he belongs (Ohio) is still doing her duty in sending forth brave and noble men to meet the miserable traitors of the South—ah, yes! and the traitors of the North also. But think not, Merry cousins, that I mean to infer the States that you belong to are disloyal; for I hope that Uncle Hiram would not take subscribers that were disloyal to the best Government that ever lived—and all I hope is, that we may all rally, united, as we once did in 1776, and crush this treasonable rebellion, and let the star-spangled banner, as it once did, "wave o'er the land of the free and the home of the brave." BUCKEYE BOY.

Here's our hand, Buckeye, for the Union for ever!

COLD SPRING, *Aug.* 18, 1863.

MERRY COUSINS:—I have taken your Merry magazine for the last eight months, and am very much interested in reading your letters. I would like to know if any of the Merry cousins have ever visited Cold Spring, L. I.? I will give a description of it for the benefit of those who have not, and those who have may vouch for the truth or falsity of it.

It is about thirty-five miles from New York, and about three and a half from Huntington. The harbor is one of the prettiest in the world "at high tide," but at low tide it is the most disagreeable of disagreeable places. It derives its name from the number of springs it contains. It is a very hilly country, and contains many very fine chestnut and locust trees, and altogether the scenery is very picturesque. Through my recommendation Merry's magazine has found its way here, and hoping it may find many more admirers, I remain yours, TIGER-LILY.

WASHINGTON, *Sept.* 18, 1863.

UNCLE ROBERT:—Do admit me to your Chat just long enough to scold Oliver Only on the p. g. question. He slanders the Haligonians. I am sure I saw *one* while on the same excursion, and I think "Uncle" will attest to the same. I don't mean "J.," Uncle Robert, nor the one so romantically drawing water from the hydrant; but my Granville Street fairy. And as to Oliver's *Boston* p. g.'s, pshaw! "I don't see it."

COLUMBIAN.

GLENDALE.

DEAR UNCLE MERRY:—Saucy Nell, you are saucy indeed.

Annie, I am.

Welcome, Alice, to our Merry circle. Come often.

Aunt Sue, I wish I had been with you at Niagara Falls. I do wish I could see them.

Carrie S., may I ask if you have not three brothers in the Union army?

JULIA E.

PAUTATOOK, CT., *Sept.*, 1863.

The war of Queens is dying out. Peace once more reigns in our Merry parlor, and the smaller stars are now able to put in a word. So I, being one of 'em, will *try* to say something.

Down-East Girl, I must share in your fun with Hattie L., as I sit by one side of her.

Phene F., as Hattie has gone in the country and left me alone, I am now free to shake hands with you.

IRVING.

"THE VALLEY," ILL., *Aug.* 19, 1863.

DEAR UNCLES AND COUSINS ALL:—I come so seldom, and have such a "dreffful" distance to travel, I think you ought to let me in without any ceremony, and "pass my imperfections by." I mean, excuse my volubility.

After making my entrance bow to the assembly, I would desire to present my respects to F. H., our Fair(ie) Queene. A seat by me, Jay? Certainly, my dear, when I can find a place to sit down. Good Uncle, you promised me a seat by Black-Eyes long ago. I hope you have not allowed any unprincipled cousin to steal when I wasn't at hand to watch it. Ah! here it is.

Dear cousin Black-Eyes, may not I kiss you and love you? Will you exchange if I send the first "*v.*"

A. E. D., I intend calling some day at your P. O. box. Can I be sure of a welcome?

A. N., you have always been one of my particular favorites. I, for one, do not wish you to hide yourself in that "coolish corner and lonely."

Cousins all, let me propose a toast: "Eugene Merry—one of our heroes!"

Jasper, Tommy, Geo. T. McK., Osceola, O. O., and all the soldier boys, may God bless and preserve you all. If I thought it would in the least help forward the cause I love so dearly, and for which I can do so little, I would write to each of you.

Love—very much love to all.

VERA LEE.

P. S.—I suppose Wilforley will consider the P. G. question settled by the fact that the only two beauties at Saratoga this summer are both ladies from Brooklyn.

The cousins all heartily respond to that toast, but will be sorry to learn "Eugene" is a prisoner in Richmond. He was taken June 27th, while on a scouting expedition before Port Hudson, and has since been confined in Libby Prison. Let us all unite in the petition that a kind Providence may soon restore him to loved ones at home.

BROOKLYN, *Aug.*, 1863.

DEAR MERRYS:—Once more I come to the parlor-door, asking admission, after a short absence in Pennsylvania and Maryland, with one of the Brooklyn regiments (Fifty-sixth). While there we were kept hunting, part of the time, for Rebs, and part for something to eat.

Charley F. Speck, had I known you were in Harrisburg, I should have looked out for you. We camped for three days about two miles south of Waynesboro, Penn.

Jim, our regiment passed through Baltimore, but I did not have time to call on you.

Black Swan, your letter has been received and will be answered. Why don't you send your true name?

Winifred, what do you think of G. P. and the G. P. Merrys?

Down-East Girl and Dan H. B., did you receive my last letters?—mailed nearly two months ago.

Oliver O., I have written two letters to you—one when I was in camp, and one since I came home.

Uncle Robert, Aunt Sue, Ida May, Hattie, Pontiac, and E. A., accept my thanks for letters written to me while in Pennsylvania.

Leslie, your letter has not yet arrived.

Yours truly, OSCEOLA.

IRVINGTON, N. Y.

AUNT SUE:—Thanks for publishing my arithmetical puzzle. You seem to think I belong to the mask-u—— gender. I send you my *c. de v.* so that you can judge for yourself. I knocked at the door for admittance some three years ago, but was soon overshadowed by the more brilliant * * of the Gal-ax-y.

MAY OF IRVINGTON.

The smaller stars often give the clearest and purest light, and are best appreciated. You MAY come often, and bring your carte to Uncle Robert next time. The door is always open.

We have several good letters which we should be glad to publish, but they are signed by such odd or ridiculous names that they never will see the light unless changed. Hereafter, each person writing for the Chat must send their real name and address to Robert Merry—which will be only for his eye alone, if desired, that we may have a guarantee of the good faith of the writer. We hope all will adhere to this rule.

Aunt Sue's Puzzle Drawer.

A FEW errors strayed into the Puzzle Drawers of August and September, during my absence. No. 51 should have read "Do not *stray* pet." (Perhaps the printer was thinking of *me*, and knowing I *had* "strayed," and couldn't correct the proof, thought he would alter the reading, and make it "do not *stay*.") The mistake in *numbering* the puzzles is not of so much importance, as that can be easily remedied, but I am really sorry to weaken confidence in the *correctness* of the *anagrams*. I can only promise care when I *am* on guard. It may not be too late to remedy the mistake in No. 66, which should be, "I met *nine* —— men."

BIRDIE wins her second prize for the July puzzles.

CLEMENTINA wins her third prize for the August puzzles.

Questions, Enigmas, Charades, etc.

FIRST.

86. In yonder narrow glen
Our country's sacred banner floats;
And with the bugle's thrilling notes,
Rides forth a band of men.

Weary and faint with thirst,
The troopers from their steeds dismount;
And drink from out a crystal fount
That down the rocks had burst.

SECOND.

Up the long, dizzy steep;
And now —— the bugle's warning call,
Upon that plain, each warrior shall
Or death or victory reap.

And now, with bated breath,
And steadfast hand they grasp the rein,
And charge across the bloody plain
For glory or for death!

WHOLE.

Man's red hand, stained and gory,
The blood-drops dripping from the saber,
The battle's fierce and bloody labor,
These tell my sad, sad story.
Adelbert Older.

87. Entire I am a girl's name; add a letter to my first half, and make a bird; add a letter to my last half, and make a trap; add a letter to the whole, and make another girl's name. *Mercury.*

88. I am composed of 17 letters:
My 5, 10, 3, 14, 17 is to copy.
My 9, 16, 13, 1, 2 is artifice.
My 8, 7, 17 is a marsh.
My 8, 6, 15 is a tree.
My 11, 4, 13, 12 is to win.
My whole is the name of the author.

89. I am composed of 14 letters:
My 8, 3, 13, 9, 6, 5 is a boy's name.
My 14, 6, 13, 12, 10, 3 is the name of a lake.
My 7, 2, 3, 4, 11 is a fish.
My 1, 3, 5, 3, 9, 7 is a town in France.
My whole is the name of a popular writer. *Josie.*

90. I am composed of 13 letters:
My 12, 8 is a preposition.
My 13, 6, 1, 10, 9, 7 is a beverage.
My 4, 5, 2, 11, 1 is an unfeeling person.
My 3, 6, 5, is a fabric used by men and women for various purposes.
My whole is caused by something unnatural. *F. W. C. C.*

91. I am composed of 19 letters:
My 1, 11, 13, 7 is a measure.
My 6, 10, 3, 9 is a girl's name.
My 14, 2, 8, 18, 13 is a reward of merit.
My 2, 5, 14, 11, 19, 12 is worn by ladies.
My 17, 4, 14 is a treasure.
My 16, 15, 6, 8 is a way.
My whole was an officer of the Revolution. *C. M. E.*

92. My first is an engine; my second is an article; my last are animals; my whole is an animal. *Lina.*

93. A young man, sauntering alone in the wood,
Met a young lady, and bowed—as he should;
Said he, "My dear miss, I'm in search of a wife."
"You —— me," said she. "—— me," said he, "or my life."
(Fill the blanks with the same words [in sound].) *W. A. R.*

PLANTS, FLOWERS, ETC.

94. To relate (in sound), and to move forward.

95. A kind of trunk, and a fruit. *Elizabeth.*

96. Change my head several times, and make (1) a battle-axe, (2) to store, (3) a measure, (4) a portion of land, (5) to extirpate, (6) a building, (7) part of a building, (8) a stream, (9) a receptacle, (10) a document, (11) a ball. *Rose-Bud No. 2.*

WORDS ENIGMATICALLY EXPRESSED.

97. By way of the covering for the hand. *Daisy Wildwood.*

98. The fire-place belonging to me. *Alpha.*

99. Reckon the account. *Ned W.*

100. My first is (in sound) a myth; my second is (in sound) a fish; my third is an interjection; and my whole is a Scripture proper name. *T. Mitchell.*

COMPOUND CHARADE.

101. My first is a letter of the alpha bet; my second is a stick, either hollow or solid; my third is a dwelling, and my whole is the same as my third. *Arthur B. Sanford.*

102. My first is an exclamation; my second is a bird; my third is a tree; and my whole was a battle. *Ada.*

103. My first is (in sound) what a man told my second to do to help him out of my whole. *K. C.*

104. Express with five letters a sentence containing five words and nineteen letters. *C. M. E.*

105. Why is a debt like a new cheese? *A. O.*

106. 00100080N. *Hoosier Lil.*

107. Behead a fish and leave a girl's name. *Forestina.*

108. Behead a fish and leave a verb. *Fiddlesticks.*

109. Behead a bird, transpose, and make a spiritual guide. *Clementina.*

110. Behead a boat and leave an animal. *W. C. C.*

111. Behead one country and leave another. *Monitor.*

112. Curtail an animal and leave what the Merrys ought to have. *Golden Arrow.*

113. Transpose an animal into something as vast as the ocean. *Birdie.*

114. My first is generally used to carry the product of my second to market, and my whole is useful to book-keepers. *M. E. W.*

115. Transpose the name of one of the cousins into an adjective we are sure belongs to her. *Heb & Phil.*

116. HIEROGLYPHICAL REBUS.
By Fiddlesticks.

(Answers to the above must be sent in on or before the 10th of November.)

Answers to Questions in August No.

33. Reflection.
34. Shall, hale, ale.
35. Beersheba.
36. Balista, tails.
37. Ridgewood.
38. Teasing, easing (many have answered this "boil, oil").
39. Bug-bear.
40. I ate nothing to-day.
41. Halibut.
42. Bashaw, Wabash. [pass it.
43. Because the die is cast before they
44. Plantagenet.
45. Canoe (transposed, forms "ocean").
46. CLOWN.
47. Deer, ree.
48. Rosecrans.
48-A. Mordecai.

49. Accordingly.
50. Treacherous.
50–A. Orchestra.
51. Tapestry.
52. The Merry Album.
53. Henry Ward Beecher.
54. Stonewall Jackson.
55. Improve.
56. Bound, found, hound, mound, pound, round, sound.
57. Meet, teem.
58. Amaranthus.
59. Shoe, shop.
60. Because if it answers in the affirmative, it will be in the "negative."

CREDIT FOR ANSWERS TO JULY PUZZLES.

BIRDIE, 25. *Merrimac*, 24. *Heb. & Phil.*, 23. *C. D. W.*, 23. *Mercury*, 23. *W. C. C.*, 23. *Clementina*, 22. *Willie W. Perry*, 22. *Tattler*, 21. *Louise*, 21. *Charlie Little*, 20. *W. A. R.*, 20. *Schuylkill Nell & Jim*, 20. *Pansy No. 2*, 20. *Louisa*, 18. *C. W. Jenks*, 18. *D. P. W.*, 17. *Madge Wildfire*, 16. *Onie*, 15. *M. E. W.* (*Puss?*), 10. *Monitor*, 9. *Golden Arrow*, 9. *Hoosier Lil*, 9. *Julia E.*, 8. *C. S. & H. H. L.*, 7. *Echo*, 7. *Muriel*, 6. *J. D. W. Peltz*, 5. *W. H. H.*, 4.

The answer to Rebus No. 32 will be given in the January MUSEUM, 1864; puzzlers may have till Dec. 5th to try their wits upon it. It is a capital hieroglyphic, for which the author himself ought to have a prize.

CREDIT FOR ANSWERS TO AUGUST PUZZLES.

CLEMENTINA answers all but 46, 47, 60.

A. S. W. answers all but 36, 37, 38, 46, 60.

C. M. E. answers all but 36, 43, 47, 50, 51, 60.

F. W. C. C. answers all but 36, 37, 39, 43, 47, 51, 60.

Florian answers all but 36, 43, 44, 47, 51, 58, 60.

Merrimac answers all but 36, 37, 43, 47, 50, 51, 59.

W. A. R. answers all but 36, 43, 45, 47, 51, 57, 58, 60.

Lina answers all but 36, 37, 38, 43, 46, 47, 51, 58, 60.

Pansy No. 2 answers all but 36, 37, 43, 46, 47, 49, 50–A, 51, 55, 60.

Louise answers all but 36, 39, 43, 45, 47, 49, 51, 53, 54, 58, 60.

M. E. W. answers all but 33, 34, 36, 37, 43, 47, 48–A, 49, 50, 50–A, 51, 60.

Heb & Phil answer all but 33, 36, 40, 43, 45, 46, 47, 48–A, 49, 50, 50–A, 51, 52.

Nedloh answers 34, 35, 41, 42, 44, 47 48, 52, 53, 54, 56, 58, 59.

Forestina answers 33, 34, 35, 38. 41, 46, 48, 50, 52, 63, 56, 58.

Golden Arrow answers 34, 35, 37, 38, 39, 41, 46, 47, 52, 54, 56, 59.

Monitor answers 35, 40, 46, 48–A, 52, 53, 54, 56, 59.

Julia E. answers 34, 35, 41, 52, 53, 54, 57.

W. H. H. answers 35, 41, 53.

J. D. W. Peltz answers 38.

NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Vera Lee.—I quite agree with you about the "capital correspondent." Your letters have been duly forwarded.

Muriel.—Is the puzzle on "E. N. T." "twelve times" original with you?"

Charlie Little.—I am *real* glad to see your hand-writing again. No. 27 was your own enigma slightly paraphrased. I often take such liberties.

Forestina.—You are credited in my book for fifteen correct answers to May puzzles; so that your name must have been left out by accident.

Julia E.—That would indeed be a lovely spot for a pic-nic. I wish all the Merrys *could* meet there.

Osceola.—I'm glad you got home again safely. I don't know "who it was."

Schuylkill Nell & Jino, *Mercury* and others.—Much obliged for second-hand puzzles; but we *don't want them.*

Pansy No. 2.—Don't play "second fiddle;" take another name.

W. C. C.—Haven't you seen "bugs swim?" *I* have.

Walter H. H.—Your letter was very acceptable.

M. E. W.—Your letter was properly directed. Aunt Sue's post-office box *in Brooklyn* is No. 111; but Mr. Stearns forwards to me all letters connected with the Puzzle Drawer.

Juanita.—Will you send me your address?

Winnie desires me to tell *Juliette* that if she will send *W.* her address, she will tell her what she heard about her, "awful nice." She is patiently waiting for the promised exchange from *Louisa*, and

sends her best wishes and remembrances to *O. O., H. A. D., Eugene, A. O.,* and *Geo. T. McK.*

Grasshopper.—*Louisa* liked your letter in the July number very much. I thought I'd just mention the fact to you.

Onie sends her love to all the cousins who have escaped dissolution during the "heated term."

Harlan.—I was *ever* so glad to get your letter. Please kiss that dear little baby and its mamma for me.

Jean du Casse.—Your letter was quite refreshing. I *should* have liked some of those "experiences by field and flood." *J. du C.* is ready to exchange photogs with any of the cousins—box 719 P. O. Providence, R. I.

C. M. E.—I hope *you* profited by those "strengthening waters."

Winnie.—Your "hurry-graph" was not a bit too long. Accept a return kiss. *I* despise *stuck-up-ativeness* too.

Lina.—Certainly I will credit all answers you send, I don't like to think that the children only take an interest in the puzzles for the sake of the prizes. If you look over the list of credits, you will scarcely see the name of one who has taken a "third prize." They seem to take it, and leave; so that I shall be very glad to keep you in the ranks.

Rover would like to see who can compose a sentence containing the most letters from the words "Amity Street."

May of Irvington.—If you care for the "exchange," will you give me some directions where to send it? I found out the puzzle in fifteen minutes. It is *very* good. Is it original with you? *Didn't* a "mask-u——" write that first arithmetical puzzle? "Honor bright."

W. A. R.—Thank you for all the pretty things in your letter; but please don't send such answers as yours to 45. I can't stand *everything*. "What boat?" etc. "Tur-bot!" b-o-t boat! Well! I *have* heard of "bad spells!"

Merrimac.—That was a *Sirius* mistake. It got mixed up with *Canis*, I guess. Now we are even, and it's my turn. Your kind hopes and wishes have been realized, and your kind consideration appreciated.

A. S. W.—I am glad you've come back; I don't like to miss familiar faces; and there are some that I've missed for many months.

Louise.—The "first prize" is a heart puzzle; the "second prize," a gold pen; and the "third," a gold pen and case. Am I to tell *Winnie* you intend writing to her, or have you told her so yourself?

Fiddlesticks.—I hope no evil thing had befallen thee!

Wanderer.—Are you satisfied with my *substitute?*

Deshie (Buffalo).—Won't you tell me how much money you took in for the Aid Society at your bazaar?

Florian.—The first *time* a competitor wins the prize, a heart puzzle is the reward; the second *time*, a gold pen. See remarks to *Louise*. You have made a pretty good beginning!

Annie E. D. has had a "splendid time" in the country. She says, "I've spent hours and hours in the woods; ridden the horses bare-back to water; been blackberrying, and got my hands all scratched up; climbed *one* tree after a bird's nest (old one); been tipped over in the buggy, at nine o'clock at night, with 'no one along but Mary;' had my foot stepped on by the horse; been stung by the hornets; chased by the bees; have fallen in mud-puddles; husked corn for the pigs; and last, but not least, *hoed* potatoes." Wasn't I to tell all this, Annie dear? If not, I take it all back; but then it was so jolly! *Annie* says if the cousins don't hurry and send her their pictures, she shall be so old she will be afraid to exchange.

Tommy and *Jasper.*—I am glad you executed my commission so pleasantly for all parties.

E. W. W.—Certainly I shall "not be offended" at your inclosing a postage-stamp with which to forward your letter; I should have *apologized* for you, in my own mind, had you *neglected* to do so.

Thanks for puzzles, etc., to *Clementina, Heb. & Phil., W. A. R., Hoosier Lil, Muriel, Mercury, Golden Arrow, Birdie, Forestina, Pansy No. 2, W. C. C., Walter H. K., M. E. W., C. M. E., Pansy No. 2, Julia E., F. W. C. C., Monitor,* and *Irving*.

I acknowledge with much gratitude and pleasure receipts of photogs from *W. A. R.*, "*Jean du Casse,*" *Ernest, May of Irvington, Grasshopper, Orange-Blossom,* and *Golden Arrow*.

Frank, Mary A. E., H. A. D., Ned W., Bertha, F. F., Anna W. N., Blanche, M. T., Jeannie M., Harrie Bowles, etc., etc., what's the matter?

MY PETS.

A FAVORED little maiden,
I have my darlings here;
So gentle and so generous,
They're every day more dear.

My Jippie is quite learned—
His manners, too, are fine;
He waits without one bow-wow,
His turn to come and dine.

He's older and he's thoughtful,
Respecting Sylvie's youth;
I whisper you he's six months,
While kit's but one, in truth.

Come to me, patient doggie,
Spring now upon my knee;
We'll show bad dogs and kittens
How loving we can be.

LAUREL.

PHILIP SNOW'S WAR.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "KATE MORGAN'S SOLDIERS," "NAT'S SHOES," ETC.

CHAPTER XIV.—(*Continued.*)

"JOHN, copy this as quickly as you can," called Mr. Deane.

Philip looked into the inner office. "There is no person there, sir," he said, in reply to Mr. Deane's second call.

"No one there!" exclaimed Mr. Deane; "where can John be?"

"Can I go for him, sir?"

"He went up the river last night."

"If it is only copying, may-be I can do it," said Philip, approaching the table.

"Very well—try," was the brief answer; and Philip began his work.

A half hour passed in utter silence; no one entered, and the only sounds within the room were the rapidly moving pens of Mr. Deane and Philip Snow.

Philip paused midway in his labor, until Mr. Deane looked up, saying, "Well, what is it?"

"I thought that possibly you meant to write this differently," said Philip, presenting the original document for inspection.

Mr. Deane frowned and said, "Why, boy, do not you think I know best?"

Philip's face grew crimson, but his eyes were on Mr. Deane's face as he said, "I will copy it as it is written. if you wish."

Mr. Deane glanced at the paper, read it carelessly, and handed it back to Philip, saying, "It is right."

Philip copied the paper, knowing that it was not right; then another and another, until Mr. Deane said, "This is all."

The bright afternoon wore away; one moment after another of sunlight rolled from the day, until night stood revealed.

On the morrow Philip was to return to the village and the Furnace; and as he went homeward with Mr. Deane through the heart of the great city, Philip thought, "I should like to live here, if only mother and Essie were happy and here with me."

Philip grew very thoughtful that night. Being in New York made him seem to himself nearer his father. He felt that if nobody's grave, in nobody's lot, in the churchyard, contained not his father, then the great city, with its throbbing, bounding flow of life, must, somewhere in its current, carry him, and he felt tempted to stay and watch.

Philip sat with his eyes on a picture on the wall, and his mind busy with a dream, wherein he found his father and took him home, when he came suddenly out from it by the words, "Good-night."

The children were going to bed. "You are tired," said Mr. Deane to Philip when they were gone.

"Not much, sir;" but Philip arose to follow them, and before he went he said to Mr. Deane, "I beg your pardon, sir—but, if you please, won't you look at my copies before you send them away. I think there is a mistake."

"Very well—good-night."

It was two hours after Philip had gone to sleep that Mr. Deane laid down his last paper and sat before the fire thinking—thinking of an important legal cause in which he was especially interested, and for which he had work-

ed long and earnestly. The morrow was to be its trial day, and the papers that Philip had copied were in reference to it.

Mr. Deane arose and took them up. One by one he turned them to the light and read.

At last he startled Mrs. Deane by exclaiming, "That boy is worth a mountain of gold; I'll have him in my office," and Mr Deane walked up and down the room in a state of unwonted excitement until Mrs. Deane ventured to ask,

"What is it?"

"He has saved me the case, or, rather, I should certainly have lost all chance for it, if it had not been for his obstinacy. He gave me this paper this morning saying 'that it was not right;' I declared that it was, and he copied it. You heard what he said awhile ago, and I couldn't forget it. I have looked them over and find a serious error. I should like to know how he knew anything about it. John would have shut his eyes and copied it if every word had been wrong."

"I shall be sorry if Mr. Deane is angry," thought Philip alone in his room, "but I know it is not right, and I ought to have said so," and, comforted by the thought, Philip bade the world good-night.

CHAPTER XV.

On the afternoon of the day that Philip went to New York, Mr. Raye sought his room, and, for the first time since his arrival, he inspected his baggage.

When he came down, Essie scarcely recognized the Raven in his changed attire.

"Be you going away never to come back no more?" she asked.

"Certainly I am coming again, little one—why do you ask?"

"'Cause I thought you was all dressed up, and, may-be, you was going up to heaven."

"What does the child mean?" asked Mr. Raye in amazement.

"I guessed you was goin' up to heaven to get some more bread," Essie said, before Mrs. Snow could attempt any explanation.

"Why, child, I am not an angel;" and Mr. Raye caught Essie in his arms and held her straight before him, where he could look into her eyes.

"I know you are a raven, and you came when 'twas dark to feed mother and me. I like you—I like you better than I do the angels," said Essie; and suddenly her face blossomed with rosy color, and the little head was hidden on Mr. Raye's shoulder.

Only a minute it rested there, for the Raven put Essie down and went out very quickly, even before Mrs. Snow found opportunity to explain Essie's fancy.

Mr. Raye walked toward the Furnace. He did not stop when he came near to it; he went in and asked for Mr. Bryan.

That gentleman was occupied, and Mr. Raye waited long, so long that he became impatient, and examined the works with eagerness, in his own quick, impetuous manner, going from point to point, asking no questions of any one

At last Mr. Bryan was at liberty, and would see the stranger in his office.

The two men stood face to face. There was no answering look as their eyes met.

Forty years before they had known each other—now they were strangers.

Mr. Raye was the first to speak.

"You've a boy in your employ, one Philip Snow, I learn."

"We have, sir," replied Mr. Bryan.

"Have you engaged his services for any given time?"

"Saturday night I made a proposition which is accepted—he will stay with me one year."

"What is the amount you were to give him?"

Mr. Bryan named it.

"I need the boy—I want his services more than you can—I will pay you the amount, and you will release him."

"This is strange—I do not understand," said Mr. Bryan, as Mr. Raye offered the sum, represented in shining gold; "I like the boy—I do not know how to give him up. What service do you require of him?" asked Mr. Bryan.

"I shall send him to school—I will educate him."

"Beautiful!" exclaimed Mr. Bryan, with quick sympathy; "keep your gold, and you should have the boy if every fire went out in the Furnace;" and Mr. Bryan held out his hand to Mr. Raye in token of amity.

Hand grasped hand. Was there no old electric thrill that went from hand to heart and took an outlook from the eyes of each? The two men looked at each other an instant, then they parted, and went each his own way, neither remembering the days when they were boys together.

Blind Benny was gently given to the earth in trust for the resurrection, and Mr. Raye stood beside the open grave with Essie's hand in his, and Essie whispered, "Lift me up, please—I want to look down and see how they have planted Benny;" and Essie's request was granted.

Philip returned to his home, and there followed him a letter to his mother. It made a generous offer for Philip's services. Mrs. Snow read the letter with gladness, and went directly to Mr. Bryan with it.

That gentleman did not look with approval upon the plan, and Mrs. Snow thought his unwillingness arose from a narrow, selfish wish in regard to Philip, until evening came, and Mr. Raye suddenly said, "Mrs. Snow, I've taken your boy—I've engaged his time."

"What, sir?" exclaimed Mrs. Snow.

"His time is mine—you will please prepare him for his departure on the 15th of next month—here is the money," and Mr. Raye tendered a purse to Mrs. Snow with so much of energy and decision that the lady very meekly asked, "Where will he go?"

"To New Haven—the place is secured for him in Mr. R——'s school."

"To school! my Philip—who will educate him?"

"I will. Lucy! Lucy! do you not know me?"

Mrs. Snow could only look up in unfeigned amazement. She gazed into his face trying to read it, but no—it was not known to her, and she slowly replied, "No, I do not know you."

The brown, worn man of many winters unfolded carefully the tiny likeness of a fair-haired child and gave it to Mrs. Snow.

"I've carried this, that I might not forget myself," he said; "do you remember it?"

Philip came in at the moment, and Essie returned from a search after kittie, and both boy and child were alarmed at the sight that met their eyes.

Mrs. Snow kissed the tiny picture she held with a warm, quick kiss, and then exclaimed, "Oh, Ben, my broth-

er!" and in an instant the arms of Mr. Raye enfolded Mrs. Snow.

Philip darted forward as if he thought it time to interfere, and Essie caught Mr. Raven's coat in her hands, and not knowing exactly what was expected of her under the circumstances, she began to pull it with all her strength.

"Philip, this is your Uncle Ben, my only brother," said Mrs. Snow as soon as she found words to speak, and Philip was duly embraced; but Essie could not be found when her time came for introduction, and not until she had heard the story from her mother would she accept her new uncle; and even when accepted, Essie would give him no other title than that of Uncle Raven.

CHAPTER XVI.

The fifteenth of the month following came in its appointed time, and Philip went to school.

One, two, and three years passed by. Life in the cottage of Mrs. Snow had become quiet and altogether peaceful.

A dream of the lost or absent one visited Mrs. Snow with every day, but no fragment of his continued existence ever floated into the village.

Philip was the same Philip still, constant, energetic, and patient, not as at the Furnace, but with all the force of his nature, because in his own chosen way.

In his vacations Stephen Waite was the friend of his childhood still; and when after the second year Stephen joined Philip at school, the two boys were as happy as it is appointed for boys to be.

The third year of school was passed, and the fourth was on its round when the fell blow descended on Fort Sumter, and war began in the United States.

The months went by with every pulse of the nation astir, and every true heart athrob with the old motive and the old love of country and of kindred; and mothers looked with misty eyes at sons, whose faces kindled as they read the story of the war begun, and listened for the first sound of the fatal words, "I will go."

Then came the want of officers, and to schools like Mr. R.'s many a veteran went to watch the drill and note the boy to be a soldier.

Philip Snow was noticed and chosen amid the number.

Philip was very mortal, and proudly he answered, "I will go, if my mother will consent."

Many were the applications sent to the little cottage across the bridge and past the poplars; but Mrs. Snow was not won to give consent, and yet Philip staid and waited.

Stephen Waite had gone. Nell Hoffman and Essie had wept and gloried over his departure, and Essie had even whispered very comfortingly into Philip's ear, "That if her mother could be mean, it was *very* mean not to let Philip go, and she guessed *she was;*" to which Philip replied with a severe reproof, and made his way to the Furnace. He went in where the busy men were drawing the bars of iron to and fro. Philip seized the implements and went to work. All the long afternoon he toiled, as if for bread, and went home at night as quietly as if no fire of impatience had raged and burned in his heart.

Uncle Ben tried to reason with his sister on the point of Philip's acceptance of the positions offered him, but her only answer was, "I can not rea-

son—I can only feel that he must not go."

Philip did not argue the point, he only waited, knowing that his time would come. Slowly the months wore on; victory and defeat flashed over the land and flooded hearts with joy or woe.

Suddenly Mrs. Snow was aroused to the consciousness of Philip's condition. Essie said to her one day, "Mother, do you know Philip goes out and takes long walks all alone by himself, and he don't even look at Nell Hoffman, and he does such queer things, too—he knocks stones all to bits and powder; and the other day, when he thought there wasn't anybody looking at him, he threw himself on the grass behind the hedge, and pulled up a big pile of it with his hands. Philip is getting pretty crazy. I think you'd better let him go; he won't ever ask himself."

Not many days after this alarming information given by Essie, Mrs. Snow received a call from a gentleman in the dress of an officer of the United States Army.

The conference was long, and excited Essie's curiosity to the highest degree. She searched the premises for Philip; but the young man was away on one of his long walks, and did not return until the harvest-moon was far on its upward course.

Philip was thinking, as he crossed the bridge and came to the poplars, of the night when he had met his mother and Essie there, and Essie had told him that Stephen Waite was drowned. The memory of the words was in his ears when there mingled in with them tones from a wee maiden dressed in white, who sat waiting for him on a stone by the road-side.

"Oh, Phil! *I guess you're going this time for ever so certain, sure;* because there has been a beautiful, handsome officer shut up in the parlor with mother ever so long; and I sat on the step waiting for him to go, when he came out, and I heard him say, 'I'm certain that you will not repent having given your consent;' and then mother went right away, and didn't speak again in ever so long time."

Essie had, during this communication, been gradually inserting her hand in Philip's. He suddenly grasped the little fingers with crushing force, and Essie screamed, "Oh, I aint a musket—how you hurt!" and Philip lessened his hold to a comfortable tenure, and together they went homeward.

Mrs. Snow was unusually solicitous regarding Philip that night. She watched him very closely; but no word of the coming change escaped her lips, and Philip, impatient to know more than Essie had communicated, applied to his uncle, but found that gentleman more ignorant than Essie.

A week went by, and Philip learned his fate, received his commission, and bade farewell to his home and native village.

Essie had stood on the angel's step and kissed her tall brother, and in kissing had contrived to insert a whisper in his ears: "May-be the angels can give you soft bread just as well as flour; if you get starving hungry, you ask;" and then Essie ran down to the poplars, and watched until the last bit of Philip's uniform had gone from her sight.

And Mrs. Snow busied herself with household duties, working as hard as Philip had done with the bars of iron in the Furnace, but with no success. Just at evening, when the shadows were falling, and the church-yard must be deserted, Mrs. Snow stole in,

and found Nobody's grave, and beside it the mother lost her fears in the hopes of the trusting Christian.

Mrs. Snow led Philip close to the altar of sacrifice, still beseeching that the offering might not be required at her hands.

To Philip, with his unspent energies and his love of action, the new life became one of absorbing interest. He was in the same regiment with his ever-fast friend Stephen Waite, and the two made many pledges of unfailing devotion in scenes of danger that yet were imaginary.

After long months of patient waiting, the order came that infused life into the men who were aching for action, for change, even though their pathway led through the red field and the crimson flood to the plain of Death beyond.

The last tent had disappeared, and the thronging haste of preparation was over. Everything was in readiness for the march. The men waited but the signal.

Captain Philip Snow sought for Stephen Waite and found him.

"Remember our pledges; let nothing be forgotten, Stephen," said Philip, grasping his friend's hand with the untold pressure of hand on hand when the heart whispers, "It may be our last."

"Never fear, I shall not forget," replied Stephen with a strange moisture visiting the brightness of his eyes.

"Have you written, Stephen—anything—to be left—or sent—in case ———?" The sentence was not completed, for Stephen gave no time, for his answer was in his hand.

"Here is one for you to keep, in case I fall. I've another—if both—if anything *should happen*, you know."

Captain Snow received the precious missive and laid it carefully against his fast-beating heart.

"You know, Stephen," he said, "you've always been my friend—"

"And always shall be—"

"And as my friend, I trust you with a letter to my mother, and one to ———. Well, you will look, if necessary, at the address; if we come off the field, you can return it to me; if others carry us, it does not matter;" and Captain Snow gave to Stephen Waite two letters, written in haste—written with all the force of Philip's strong heart.

The letters were scarcely secured before the sounding order came that led men forth to death, or victory, or defeat. [TO BE CONTINUED.]

THINK FOR YOURSELVES.—It is always best to think first for yourselves on any subject, and then have recourse to others for the correction or improvement of your own sentiments. Thus we may reach truth which we should never have observed had we caught a particular mode of thinking from any author. No principle should be received from education or habit merely. Let me observe before perusing the opinions of others. We check original thought by first learning how and what to think from others. The strength of others should be called to assist our weakness, not to prevent the exertion of our powers. By means of this dependence upon books, error as well as truth descends in hereditary succession.

THE fishes found in the Mammoth Cave, being without eyes, might represent Justice, as they are blind and carry the *scales*. SAMUEL WILSON, JR.

GATHERING APPLES.

THE chilly November storm has passed away, and the hot coffee, the mutton chops, and the tender johnny-cake with fresh eggs, of the tempting farmer breakfast, are disappearing from the plates of the family, in the cheerful dining-room of Mr. Watson. The sun has not been very long up, and the breakfast hour here is almost as regular as the sun. Many things are to be done in the fall, and the days seem to grow shorter as the necessary work increases. It is very pleasant work, gathering the rich fruits and vegetables that the generous summer has ripened for our health and comfort. The golden ears of corn have been picked, and the pumpkins which grew at the foot of the corn-stalks, no less golden, have been carried away by the cart-load to furnish many a refreshing dinner for the cows, as well as many a pie at Thanksgiving, before and after.

Robert Watson has his cousins Albert and Edwin on a visit of two whole weeks, and they are as busy as the farmer himself. Chestnuts have already been falling,, because Jack Frost opened a few of the prickly burrs, and they could scarcely get to the ground before one of the boys had them pocketed, with many exclamations of delight.

This morning there is other employment on hand. Mr. Watson said, as

he pushed his chair back from the breakfast-table,

"Well, boys, we begin our apple gathering to-day. Will my man Thomas get any help from your nimble hands? I should be really glad to have you turn to and assist, for the other man, Bill, is obliged to be gone to get one of the horses shod, and the day is so clear and dry that I wish to make the most of it."

Each boy began to speak with a full offer of every minute of his time, and "*thankee*," too, ere Mr. Watson had quite finished talking, and all sprang away from the delicious breakfast, and pell-mell to the orchard. No fixing on their part was requisite. Thomas would bring the baskets, and Albert was in a tree as quick as a squirrel might be.

"Oh," said Albert. "how I wish I might shake these limbs and see the beautiful rosy-cheeked apples strewed among the green grass down there;" but Robert told him that his father would not permit it on some of the trees, and that was one of them; for it was all to be picked by hand to be used on the table, and in the cosy evenings in the winter time. And there was one tree of Golden Pippins that must not have one bruised one, and so of the Greenings, and the smooth Russets, and the ruby-colored Spitzenbergs—what a beautiful sight! Some of the less choice ones the boys had the fun of shaking down. A part of these were to be pared and made into apple butter, and a part were to be ground and pressed to get the juice for cider. I suppose Mr. Watson would make the cider into vinegar, for there is no vinegar so agreeable and wholesome as cider vinegar. A hungry and a lively set of boys, they rushed home to lunch, and Auntie Watson's light doughnuts and little apple tarts went the way of the good breakfast.

The boys worked faithfully all day, so that Mr. Watson said to his wife at the tea-table that he was truly under obligation to them for what they had done. Baked apples, with milk and bread, constituted their excellent and healthful supper. The boys began among themselves wondering what could be done with those huge piles of apples under the trees, when Mrs. Watson told them about the paring for apple sauce. She remembered an old-fashioned "apple paring" at her grandfather's, when a little girl.

"The kitchen," she said, "was made as clean as a new penny—the tables and the floor were scoured with soap and sand—the brass candlesticks were scoured as bright as sunshine—some tin candlesticks made to hang against the wall were brightened up, and candles all placed ready for lighting. Of course there was a fire in the chimney, for there was the tea-kettle, and the warm biscuits were by-and-by to come from the oven.

"About dusk or twilight, four bushel baskets were filled with apples and brought into the kitchen, and the knives were all ready. Then the young men and young women, or boys and girls of the farm-houses all around, began to come, some on foot, some in a one-horse wagon. They made no ceremony, but took off their hoods and cloaks and drew their chairs around the great baskets, and "pared, and quartered, and cored" the fruit. It was on the same principle as the old-fashioned "quilting"—a certain amount of work was to be done, and then came the sport; so the sooner the first part was off, the sooner the second was on.

"They kept themselves merry, as the knives went round and round the apples. When a paring came off unbroken, a girl would throw it over her head, and then look what shape of some letter of the alphabet it resembled as it had fallen. Then all had a great laugh, and said it was the initial letter of her sweetheart's name.

"Well, when those baskets full of apples were pared and cut, they were filled again and again, and pared and cut. Oh, such a heap! Then came the supper. Tea, and coffee, and biscuits; sausages and pies; and then sometimes a dance, which ended the apple paring. And now, my dear boys, you may go and lay your round cheeks on your pillows. Good-night."

L. E.

THE OLD APPLE-WOMAN.

A clever old woman,
A funny old woman,
A wonderful woman,
A very uncommon
Good-natured old woman was she;
And the apples she sold,
And the stories she told,
To young and to old,
Through heat and through cold,
Were as funny and nice as could be.

Spring, summer, and autumn,
And winter she brought 'em,
And all the boys bought 'em,
Because they all thought 'em
The cheapest and nicest on earth;
And because 'twas a treat,
While we waited to eat
Her apples so sweet,
To hear her repeat
Her tales, full of humor and mirth.

At the corner of the street,
An old box for a seat,
With a mat for her feet,
And an awning complete,
In a broad-spreading cotton umbrella,
She was there all the day,
Knitting, knitting away,
With a kind word to say
To all who would pay
For her apples so rich and so mellow.

Always early and late,
With her rich, luscious freight,
And her knitting sedate,
On the corner she sate
In all sorts of weather and times;
With old Mother Mack,
Trade never was slack,
Her stock knew no lack,
And she had a strange knack
Of getting our pennies and dimes.

A clever old woman,
A funny old woman,
A wonderful woman,
A very uncommon
Good-natured old woman was she;
And the apples she sold,
And the stories she told,
To young and to old,
Through heat and through cold,
Were as funny and nice as could be.

H. H.

JESSIE'S VICTORY.

BY MRS. MCCONAUGHY.

MISS ARLING invited all her school children to a gipsy supper one Wednesday afternoon, in a quiet little nook, formed by a graceful bend of the river, just below the mill. The banks were very sloping, and the water shallow near the shore, so it was a safe as well as delightful spot to take a merry troop of children to. A busy time mothers and older sisters had with egg-beaters, buttered pans, and rolling pins, getting ready all manner of substantial and fanciful picnic fixings. A confectioner was privately warned to be on hand with a freezer full of strawberry ice cream, and an abundance of iced lemonade; for it is surprising how thirsty the little people get on a warm summer's day when they know it is a mile or more to the nearest well! High and low, rich and poor, met together in Miss Arling's school-room, but there was very little of that "stand by thyself" spirit which is found in some places. She taught the children to value only those distinctions founded on true merit, and to care most tenderly for the feelings of others. If a purse-proud young miss chanced to come into the school with her head full of silly notions, based upon papa's bank stock, and which made her treat the humbler scholars contemptuously, she met only a smile of pity for her ignorance from other girls of the same standing. She quickly learned that such ways were not the fashion there, and that they were looked on only as signs of an empty head and ill-breeding.

So little Scotch Jessie and her brother John, who were charity scholars, were invited with the rest. And very happy did the anticipation make them, though they knew that a slice of bread was the highest luxury their poor mother could afford them. But alas for Jessie, her mother fell sick, and there was no one to nurse her and mind the house but this same little daughter. How she hoped she would be well before Wednesday, for Jessie had never been at a pic-nic in her life, and this was a great event in her history. Wednesday morning came, and the pain in mother's head was so great she could not rise from her bed. The pic-nic must be given up after all, and little Jessie stood sorrowfully by the kitchen door, on her way to the spring for a pitcher of cool water, and very fast the big tear-drops fell down her cheeks, and on to her bare brown arms.

"Why couldn't I go a little while," she thought, "and then run back to mother—"

"And leave your poor sick mother alone," said a soft voice in her bosom. "It would take you an hour to go and come, even if you did not stay a minute; who knows how much she might need some help before that time?"

"I won't leave my mother," said the brave little girl, dashing off the tears.

"But," whispered ill-nature, who was sorely trying little Jessie this sunshiny morning, "if you can't go, it isn't fair for Johnny to go and have the pleasure all by himself."

But the good angel, with silvery voice, whispered again to the little girl's heart, and selfishness was routed. He put off with a pout to try his

hand on some other quarter. So the little conqueror trudged along, with her bare feet, down to the spring, and filled the pitcher from the steadiest corner, determined that she would stand to her post that day, and nothing should tempt her away from it. Do you know that an angel wrote that down as a greater victory than General Grant's at Vicksburg, even! If you can not lead armies and "take cities," you can do what the Bible pronounces greater—you can rule your spirit.

So Jessie made up her mother's bed, and gave her a nice cup of tea, and a bit of toasted bread, softened with salted water, which was the best she could afford; then she and Johnny sat down to a dish of boiled potatoes. They were hungry, and a hearty meal they made of it; though Johnny was in so great a hurry he could hardly attend to his breakfast. Then Jessie brushed up his old jacket, and pinned on a a clean white collar, and set a stitch in the old cloth cap poverty had compelled him to wear all summer, and then, after his few chores were done up, he bounded off to Robbie Andrews' to wait until it was time to go.

Jessie's mother was very sorry to have her little girl so disappointed, but praised her for bearing it so well.

"I thank God every day for giving me such a kind, industrious little girl,"

she said, as she kissed her plump, red cheek. "Your nice tea has made me feel more comfortable, and I think I can fall asleep."

Jessie felt more than paid, as she stepped softly about the house doing up her work, and she did not shed a single tear when she saw the boys and girls passing down the shady lane and over the meadow toward the picnic woods. Such acts of self-denial, if rightly borne, bring their own reward.

"Now, I will show you how to catch fish, Johnny," said Robbie Andrews, "if you want to learn. There is a famous spot down by a big shady tree, where I have caught lots of trout—*three* one afternoon."

So they scampered off over the underbrush and mosses until they came to the shady nook, quite by themselves, where there were no merry shouts to scare away the fishes. John took his first lesson, but the little fellow had so much to take off his attention, he did not watch for "nibbles" quite as sharp as he might.

'Oh, Johnny, you've got a big bite," whispered Rob, in great excitement. The hook was thrown up, and sure enough there was a fine fish as long as your hand at the end of it. After that Johnny gave keen attention

to his business, and four fishes rewarded his industry. His eyes glistened with pleasure as he thought what a fine breakfast they would make for himself and Jessie, and perhaps mother, too, would be able to eat a bit.

"You get on so famously, I'll make you a present of that hook and line," said Robbie; "I have two more."

How happy the little boy was at the unexpected gift! "Now," he thought, "I can run down every day and fish awhile, and if I have as good luck as I have this afternoon, we will not eat our potatoes alone every morning."

Just then the school bell rung out loud and clear, summoning all the little rovers to their supper. A long, rough table had been set up and covered with a snow-white cloth, and then Miss Arling and the older girls placed the repast upon it. How beautiful it looked in the eyes of the hungry, happy children! Miss Arling saw that every one was abundantly helped, and after all were satisfied, there seemed plenty left for as many more. The teacher and the committee were left to dispose of it as they saw fit, and the children rambled off for another hour's play before it was time to go home.

"Poor Jessie could not come today," said Rosa Allen, "because her mother is sick. Let us make her up a nice basket of goodies, and take it to her."

"They are ever so poor," said Grace Lee. "I don't suppose they taste of cake once a year, and hardly ever have meat."

The warm-hearted girls voted the biggest basket they could find should be filled for Widow McKay, and each took a part in the storing of it. Some fine pieces of cold chicken and boiled ham were neatly laid on a plate at the bottom, and as many sandwiches, tarts, and cakes piled over them as Miss Arling thought could be used by a family of three before they would spoil.

Do you think Jessie was sorry she did not go to the pic-nic? God had rewarded her act of self-denial a hundred-fold, and had opened many kind hearts who had known or thought little of the poor family before, to look after and befriend them. The brightened prospects of the poor widow dated from that pic-nic day, and who will say that Jessie's self-denial had nothing to do with bringing down the blessing? Remember that not even "a sparrow falls" without our heavenly Father's notice, and filial piety has an especial promise of reward even in this life.

Good Luck.—Some young men talk about luck. Good luck is to get up at six o'clock in the morning; good luck, if you have only a shilling a week, is to live upon eleven pence and save a penny; good luck is to trouble your head with your own business, and let your neighbors' alone; good luck is to fulfill the commandments, and to do unto other people as we wish them to do unto us. They must not only work, but wait. They must plod and persevere. Pence must be taken care of, because they are the seeds of guineas. To get on in the world, they must take care of home, sweep their own doorways clean, try and help other people, avoid temptations, and have faith in truth and God.—*De Fraine's Lectures.*

Never trouble trouble till trouble troubles you.

LEARNING TO SMOKE.

IN all Brooktown there wasn't a better-hearted boy than Joe Conner. If any one wanted a favor done, or needed a helping hand, whether in the cause of labor or of frolic, Joe was always ready with his cordial smile and strong sinewy arm to do the required thing. Hence, "Where's Joe?" became a sort of watchword among the boys of the neighborhood. Not an

exploring party, not a nutting, fishing, or even a frogging excursion could for a moment be expected to go off with spirit unless Joe were one of the number. As for Joe himself, he had only one great failing. He was so very obliging that he could never say "no," even when he felt that it was morally wrong, or at least foolish, to say "yes." This, as may be supposed, led Joe into more than one difficulty, and I am afraid served, in the course of time, to dim a great many otherwise bright points in his character.

Joe, for instance, was naturally an honest boy. Nothing would tempt him of his own accord to take a forbidden apple out of another's orchard; but let a few ill-disposed boys crowd about him with, "Now, Joe, come along, there's a good fellow; we are not going for the sake of the apples, you know, but it'll be such fun to get ahead of old Grimes and run off with some of his fruit; so come, Joe, and don't spoil all our fun," I really am afraid Joe would not have had resolution to deny them; in plain English, he would have become the good-natured companion of thieves, because he lacked courage to be unpopular as an honest boy, even for an instant.

This failing of Joe had already worked great mischief in him; but one of the worst things it had done to the poor boy was to make a smoker of him. Yes, good-hearted Joe, with his healthy body and cheerful mind, had already commenced a habit which in course of time would certainly destroy both health and cheerfulness.

At first, indeed, Nature made a decided protest, and when Joe smoked the first old stump of a cigar (given to him by a bad boy named Ed. Hunckley), she made a great fuss about it. She made him cough and sneeze almost at the very first puff; she brought the water to his eyes, and, in fact, almost strangled him; but he would smoke on; (for wasn't Ed. Hunckley watching him with a mocking sneer all the time?) Then she hauled down her red flags out of his cheek and lips, and, in fact, stood at half-mast generally. Still Joe persevered, and, finally, she laid him flat down on the grass and made him deadly sick; but Joe wouldn't give up. No, indeed, he was going to be a good fellow and please Ed. Hunckley if he died for it. So poor Nature had to give in for the present, but she quietly resolved (as she always does in such cases) to punish Joe well for his obstinacy at some future time.

Meanwhile, Joe, thinking all the while that it was very grand and manly, learned to smoke in the most approved style. He was too poor to buy cigars, so he picked up every stump of one that he could find, never minding how loathsome or disgusting it might really be; and when he had no stumps on hand he would use a pipe borrowed for the purpose from some "extra-manly" boy who chanced to have smoking materials to spare.

One day Joe became the joyful possessor of two new clay pipes, bought for a cent at the village store. Seating himself upon a stone, he played complacently with his treasures (?), admiring their whiteness, and wishing that he had at least a bushel of tobacco stored up for his winter's supply, when suddenly an intimate four-legged friend of his, named "Trip," dashed past him, knocking one of the pipes from his hand.

Everybody knows what happens to a clay pipe when it falls upon the hard ground. Joe looked dismally at the

pieces for a moment, but being, as I have said before, a good-natured boy, he soon picked up the little stump of a pipe that was left and called out to his dog, "Trip, you rascal, do you see what you have done, sir?"

Trip bounded back, wagging his tail, and seemed to think that on the whole he had done rather a fine thing, and he was not far from right, in my opinion.

"Now, sir," said Joe, starting up and throwing the pieces of broken pipe-stem over the fence for fear they might cut his little sister's feet, "now, sir, you must learn to smoke."

So Joe commenced to give Trip his first lesson in the manly art of making a chimney of one's self. The dog was willing enough, for the pipe was new and clean. Before an hour was past, his master had the great satisfaction of seeing Trip standing on hind legs, pipe in mouth, and looking as solemn as any judge.

"Hurrah," cried Joe, "you're a bully dog, Trip; now just hold up a minute and I'll get some tobacco, and have you smoking in earnest in less than no time!"

With these words the boy rushed to the stable near by, where Ed. Hunckley generally spent his leisure hours, and obtained from him a "bit of tobacco." After making all needful preparations, Joe lit the pipe and returned to the fence where Trip was still playing. Ed. went with him to see the fun.

Trip, like a good pupil (a good dog-pupil, I mean), stood erect on his hind legs at Joe's approach, and held up his mouth to receive the pipe. Alas for Joe's hopes! no sooner did the odor of the tobacco reach the dog's nostrils than he dropped the pipe in disgust, and no threats or commands could induce him to have it inserted between his teeth again.

Just then the boys spied Jack, the cat, winding up the long lane with slow and graceful movement.

"Hallo!" cried Ed. Hunckley, "if there ain't your sister's big gray cat! Let's make him smoke."

No sooner said than attempted; but Jack liked tobacco as little as Trip did, and the boys only got scratched for their pains.

"I say, Joe," persisted Hunckley, "my goat's down there by the stable; I shouldn't be one bit surprised if she'd beat your cat and dog all to pieces at smoking."

"Well," laughed Joe, who did not realize, poor boy, what bad company he was keeping, "let's see."

So they tried to make the goat smoke, but the goat kicked and butted at such a rate whenever she smelt the burning tobacco near her nose, that the boys were soon glad enough to give up their plan.

By this time good-natured Joe had somehow become rather grave-looking.

"Ed.," said he, very solemnly, "do you think that calf over there in the field would smoke?"

Ed. roared with laughter. "I declare, Joe, you're enough to kill anybody, you look so blue; but I'm in for trying the calf, if you are."

Again the boys bounded off for this new experiment, Joe puffing away at the pipe all the time to keep it from going out.

The calf was shy, but Ed.'s hat full of sweet clover blossoms tempted its nearer approach. Joe caught its head and tried to get the pipe into its mouth. Then such a struggle as there was! The calf was accustomed to sweet milk and fresh, cool grass, so of

course she kicked and fought against the filthy tobacco. Finally the old cow, noted for her crossness, came deliberately toward them, as if to say, "I'll show you young gentlemen what you'll get for teaching my baby such tricks," and the boys prudently resolved to try their lessons upon some more tractable pupil.

"Don't let's give up yet," said Hunckley; "there's old Dame Gibbon's donkey in the next lot—we can't well try the pipe there; but here's some tobacco in the corner of my pocket; I'll put it on this thistle, and I bet the donkey'll take it, and like it, too."

In a moment the tame creature came toward them, and was soon eating the thistles; he devoured them with a relish until he came to the one with tobacco upon it. The boys watched the result anxiously, but the creature was less of a donkey than they thought. The plant was left untouched.

"Ed.," cried Joe, who had by this time become *very* serious, "there's only one more animal on the farm to try, and that's the pig!"

Hunckley was now getting rather tired of the fun, but Joe walked off so resolutely toward the hog-pen that he followed, sullenly muttering as he shuffled along—

"Well, Joe Conner, if you ain't the queerest chap when you take a notion that I ever did see!"

The old pig was rooting away in the swill and dirt when the boys reached the pen, but as soon as she spied them, her long snout was pressed greedily against the rough boarding where they stood.

"There," exclaimed Joe, "the pipe has gone out; well, I'll give her a taste of the tobacco anyhow, and see how she likes it." With these words he leaned over, and holding the contents of the pipe in his hand, offered it to the dirty, greedy creature in the pen.

The pig sniffed at the morsel for a moment, gave a few grunts, and then turned contemptuously away. *She would not touch the tobacco!*

This was enough for Joe. He looked at Ed. Hunckley for an instant, his cheeks flushing, his eyes filling with tears. "Ed.," said he, flinging the old stump of a pipe almost out of sight, "*I* for one don't intend to be the only beast on this farm who uses tobacco; so never ask me to smoke again!"

Hunckley felt abashed, and, laughing an uncomfortable little laugh, turned on his heel, never to be an intimate friend of Joe's any more, for somehow that day made a kind of distance between them. It had opened Joe's eyes and made him see a great many things as he had never seen them before.

His good nature grew, but with it his strength of will; and Joe was *loved* more than ever by his friends, though some of the crowd of old playmates dropped away because they learned to understand and respect his "no." M. E. D.

Gardening for Ladies.—An excellent system for gardening for ladies: Make up your beds early in the morning; sew buttons on your husband's shirts; do not make up any grievances; protect the young and tender branches of your family; plant a smile of good temper in your face; and carefully root out all angry feelings, and expect a crop of happiness.

THE PRAIRIE FLOWER.

"WHAT a charming little flower you have in your border there!" said Grace King to her friend Julia Morton, as they were seated in one corner of the garden belonging to the academy where they were being educated. The principal of the school allowed such of the young ladies as chose to do so, the privilege of cultivating what flowers they pleased in the ample garden that surrounded the academy.

"Yes," replied Julia, "it is beautiful; and I prize it the more highly

because of the way in which I obtained them."

"Do let us hear about it; was it a fairy gift?"

"No, not a fairy gift, but a present from a real handsome young man, and you know that's worth ten times more than all the fairies you ever saw."

"Pshaw! but let's hear the story, for I see by your blushes that you have kept one story to yourself, when I thought you had told me *everything*.'

"Well, you remember that last summer when I was at home during vacation, Aunt Ruth would have me go to visit the soldiers' hospital with her. She used to go every day with her Bible in one hand and a basket full of jellies and knick-knacks in the other, and be a real female Good Samaritan among the poor fellows there. Goodness knows what she wanted *me* to go with her for, for I'm the poorest hand in the world where anybody's sick: I could never see a cut finger without almost fainting away. However, I went just to please her; but no sooner was I in the room than all idea of fainting was gone, and if ever *I* felt like playing the Good Samaritan, it was then. To see so many noble young men patiently suffering, and to feel that it was for their country and for me, I could have—"

"Kissed them all," playfully interrupted Grace.

"Yes, if it would have cured them," continued Julia, with animation. "One young man, particularly, attracted my attention. He looked like some mother's idol. His frame was almost as slight as yours. He had light curly hair, and blue eyes, and a most musical voice, and his language and manner showed that he had been well educated."

"A real hero, no doubt," said Grace, laughing. "But do go on; I'm becoming very much interested; you know I have a brother and lots of cousins in the army, and *they* are all heroes."

"A truce to your nonsense," replied Julia; "he *was* a hero; he had been wounded in the arm while parrying a blow aimed at his captain, as one of his comrades told me, and he added that he was the pride and the pet of the whole regiment for his bravery and his gentleness. As I was passing by him, I noticed that he looked most wistfully at a little bouquet in my hand, and I could not help handing it to him. He received it with grateful politeness, and immediately after handed me a little packet, which he begged me to accept as a slight return. He said it contained the seed of a beautiful prairie flower which he had found while with Fremont's army in Missouri, and that he had hoped to plant them in his own garden; 'but, you know,' he added with a smile, 'war is very uncertain, and you can care for them better than I;' and there is where my pretty flowers came from."

Just then the bell sounded which summoned the girls to their studies, and their further conversation on the subject was interrupted; but as they were leaving the place, Grace plucked a little cluster of the flowers and placed them in her hair.

During the afternoon a ring was heard at the front door, and presently the servant announced that Miss Grace King was wanted in the parlor. What was her delight to find her own dear brother there, whom she had not seen for more than a year. He had been ordered with his regiment to a station, to reach which he had to pass near a village where his sister was at

school, and had obtained leave of absence a short time to visit her.

As they were busily talking together, the young soldier, with a start, exclaimed: "Where, in the name of wonder, did you get that lovely prairie flower for your hair?"

"From the garden here," replied Grace; "it was raised by one of my young lady friends, and she told me a very nice little story about how she obtained the seed from a soldier in the hospital."

"Has she black hair and eyes, and a hand like a princess?" exclaimed he, excitedly.

"You shall see for yourself, by-and-by," replied Grace, laughing.

"But I must see *now*," said he; "for it must be the same."

"Why, George! *you* were never in the hospital!"

"Yes, but I was, though I never told you of it before; and I had at least *one* angel visit me to whom I gave seed of that very flower, in return for a bouquet, and I must see her again if she be on earth."

The sequel is readily imagined, how the seed from the prairie produced more flowers than grew in the garden, and how the two young hearts that owed their happiness to the little token are only waiting for the war to close to celebrate an indissoluble Union.

THE HARVEST.

Now the heavy loaded wain
Creaks along the dusty plain,
Bringing treasures of the fields,
Which the earth in plenty yields.

Every sheaf of golden wheat
Could a wondrous tale repeat
Of the toil and matchless skill
That were given its grains to fill.

Forth in spring the farmer went,
O'er the furrowing plow he bent;
Wide he cast the scattered seed,
Hoping, trusting for his bread.

From the bosom of the earth
Tender blades sprang forth to birth,
Spread their leaves to sun and rain,
Gladdened all the fertile plain.

Day by day God's kindly power
Sent the sunshine and the shower;
Bid each stalk erect its head,
Filled each tiny grain with bread.

As we gather from the land
Gifts from His Almighty hand,
Let us all united raise
Hearts and voices in His praise.

DUCKS.

THE Ducks, strictly so called (genus Anas), have the bill simple at the base, and as long as the head; the nostrils oval and small; tail moderate, even, or rounded, often with the middle feathers and their coverts recurved. Of this genus the most common species is that supposed to be the original of the domestic duck.

The male is a very beautiful bird, having the head and upper part of the neck deep green, the latter with a white ring; the four middle tail feathers recurved; breast, deep chestnut; lower parts, grayish white, undulated with grayish brown lines. It inhabits all the northern countries of the globe. It breeds in marshy places, forming its nest of withered plants, and lays from ten to fifteen eggs. The canvas-back ducks are black, interspersed with white lines; the belly is white, white with black lines. These birds arrive in the United States about the middle of October, from the arctic regions, and frequent the large rivers and lakes, where they feed chiefly on the roots of a grass-like plant. Although extremely shy, vast numbers of them are killed on account of the delicacy of their flesh. Toward evening they collect into large flocks, so large as sometimes to cover several acres, and when rising simultaneously on wing, produce a noise like thunder.

COUNSELS TO YOUTH.

LET youth ever remember that the journey of life presents few, if any, obstacles in its path which perseverance will not overcome.

No talents, however great, will be of much value to their possessor without careful using; many a youth has failed of being any benefit to himself or others, solely because he made no efforts to improve the talents God had given him, and others have ruined themselves by too great efforts, while a third class, possessing talents that might have enabled them to become blessings to others, have turned their course downward and sunk in everlasting night. Youthful reader, remember that it is in your power to belong to either of these classes, and on yourself rests the happiness or misery consequent upon the decision you make.

The virtues or high standing of parents or wealth may, for a time, gild over the faults and follies of youth, but sooner or later, each and all must stand on their own merits.

He, then, who risks his future well-being on anything short of the highest aims and purest principles of morality and truth, is like the man who built his house upon the sand, and will find, when it is too late, that the strong current of the flood of evil will surely take away his frail foundation, and leave him a wrecked and ruined outcast from society, or at least an enemy to himself and his kind.—*Boston Cultivator.*

OUR THOUGHTS.

We are ever thinking. Swift as the fleeting seconds, come and go from the mind the light-winged thoughts. We call them little things, are scarce conscious of their presence, and yet our characters are according to the nature of our thoughts. We indulge ourselves in a multitude of thoughts, frivolous and unworthy. If we desire to honor our Saviour, let us remenber that not words and deeds alone, but the offering up of thoughts may also be acceptable service. As our minds dwell upon the ineffable beauty and sweetness of Jesus, let our thoughts, burdened with grateful love, rise as sweet incense to heaven. The love of Jesus, let it be the dear theme on which our thoughts linger long, and to which they return with new delight.

We express our love for a friend by saying, I think a great deal of you. Let us thus express our affection for Jesus. We shall know that Christ is enthroned in our hearts when we find him enthroned in our thoughts. We need not doubt our love to Jesus, if through the busy day and in the still night we are ever keeping in mind the memory of his goodness.

If, then, we have nothing else to bring to the Saviour, for mercies countless as the sands, let us bring our thoughts filled with a vision of the Redeemer's beauty and glory, until lost in wonder, love, and praise, and offer these as our sacrifice.

We want to be like Jesus. The more we think of him, the more shall we increase in love and kindness to him. It is thus, that beholding, as in a glass, the glory of the Lord, we are changed into the same image—from glory to glory.

Self-love is the greatest of flatterers.

MOTHER.

Oh, how much is in that name! "mother." It is the whispering of a gentle voice that rocks to sleep in the cradle of its love every care of life. It has a charm that sustains and cheers us when everything else earthly fails.

Mother! it is the voice that we never tire in listening to, and its sweet tones make us forget life's burdens.

A mother's love!—can any one fathom it? Pure, deep, and truthful, springing from no improper or selfish motives, it is always ready to make any sacrifice however painful for the pleasure of the object of its affections. We look in vain through the world for another example of such love as hers.

Have you a mother? Cherish her, comfort her, cheer her by your pleasant looks and consoling words, devote the remainder of your life, if you are both spared, to the care and comfort of her "who had thine earliest kiss."

Have you no mother? None to go to in the trying hour? None to share your troubles and to whom you can tell your grief? Do you realize the absence of the hands than all others most gentle and loving? Live then to meet her above! Let your life be a constant remembrance of her who has gone!

A Good Man's Wish.—I freely confess to you that I would wish, when I am laid down in the grave, to have some one in his manhood stand over me and say, "There lies one who was a real friend to me, and privately warned me of the dangers of the young; no one knew it, but he aided me in the time of need; I owe what I am to him:" or else to have some widow, with choking utterance, telling her children, "There is your friend and mine."

A BEAUTIFUL PRESENT.

"A LITTLE girl's sewing-machine! wouldn't that be splendid? We've had dolls, and sets of dishes, and little stoves, and pots and kettles, and tables and chairs; but a tiny sewing-machine to make dolly's clothes, and sew patch-work, and do all sorts of things, that is the best thing yet!"

Not too fast there, my dears. That is a sewing-machine for a little *woman*, not for a little girl. You have all heard of General Tom Thumb, who was like a whole right hand to Barnum, and of his doing like other sensible men, taking a wife, and how, still more sensible, unlike a good many men, he selected one suitable to his peculiar little circumstances. And a splendid wedding they had, for Uncle Robert was there to see. Well, of course, the bride, Miss Lavinia Warren you remember, must have an outfit like all other brides. (Hope she won't have some fits that some brides have occasionally, say a fit of the sulks.) Now you know that no housekeeper is fit for her duties, in these days of extensive dress-making, until she has a sewing-machine. (The needle might do when it took only eight yards for a dress pattern, but that was before the art of making a spread was fully developed.) Of course Mrs. Thumb ought to have one of the *handiest* and best machines, and as Messrs. Wheeler and Wilson think they can furnish just such an article, (and everybody that owns one of their machines thinks so too), they determined to present her with one just suited to her size; and here you have the picture of it, and a capital likeness of the little lady herself working at it.

The instrument is only twenty inches high and fifteen inches deep. The case is made of richly carved rose-wood, inlaid with pearl and gold, and lined with satin-wood. The panels are exquisitely painted with beautiful pictures of the General and his wife and other little angels, and the whole is one of the finest specimens of workmanship. It is now on exhibition at Barnum's.

If any of you should make up your minds and bodies to grow as little as Mrs. Thumb, no doubt Wheeler and Wilson would make enough more to supply the demand. Until then they will always be ready with the full-grown sizes; and if you work actively you can secure one by obtaining sixty subscribers to MERRY'S MUSEUM.

Merry's Monthly Chat with his Friends.

WE are very thankful for the many kind expressions and favorable responses we have received in reference to the price of the MUSEUM. All who have written are perfectly willing to pay the dollar and a half per year, but we have decided to try it another year at the old price of one dollar in advance, provided you will do all in your power to aid us in the work. And first, send us your own dollar in advance.

Second, let each one try and get at least one new subscriber, and as many more as possible.

We shall announce a premium list in December, and have many plans for the improvement of the MUSEUM if you will only do what you can to double our list.

We have decided to "show up" Uncle Hiram on steel in the January number. He has cut up so many of the Merryites, that we have engaged the best workmen on "edged tools" to be found in the city to have him cut, carved, and engraved on steel for the benefit of all who desire to see a genuine wood-cutter cut by a cutter on wood.

To all who will send us their dollar for 1864 on or before the 25th day of December next, we will send a correct and life-like portrait of HIRAM HATCHET engraved on steel expressly for the MUSEUM.

We are glad to welcome back several old familiar faces this month, as well as extend the right hand of *Merry*-ship to some new ones. Many of these letters contain words of cheer to us which we have not room for, but can not refrain from publishing an extract from one by "A Father."

CHICAGO, *Oct.* 6, 1863.

DEAR UNCLE MERRY:—I am an old man—on the 20th of the present month I shall be fifty-nine years old. My children have read the MUSEUM and its predecessors from their infancy, until some of them have grown to be men and women, with pleasure and profit. It has always been a welcome and agreeable monthly visitor in my house. I have this moment opened the October number, and the first article in it which caught my eyes was on page 113—"Working Girls"—and I can not forbear an expression of my thanks for the wise and good advice it contains. The closing sentence expresses a most highly important truth: "In no other way can you be happy and subserve the delights of your existence." Yes, my dear sir, *usefulness* is the true and only path of genuine happiness in the present or future life. It is the measure of true heavenly delight with men and with angels—yes, with the angels. Their happiness in the heavens results from and is measured by their usefulness. The delight arising from active *usefulness* is indeed *the* delight of life—angelic life. All those, and none but those, who cultivate and confirm in themselves the love and habit of usefulness to others—unselfish usefulness—become *truly* happy in this life and angels in heaven. The forms and the field of usefulness to others are various and infinite. The path of usefulness is open and accessible to *all*, of every capacity, and it is *the* path, the only path "that shineth brighter and brighter to the perfect day." It is *the* "Path of Life," "and blessed are they who walk in it," provided always that it is an *unselfish* usefulness, flowing from the love of others. I hope that all the Merry cousins will walk and work in this blessed path now and for ever.

With renewed thanks and love to all the bright and joyous "Merry cousins," I am truly yours, A FATHER.

BINGHAMTON, *Aug.* 31, 1863.

DEAR UNCLE MERRY:—You may wonder why I dare call you so; but as I was looking around one day, I peeped into your cosy parlor, and saw all the cousins gathered around your chair, and the thought forced itself through my thick skull that I, too, might join that happy circle.

Give my love to Unsteady, cousin Lockwood, Alice Clayton, Fiddlesticks, and all the rest. Hoping that Puss won't have a catnip fit, I remain,

MARY E. S.

EVERY[illegible]E, *Sept.* 4, 1863.

DEAR COUSINS:—W. A. R., allow me to ask you whether your initials mean "What A. Rattler?" and if writing such a letter "Was A. Relief" to your "pheelinks?"

Coz Forestina, I agree with you on the Congress question. Of course we must have one, and the girls shall vote.

Puss on a rampage! Won't some one hold her?

Cap Davis, how are you off for hats?

Uncle M., has that Merryotic subscriber from Sunset yet risen in the Chat?

"Fred, what a Crazy Chicken!" I advise you to beware of Saucy Nell. She's some!

By the way, Coz Nellie, are not Lieut. Fred. Ryder and two or three other Merrys very near relations of yours? In what particular place was the Lieutenant wounded? In the heart? Three cheers for the Merry Union Congress! I nominate Uncle Merry for President. Who is the opposition candidate?

Jean Du Casse and Jasper, a thousand welcomes, my hand, and "*bon voyage!*"

Coz Ellian, I'm very glad to see you once more. I began to fear that your star had formed a conjunction—but never mind, I see it isn't so. I'm sorry to see, however, that you are against the *regular* candidate for Queen of the Chat, Winifred, and hope that you will soon be able to cry with me, "Union and T. G. I. forever! Welcome to our side, Ida May.

O. O., how about that loving "welcome home?" Aren't you ashamed to speak out in meetings so? Were the Down-East girls some?

Fiddlesticks, have you just finished Mother Goose?

Daisy W., rather hard on you—that kitten.

Saucy Nell, how about that photograph? Is Dan burnt up? TEASER.

BROOKLYN, *Sept.*, 1863.

DEAR MERRYS:—Another new Chatterer asks admission. Am I welcome?

Ellian, we are glad to see you back. Please stay—won't you?

Titania, I should like to visit you in your fairy-land. You want some one to talk to. May I come?

Grasshopper, I agree with you.

Ella and Heartsease, I hope we shall be friends. We are fellow(?)-Brooklynites, you know.

Oliver Onley, do you recognize me? Hope you will visit Brooklyn again this winter.

Phene F., we must surely hear from you again; and you, too, Hattie L.—why *don't* you write?

Osceola, Pontiac, Tommy, do you recognize me as GERALDINE?

Here comes another Brooklynite to join our circle. Take a seat by the side of Phene, if you can find her. We shall have to collect the Brooklyn Merrys all in one corner, one of these days, and see how they look. "Can't be beat," says Jasper. Well, he knows, and is a pretty good judge, too.

PAUTATOOK ON THE HOUSATONIC, CT., *September*, 1863.

DEAR AUNT AND COUSINS:—Irving is with me now, and the coming of the September MUSEUM was welcomed joyfully by both of us, and all the cousins know with what interest and eagerness we looked over the Chat, and then the puzzles. Hoping, dear Aunt, you receive the *c. de v.* and the few answers I send, I turn my attention to the cousins.

WARrior, I shall not allow myself to be shot at such a beautiful bird as a Humming-Bird.

Flibbertigibbet, did I not see you in Green Point last April?

Miss Saucy, am I to consider your remark about me a saucy remark or a compliment? I suppose the former.

With love to *all*, I remain your affectionate cousin and Merry-twinkle,

GOLDEN ARROW.

S., *Oct.* 10, 1863.

DEAR UNCLE WILLIAM:—*Who* is Cap Davis? I see that Mill River (isn't that a new name?) makes the same inquiry, and I hope the gentleman will *respond*. He requests me to write to him. My dear young friend, I shall be very glad to do so, and *will* when I see your picture or yourself. So Forestina is a perambulating member this fall. I hope she'll end her wanderings in your sanctum as I did mine.

Uncle William, I shall send you some new subscribers presently. Don't you want them? NINA GORDON.

You are full length in the Album, if you are so cut down in the Chat. We couldn't help it, Nina. Be sure and call again.

NEW YORK, *Oct.* 7, 1863.

DEAR MERRYS :—I got chopped up last month. I guess Uncle Robert intends to make me into mince-meat for future use. There's one comfort, he can't swallow me, for I'll STICK in his throat, see if I don't. Robert Merry, Esq., I defy you! What a barbarous uncle!

Wilforley, thank you for the compliment. The *carte* arrived safely.

Jasper, "how are *you* Phene F.?"

Cousin Forestina, do *you* ask me such a question? Don't *you* ever get chopped? Will you exchange?

Winnie, your letters are duly received.

Grasshopper, our correspondence had a slight twist last month, didn't it?

Charlie F. Speck, you must have presented quite a "spec"-tacle when you got out of the hands of the rebs.

Dan H. B., do you know that "D. B." stand for "Dead Beat?" You and W. A. R. are just opposites; you are "burnt," and he is R. A. W.

FIDDLESTICKS.

NEW HAMPSHIRE, *Sept.*, 1863.

"Troy was," but Troy won't be long, with such a W. A. R. within its walls. Did he originate in the Punjaub, I wonder? What have we done to be so "picked upon?" Our *pun*ishment is greater than we can bear.

Thank you, Oliver. I'm your friend forever for your appreciation of the Eastport girls. Were you at E. after July 9th?

Leslie, is your memory defective, or do you, with party zeal, willfully misrepresent? So long as there is anything worth fighting for, I'll never cry for peace.

I'm with you, Wanderer, for "the Constitution as it is" or as it isn't.

Fiddlesticks, do you really wish to be "one of the noblemen?" Fancy being called My Lord Fiddlesticks!

About the badge. It would be very pleasant to have some sign by which to know each other when traveling. Dr. Holland says that to be polite in railway cars shows that one has never traveled much. If that is the rule, let us become distinguished exceptions, and take it for granted that the gentlemanly boys and lady-like girls we meet, who show their good breeding by kind and polite attentions, are Merrys. A. N.

We indorse that "badge." It can be easily distinguished.

POINT GREEN, 1863.

DEAR UNCLE :—I want to second Wanderer's motion, and move as an amendment that we hold a grand convention of the Merrys in the city of Brooklyn, during the next Christmas holiday week. I know you will vote for this, Uncle, and all of the cousins will vote for it who can make it convenient to attend. How pleasant it will be to see and know each other, the representatives from the several loyal States of our glorious old Union! Face to face we will stand, and for the first time meet for *cousinly* and *friendly intercourse*.

O. O., Wilforley, Willie H. C., Adelbert Older, and Dan. H. B., what say you? What say *all* the Merrys? Shall we have the convention or no? Who votes for it?

Dan, you *are* a *terrifically gal*lant young man. (!) *Surely* Fleta won't dispute it now, after you have obtained her picture and have been gentlemanly enough to allow it to pass into *other* hands. You want another, do you? Fleta will send it, *of course*. *Supposing* that she does, would your pride allow you to take it?

Merrys, I am still yours. LESLIE.

ST. CLAIRSVILLE, *Oct.* 6, 1863.

UNCLES, AUNTS, AND COUSINS DEAR :—May I come in once more? I won't say much, and please don't cut me up. I haven't been here for so long, and in that while I have been very, very sick, too sick to even listen to what you all said. But now I am well again, and have only to make a request and express an opinion, and then retire.

During my illness I received several letters and some "photos." You all know how careless persons will be of things in which they are not interested at all. Almost all those letters are mislaid; and although I have the pictures, I can not name them. Will all of you who have written me within a year write again, and I will pay all debts and redeem all promises.

I for one, Uncle, am willing to the advance in price, if necessary. The MUSEUM was one of my dearest companions in childhood, and now just when Annie and Nell, my pets, can appreciate it, I can not bear to do without it. Put on the price, Uncle, and then, cousins, couldn't we "double," too?

Let us have a badge by all means. Let it be as pretty as possible, and so that no Chatterer could mistake it.

Pertine and Zephyr, write to me—Nellie Van, too; I'll try to do better hereafter.

Vera Lee, sit down; give me a kiss, hand me your "v," and I'll respond. Box 150.

Don't "manipulate" me, please, kind sir. I've been sick, and consequently spoiled, and so must be humored.

BLACK-EYES.

NEW YORK, *Oct.* 8, 1863.

DEAR UNCLE MERRY:—I have been absent for nearly five months, and am beginning to wonder whether some of the Merrys have forgotten me.

Winnie, why have you not written? I have not heard from you since last June.

Down-East Girl, I shall forward my *carte* soon.

Humming Bird, I have heard much in your favor from our mutual friend, G— S—.

Wilforley, I met you not long ago; but you did not recognize me.

Saucy Nell, send me your address.

Leslie, I am again in the city.

Remember me, Uncle, to all the cousins I may know. "JOSIE."

SUNRISE, *Oct.* 1, 1863.

DEAR UNCLES:—I wait not for introduction, for peaceful spirits need no introduction but their presence.

Dan is acquainted at La Porte, Ind., I know.

Will, of Brooklyn, I am acquainted with your history. Is Prue E. B. a "school-marm," singing teacher, or what is she? I have an acquaintance named Prue.

Oliver Only, please send your address. Mine is at the MUSEUM.

My agent will receive all respects due to a new cousin. FRED B.

GROVE COTTAGE, *Sept.* 9, 1863.

DEAR UNCLE MERRY:—I have come again. Please excuse my long absence. I have been very busy fighting for a prize.

Josie and Daisy W., didn't you receive a *carte* from me? If you did, hurry up.

Allie, we don't live very far apart—will you exchange?

Wanderer, I should like to see Dan's *carte* before I decide. Meanwhile, you may place mine where you choose. I won't quarrel. I trust Wilforley has got over his *wanderings* ere this. I have learned since that I was wandering a little.

Leslie, send your *carte* along, and I will forward mine in return.

Hattie, did you have a good time rusticating? Shake up Jasper? Yes, I'll shake him up if he don't send me his *carte*. I shall look out when I send my *carte* first to a gentleman again.

Romance, I guess your kitty looks more like Puss; but I hope she does not scratch so hard.

Puss, won't you send me your *c. de v.*, claws and all? DOWN-EAST GIRL.

WALNUT HILLS, CIN., O., *Oct.* 5, '63.

MY DEAR UNCLE MERRY:—In my last letter the printer or myself made a mistake. In speaking of Winnie it read *green*, when it should have read *queen*. If it was *my* mistake I apologize to Winnie, and beg her to accept my love to make up for it. So she need not "be resigned to being green," and Carrie S. *does not* "think so." Please tell Julie E. that I have no brothers, if I had I hope they *would* be "in the army." I inclose my photo; very many thanks for yours. I should love to take a peep into your album.

Dear Uncle, raise the price as soon as you wish; I am sure your nephews and nieces would pay more rather than be without the MUSEUM. CARRIE S.

Thanks, Carrie, for your "photo" and kind wishes; the former takes its place in the Merry Album, and the latter in our heart's album.

I can speak for Winnie that she will accept both apology and love.

It does seem strange that notwithstanding all the efforts of the "peace party" we still have a war in the Chat. "My voice is still for W. A. R.!"

O. O., when searching for P. G.'s in Eastport and Calais, why didn't you see A. N., who was there about that time?

D. P. W., did you expect, after such a *Rip Van Winkle sleep*, to find everything *just exactly* as you left it? Remember things, and persons too, are not *always what they seem.*

That was a *gay time* you had surely, A. E. D.; come around this way and go *chestnutting* with me, either "phiz"-ically, or in "*propriâ personâ.*"

Tommy, Osceola, Saucy Nell, and all the other Saucys, love to you.

LUCY W. C.

TOULON, ILL., *Sept.* 5, 1863.

Hurrah for our brave Sucker State!

Three cheers for the tribe of Dan!

Uncle Merry, I am going to try and raise a squad of volunteers to be (or not to be) enlisted in the cause of our noble Sucker Boy, Dan-*yell* H. Burn(t)-*ham*, before the 1st of January next, providing Uncle Hi will loan me his hatchet, which I suppose he will if they pay $1 per head. Isn't that fair?

Fleta and Winnie, please inclose your photos to Box 23, Toulon, and you shall receive my *vis-à-vis* in return.

ROVER.

A. N., I *think* I have an idea as to who you are. Did you some time ago ride out with a Concord lady? Did the cars frighten the horse, and was the young lady (Miss N——) thrown into rather unpleasant quarters, namely, in close proximity to wheel and horse's foot? Was there much feminine courage displayed, etc., etc.? Tell me if I have guessed well. Annie Drummond, I am at Concord now, and would like to see your photo. Or have you concluded not to honor me with the light of your countenance? Peace, Golden Arrow! There is no peace. Are we to live in doubt whether we are to be governed by Fleta or Winifred, or whether we are to be at the mercy of both? No; let's have none of it. Black-Eyes, why *don't* you write? Fleta F., ditto? Was that last epistle too "odd?" Unsteady, do you know anything concerning me, either good or bad, that you should want to be introduced to one so insignificant in the Chat as Jolly Jingle? Romance, here's lots of love. Uncle, you have never seated me. Must I always remain standing? JOLLY JINGLE.

You are so Jolly that I have preferred you to stand right by the great arm-chair, for you would go off in a Jingle if you had a seat. You can have a seat by the side of the Album as soon as you will send your Jingle to put into it. We want to see how Jolly you would look in it.

CHELSEA, *Aug.* 8, 1863.

DEAR MERRY:—I have not had the physical courage to make an attack, however slight, at the puzzle department, on account of the heat, though I've been in a puzzle to keep cool.

Leslie, I shall be *very happy* to exchange cartes with you.

Cousin May Clayton, what might your address be?

O. O., I rather like such things they do in the army, *à la militaire!* You must be quite an artist!

Wanderer, how's your head, heart, and hand?

Uncle, I think the W. A. R. must be growing brilliant.

Fred W. C. C., you're welcome. Give my love to all the Merry ones.

ALICE CLAYTON.

NEWARK, *August* 9, 1863.

DEAR MERRYS:—Some one, I don't know who, has asked for my address; therefore, for the edification of all whom it may interest, I will give it—"Sarah C. Exall, Newark Post-office, New Jersey."

Ladie R. B., *do* send me your *c. de v.* I have heard about you from one who knows you, and quite want to see your phiz, especially from *one* thing I heard regarding your *sex*. Send, and I will reciprocate. Direct to the above address.

Fiddlesticks, some one has to send first, and you do so. *Titania* bids me say that as she has sent her photograph, she thinks one should have been returned of "Uncle Hi," and wants you to *please* send her one at the earliest opportunity. Address, Titania, Newark, New Jersey.

Wilforley, my "earliest opportunity" will be as soon as you have sent yours.

Amy R., please send photo. Yours, lovingly, JUANITA.

Extracted Essences.

W. A. R.—Wilforley says you must not be so smart. It makes him smart, it seems, and he was smart enough before.

You are a *medal-some* fellow to be *badg*-ering the Merrys with m's in a book, as if all books were not made up of *ems*. Stick a pin in there, but don't call it an arrow. I suppose if I should turn your name to the right about, it would touch you on the RAW. H. H.

WILFORLEY, how dare you? a page and a half!!! I'll be down on you with my new cleaver, if—

BUCKEYE, my boy, here are two hands for you, and a hearty welcome home.

H. H.

"JOHNNY," send us your address, and we will send the "picture."

MINNIE desires a seat between Winnie and Puss, "if she won't scratch." Please send us your address.

MAGGIE, we send *c's de v.* to all who desire it and will exchange. If you could take a peep at our Album, you would see many of the Merry family who have "exchanged" with Uncle Robert. Shall we have yours?

MINNEHAHA is an "accepted" cousin, and cordially welcomed to our circle. She desires to exchange with the Merry cousins, and will send hers in return.

NONSENSE, we have a letter for you. Send your address.

JASPER requests that any of the Merrys living in Brooklyn or vicinity, who would like to attend "Merry meetings," to send their address to him, "care of Uncle Merry."

M. E. D. S.—No.

Will Mill River and Cap Davis please send their real names for Uncle Robert only, that we may know what subscribers write and where they receive the magazine? Several others can go and do likewise.

Aunt Sue's Puzzle Drawer.

TATTLER wins the prize (her second) for the September puzzles.

Questions, Enigmas, Charades, etc.

117. I am composed of 34 letters:
My 24, 9, 4, 30, 21, 12, 29, 34 was a celebrated philosopher.
My 19, 8, 3, 11, 9 was a celebrated German artist.
My 9, 33, 31, 26, 5, 15 was an eminent English poet.
My 30, 14, 25, 32, 23, 34 was a great English philosopher.
My 7, 4, 18, 30, 11 was an American orator.
My 10, 4, 15, 7, 29, 30, 31, 6, 23, 34 was a great and good man.
My 18, 33, 20 is a personal pronoun.
My 1, 7, 26, 13, 28, 22, 18 was an ancient British poet.
My 4, 27, 16, 17, 31, 9, 2 was an Italian artist.
My whole is the name and title of a great General. *O. L. Bradley.*

118. I am composed of 18 letters:
My 1, 14, 17, 12 is where few desire to go.
My 6, 11, 7, 12 is a title.
My 5, 14, 12, 13 is the name of a tree.
My 8, 14, 17, 4 is an example of cruelty.
My 10, 14, 9, 18 no sensible person will be.
My 16, 9, 5, 6, 15 is a poisonous reptile.
My 18, 2, 11, 3 is the name of a famous builder.
My whole is the real name of the author. "*Juvenis.*"

119. I am composed of 27 letters:
My 1, 8, 7 is part of the face.
My 13, 16, 23 is very fond of 10, 15, 21, 6, 27, 12.
My 11, 25, 20, 24 is a small animal.
My 9, 26, 22, 7 is a snare.
My 17, 18, 14, 4 is an article of clothing.
My 19, 2, 5, 3 is used entirely to ornament.
My 10, 15, 24, 14, 27 is a popular game.
My whole is a proverb. *Lizzie*

120. If the sons of —— when within the —— of the Sanctuary, did —— as —— men do, they were not allowed to ——. (Fill the blanks with the same word transposed.) *C. M. E.*

121. Change my head several times and make (1) a kind of berry; (2) a man to eat it; (3) what he might do to the tree; (4) what his wife might do for him; and (5) where they sometimes might sit. *W. A. R.*

122. Add a letter to a cement and make a warrior. *Coy.*

123. Behead what threatened Pennsylvania, and leave what put a stop to it. *Monitor.*

124. Change my head several times and make (1) an animal; (2) what he was once to his mother; (3) what he might have experienced; (4) what he did; (5) what he was not likely to wear; (6) a kind of tree he saw; (7) where he saw it; (8) what he did to get at the fruit; (9) what he did with the fruit when he got it; (10) a man whom perhaps he met; (11) the length of time he might have lived; (12) what some one may have done with his skin afterward. *Sadie R. B.*

125. A boaster, if you will transpose,
A miser's disposition shows;
Again, it is a suit of clothes.
A. Older.

126. Behead one vegetable, add a letter and transpose and leave another vegetable. *Geo. T. McK.*

EXTRACTS OF BOTANY.

127. Food and a reward.

128. An intricate state.

129. A part of an army, an unenviable state to be in, and the center of my first. *Bob O'Link.*

130. Behead a town in England and leave a girl's name, transpose that and make another girl's name. *Julia E.*

131. Full —— are small round ——. (Fill the blanks with the same word transposed.) *Minx.*

132. Transpose holy men into punishment. *Clementina.*

133. Behead something dreadful and leave something dreadful.
Louise.

134. Behead something disagreeable and leave something a little worse. *Mary A. E.*

135. Entire, I am in the toy-store; transposed, I am in the kitchen; transposed again, I am in the street; again, I am on this page; again, and I am going to do it now. *Hoosier Boy.*

136. 59418. *Forestina.*

ANAGRAMS.

137. *Henry J. P. Scott* was a ——.
Irving.

138. You are not commanded to *shun no dire thing* because you live in ——. *Merrimac.*

139. In your —— *I am set on it.* *Minx.*

140. *Ha I see tears* for —— to wipe away.
Ella.

141. I am composed of 9 letters:
Omit my 1, 3, 5, 6, 7, 9, transpose, and leave a pronoun.
Omit my 1, 2, 4, 5, 7, 8, transpose, and leave an animal.
Omit my 2, 3, 4, 6, 8, 9, transpose, and leave a household article.
Alpha.

142. I'm found in every mountain,
In every sunny vale.
Though never in the breezes found,
I'm found in every gale.

You'll find me in the dark,
But never in the light,
You'll always find me in the day,
But never in the night.

About your form, dear little one,
You'll vainly look for me,
And yet, in head, and hand, and arm,
I'm always sure to be.

I'm not in nose, or eyes, or lips,
Yet I'm in every feature,
In boys and girls I'm never found,
Yet I'm in every creature.

I'm found in MERRY'S MAGAZINE,
In Uncle Merry's face,
And everywhere Aunt Sue appears,
I claim an honored place.
Fanny Fay, Trenton, N. J.

143. In what one word (by repeating the letters) can you get this sentence? "Grant homage and regard to the aged." *A. S.*

(Answers to the above must be sent in on or before the 10th of December.)

Answers to Questions in Sept. No.

61. HEART: (1) ear, (2) hart, hare, rat, (3) hat, (4) heat, tear, (5) the, a, (6) tear, (7) tar, (8) tare, (9) heat (10) art, (11) rate, (12) tea, (13) at, (14) ah, (15) her, he.

62. Maine, mane, man, "Ma," m.

63. Orville Benedict.

64. Camelia.

65. Watertown Zouave Corps.

66. Eminent.

67. Mignonnette.

68. Ethiopians.

69. Editorial.
70. Auctioneers.
71. Axiom,
72. Ill-will.
73. Know, now, no.
74. Braid, raid, aid.
75. Intwine.
76. Champagne.
77. Elate. (*Tattler* is the only one who has given this word.)
78. Winsome.
79. Cheerfulness is medicine for the mind.
80. Apple-trees.
81. The boys sold their apples, some at one cent a dozen, and some at three cents apiece, and each took home ten cents. The first boy sold 1 doz. for 1 ct., and 3 at 3 cts. The second boy sold 4 doz. at 1 ct., and 2 at 3 cts. The third boy sold 7 doz. at 1 ct. and 1 at 3 cts.
82. Manasseh.
83. Seton, onset, stone.
84. He would not like to go into a-basement to sue. (*Tattler* is the only one, who, noticing the initials, understood the pith of the conundrum.)
85. Malice, Alice.

CREDIT FOR ANSWERS TO SEPT. PUZZLES.

TATTLER answers all but 72, 81.

Blanche answers all but 70, 77, 81, 84.

Merrimac answers all but 77, 79, 81, 84.

A. S. W. answers all but 68, 70, 79, 81, 84.

D. P. & W. W. W. answer all but 68, 74, 77, 81, 84.

M. T. answers all but 64, 74, 79, 81, 82, 84.

Birdie answers all but 64, 67, 68, 70, 74, 81, 84.

C. W. Jenks answers all but 67, 73, 74, 79, 81, 82, 84.

Clementina answers all but 63, 64, 68, 70, 77, 79, 81, 84.

M. E. W. answers all but 64, 66, 67, 68, 70, 74, 81, 83, 84.

Louisa Dolbeer answers all but 68, 70, 72, 74, 75, 79, 81, 82, 83, 84.

Fred W. C. C. answers all but 64, 67, 68, 70, 75, 79, 81, 82, 84, 85.

W. C. C. answers all but 63, 67, 68, 70, 73, 77, 79, 81, 82, 83, 84.

W. A. R. answers 62, 65, 66, 69, 71, 72, 73, 78.

Coy answers 61, 64, 65, 66, 69, 71, 76, 80.

Rover answers 65, 69.

NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

W. A. R.—You must be a descendant of the "*Pun*-ic-*wars*" we read of. Verily if you do not soon declare peace, I shall share the fate of Carthage. Here is *Louisa Dolbeer* attacked in the same way; she says, "I hope *W. A. R.* will not have many (Golden) Arrows shot at him, but as they are "rather dull," I guess they will not prove Dan-gerous. Oh! what "Nonsense" I am writing, I guess my mind must be "Wander(er)-ing." Now, good folks, please don't pun-ish us any more.

I never *did* "credit" anything so "Dutch," as "good."

Ella.—Your vignette was forwarded. Am I to tell *Fiddlesticks* that you like him, or was that information intended only for my own edification?

Jim sends his address *pro bono publico:* "J. B. Wyatt, No. 124 N. Greene St., Baltimore, Md."

A. S. W.—Your objection to that enigma occurred to me at first sight, but was removed upon due reflection. Since your remarks, however, I regret that I did not act upon first impressions.

A. Van A.—I hope you will add to the list before the 10th of November.

Chips.—There have been many and frequent inquiries about you. *Chips* wishes to know if the cousins will exchange photos with him.

F. W. C. C.—Yes, I *do* know. Is that conundrum original, or did you borrow it?

Wilforley.—A young lady tells me she is going to sue you for breach of promise! Oh, dear!

Busy Bee.—We very often speak of you.

Tattler.—Shall your prize be sent to the old address?

Will all who write to me please send me their addresses, with instructions as to whether I may give them to inquiring friends?

Thanks for enigmas, etc., to *Blanche, Merrimac, E. W. W., Mary A. E., Clementina, A. S. W., Alpha, Birdie, Tattler, Bertha, W. C. C., Florian,* and *W. A. R.*

PHILIP SNOW'S WAR.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "KATE MORGAN'S SOLDIERS," "NAT'S SHOES," ETC.

CHAPTER XVI.—(*Concluded.*)

IT does not matter by what name the field is known on which our heroes fought. This is not an historical record. The Great World that recognizes events and their individual symbols will never know the living men that make up the heroism of the present war; and so Philip Snow and Stephen Waite are ciphers to them.

It is the old story. We've heard it often in our quiet homes, that never resound to artillery other than that of the rolling clouds; the story of the booming of cannon, the screeching of shells, the rattle of musketry, the flashing of sabers, and the dash of cavalry, with the great mingled roar of battle over all.

No one tells us how they fall, pierced with many a wound; how the warm life-blood gurgles in its flow; how the soul goes forth with its still, small voice of going to its Maker. Oh, the souls that are called from such scenes to God!

I remember, being a child, the death of a little friend. Death was a mystery then; I scarcely understood its meaning, even in this world; but they told me my little friend had just died, and I went out and looked up into the sky, expecting I knew not what, except that I had been taught that souls go upward, and I saw a pure white bird, a dove, and it flew up and up, farther and farther, until I could no longer see even a glimpse of whiteness. I watched in vain to see the dove come again from the sky, and in my child-mind I was convinced that the dove carried the soul of my friend to heaven.

Are there any doves hovering over the battle-fields to bear away souls set free from the strife? We know that prayers are going up all over the land, and the burden of every one is, "Dear Lord! keep Thou the one that is *mine;*" and in the prayer we oftentimes forget to make mention that every one is the Lord's, souls that He has made. The prayer should be, "Thine and mine."

Stephen Waite had never forgotten the words that Essie taught him one

summer's night. He thought of them as he went into battle, and Essie, in her white night-dress, with her moon-lit face, and her earnest, "Now I lay me down to sleep," went in memory with Stephen Waite even to the field of battle, and from his heart went up to heaven the very burden of that petition, simply changed to, "If I am laid down to death."

The strife grew earnest; the strength of a long-fighting regiment was well nigh spent, and the regiment driven to the shelter of the forest.

The gallant captain that is fighting there, striving to keep back the pressing enemy, is our Philip Snow. All day he has been where the fight was fiercest, where the strength was failing, and yet, as the day goes down, he stands strong and brave, showing courage in every line of his face, in every gesture; and many a fallen brave fired once more with the vigor caught from a dying glance at the young captain.

The day is darkening, and the shadows of the forest are rising. Hold your breath an instant! See that tall rebel taking aim! He rests against that tree yonder, and his gun is pointed straight. Its aim is Philip Snow. Hark! did you hear the crack of that one amid the rifles? Shot meets shot, and Philip falls, not into the tangled brush, but into the brave and loving arms of Stephen Waite.

Impatiently Philip exclaims, "Why is this?" and Stephen points to his garment pierced with the deadly bullet. Truly 'twas but a hair's breadth, and Stephen's lightning grasp, and his mother's prayers, and God's care that saved the life of Philip Snow.

"Well done, my young brave!" exclaimed a voice close by Stephen; and looking up, he saw a man, a surgeon surely by his dress. He had lost his cap, and his hairs were sprinkled with white, and he had all the spent, eager look of men in the heat of the affray.

"He is my captain and my friend, sir," said Stephen, hastily loading his gun, for the fight was not yet over.

Stephen's shot had laid the rebel low who stood but a moment before against yonder tree. Stephen went to look at him. He had just reached the tree and bent to see if he were dead, when a chance shot struck him. Philip saw him lean heavily against the tree, and dashed on to his side.

"Oh, Stephen! are you hurt?"

"It is here;" and Stephen held his hand fast over the flowing wound in his side

For an instant Philip Snow faltered, and through the dusk his cheek whitened, and an involuntary "What shall I do?" escaped his lips.

"I am here; leave him to me," said a voice at his side; and the surgeon stooped and laid Stephen on the ground.

"You will not leave him till I come?" questioned Philip.

"I will not leave him," and Philip hastened to his command. Darkness ended the strife. Foe and friend lay mingled in the tangled wood, and Philip sought Stephen Waite.

The wound was dressed. Still Stephen lay where they had left him, and the prayer that Essie taught him oozed with his life-blood from his wounds.

"Oh, Philip! if I die!" he moaned.

The surgeon started, and Stephen moaned with the hurt it gave.

"But you shall not die. No, my young brave, we will save you," said the surgeon, as Philip threw himself down close beside Stephen, so closely that the face of the surgeon who held Stephen nearly met his own.

"Stephen, Stephen, are there any messages, is there anything I can do?"

"Only my letter."

Philip sought to see if it was safe. Through it had passed the ball meant for Philip's heart—and Philip cried, "Oh, Stephen, would that I could have saved you!"

"Tell Essie I remembered her prayer!" murmured Stephen, and with his spent strength he passed into unconsciousness.

"Who is this boy?" asked the surgeon.

"His name is Stephen Waite; he came from D——."

The surgeon bent very low, and a tear fell like dew on Stephen's face.

Suddenly, through the gloom, the eyes of the surgeon and Philip Snow met. For an instant they gazed at each other.

The wounded men lying close on every side heard the exclamations—"My father!"—"My son!"

Father and son never left Stephen Waite that night. The Union party claimed the victory, and held the field of the dead, and came and removed the wounded.

Stephen was conveyed to a place of safety, and left under the care of Dr. Snow, to live or die, as care and Heaven might will.

CHAPTER XVII.

After the battle, Nell Hoffman walked often to the cottage across the bridge and beyond the poplars, but carried thence no word of cheer; for since the news came, no note of life from Philip or from Stephen had dropped its music into the village.

It was evening, and the moon was at the full. It was the anniversary of the night when Essie had met Philip, and told him that he was going for certain sure.

What could have happened to Essie Snow? She never noticed the cat. She left the Lady Julie to ignominious neglect. Essie was beside herself as she darted out from the house, and shut the gate with a force that made the latch click as it never had done before.

"Go in, go in, Uncle Raven," she cried, as she met that gentleman near the house; "go right in, and don't let mother run away."

"Where the mischief are you going?" asked her uncle, and he tried to catch her; but she eluded his grasp

and sped on at a pace he could never again hope to attain to.

Essie ran on. The light trip of her little feet beat upon the bridge, and then she was lost in shadow.

She came into the light again near Nell Hoffman's house. Essie had had a fall, and her dress was brown with the summer's dust; but she was totally unconscious of that fact as she put back her curls and rushed panting into the house.

"Where's Nell?" she shouted.

"Why, here, you puss of a thousand," answered Nell.

"Why, Essie Snow! here at this time of night without any bonnet on, and alone!" exclaimed Miss Hoffman, in consternation, at the sight of the excited child.

"I guess you'd care for bonnets if you knew what I've come to tell you."

"What, any news?" quickly asked Miss Hoffman and Nell, as the latter drew Essie close to her.

"Stephen Waite is shot."

"Oh! Essie, who told you?"

"Mother has got a letter."

"Who from?"

"Philip; and he isn't hurt the least mite."

Nell's face brightened.

"But about poor Stephen."

"It ain't very bad—not the worst; they hope he'll get better."

"They! who?"

"Why, *my father* and Philip."

"Your father, Essie?"

"That's what I've come to tell you; he's alive and taking care of Stephen; come up and just hear Philip's letter, and see what's the matter with mother."

It is needless to add that a party went to the cottage that night, but no one heard the song of praise that went up from Mrs. Snow as the last one of the party had gone, as the night grew still, as Essie fell asleep and her brother bade her good-night.

Up and down the little walk, where once before she had watched and waited the night away, she walked until exhausted she threw herself on the step, and from the full heart escaped the song.

Angels heard it borne on the dewy air past song of bird or flight of wing, as it went up to the Ear that never is shut.

"We've a whole troop of angels coming," said Essie; "I don't believe the step will hold them," as a few days later a letter came, announcing the coming home of Dr. Snow, Philip, and Stephen, if the latter could be moved.

Dr. Snow, at last, was in his right mind. The crowning joy of his life came when he learned of the existence of his brother Ben, the boy whom he had driven out from his home and caused to be a wanderer on the earth.

Philip Snow thought his war had ended on the day he returned home, and felt the joy of a reunited household, of once more seeing his mother's face alight with peace and happiness.

Stephen Waite returned with Dr. Snow, and Philip returned to his home and life, to the great delight of all who knew him.

Philip Snow is resting from his warfare for a short time, not waiting for his laurels to grow, for they blossom brighter and fairer with every report that reaches the village of the young captain that made himself famous on the battle-field; and when asked, "Why, Philip Snow, how *could* you be so courageous?" Philip replied, "My mother taught me courage; we had many a battle side by

side;" and Philip secretly thought of the iron furnace and his conflict there.

Essie has learned to laugh without the fear of disturbing her father, and only last night Philip guided his father to nobody's grave in nobody's lot in the churchyard, to show him how carefully it had been tended by one who waited and watched, knowing that watching we find, that waiting, the answer will come.

"My husband, is *friendship a wicked sham?*" asked Mrs. Snow, when Dr. Snow had related the story of Stephen Waite's almost miraculous saving of Philip's life; "you know you said it was one day;" and for answer Dr. Snow looked up and said, "Lucy, whereas I was blind, now I see."

"Blessed light," softly murmured Mrs. Snow, as Essie came bounding to meet them on the angel's step, "I've waited long, and it *has* come."

[END OF PHILIP SNOW'S WAR.]

As day-light can be seen through very small holes, so little things will illustrate a person's character. Indeed, character consists in little acts habitually and honorably performed, daily life being the quarry from which we build it up and rough-hew the habits from it.

A MAN feels relieved and gay when he has put his heart into his work and done his best; but what he has done or said otherwise, shall give him no peace.

HE who can not bear to be alone because he soon gets weary of himself, should know that others will probably get weary of him still sooner.

THOUGH death is before the old man's face, he may be as near the young man's back.

WHATEVER you dislike in another, take care to correct in yourself.

OVER THE CRADLE.

LULLABY, now, darling,
Shut your eyes so blue—
I am very happy,
Taking care of you.

Bless her, gentle Saviour;
Make her life Thy care:
Keep her youthful footsteps
Safe from every snare.

May she turn from evil—
Make the good her choice:
In Thy love, oh, Father,
May we both rejoice.

Sleep, my little darling,
Shut the eyes of blue;
I have prayed OUR FATHER
That He smile on you.

LINES FOR AN ALBUM.

BY UNCLE WILLIAM.

HAD I a quill from an angel's wing,
I'd fill it with fairy ink,
And on this page trace a magical ring
That should prove a golden link
To bind your heart to its sunniest hours,
When friends were plenty and true,
And I'd wreathe it with smiles from Love's own bowers,
That forever should beam on you.

DREAMING AND DOING.

BY MRS. N. McCONAUGHY.

RUTH and Robbie obtained permission of their mother to wander out along the bank of the little brook among the marshes, and gather flowers and flag leaves. Their busy fingers, however, did not hinder their busier tongues a bit, and they went on telling each other what they would be and do when they were grown, as children are very apt to do.

"I shall contrive some way to get money enough to buy a sewing machine," said Ruth. "Then I will learn to make dresses, and earn a great deal of money. I will have all the silk dresses I want, and a muff and a parasol, and mother need not work a bit. Won't it be grand?"

"I am afraid you will never realize your dreams," said practical Aunt Lois, who had overheard the conversation.

"Why not, aunty?" asked the children. "A great many poor girls have got sewing machines; there's Hannah Webb has money in the bank, all of it she earned by dressmaking—her sister told me so," said Ruth.

"The reason I think so," said Aunt Lois, "is because you do not make the most of what you have. There are two hooks off your frock, I see,

Ruth; and the skirt is ripped off nearly half a finger; and the string of your apron is set on with a pin. When I see these signs, I feel quite sure a girl will never accomplish much unless she changes her course."

"But this old dress, Aunt Lois, is one I slipped on just to romp in."

"Still, it would be a better dress for mending, and if it would, it would be best to mend it. Always make the best of what you have. A dress kept well repaired will outlast two kept as that is. Mend that up where it needs it, have it re-bound around the bottom, and then wash, starch, and iron it neatly, and it would be as good a morning dress as a little girl needs. All this you are quite old enough to do for yourself, and save your mother the labor. You must learn to be 'faithful in that which is least' if you ever expect to earn your sewing machine, Ruth. But there is no telling what a careful, saving, tidy girl may accomplish in half-a-dozen years, if she does her best.

"Now suppose you begin to-day to set your things to rights. Put every article into as good a condition as you can, and after they are all in order, try your best to keep them so. Remember, 'a stitch in time saves nine,' and though you may not see it now, all these stitches will be so much toward your sewing machine. Habits of order, formed when you are a child, are worth a great deal of money when you are a woman."

Ruth's thoughts took quite a new turn after this conversation with her aunt, and when her mother could spare her she sat to work to look over her things. It was a rather discouraging array, but mother and auntie were both pleased with her efforts, so she began at an old gingham dress which she thought could hardly be made "anything decent" of. Yet with her aunt's assistance here and there, and suggestions about new wrist-bands for the sleeves, a new cording about the neck, and finally turning the skirt upside down and inside out, you would never have known it was the same dress.

"Very well done," said mother; "you have saved a dollar at least by your industry, Ruth."

That was very encouraging, so she kept on diligently until her whole wardrobe had been gone through. Especially did Aunt Lois counsel her never to permit the tiniest eyelet in one of her stockings without having it beautifully embroidered. She likewise showed her how to re-bind her Sunday shoes, after which they looked as good as new.

From her own things she went on to Robbie's, and a great help it was to her feeble mother. She became very skillful at the business, as any one may in anything they practice often. It was surprising to see how much longer the hard-earned garments lasted for being kept in such good repair. If you would like to see, you have only to try the experiment, and I know you will be fully convinced. Who else would like to learn such a useful lesson?—one doubly useful in these war times.

The orderly habits Ruth was forming began to show themselves in everything she did. With all her new work she had more leisure than ever, and learned to prize it more, and use it more profitably in improving her mind. The busiest, most orderly people are those who find time for everything. The idle and disorderly are always in a hurry and behind time. Ruth never had time to accomplish

much when she used to spend hours dreaming away under the apple-trees, carelessly pulling the clover-tops, and wishing for the golden future which was to bring so many treasures. She was far happier now, for she felt that she was really accomplishing something. Robbie, who was two years younger, was stimulated by her example, and as he was a stout, honest boy of ten, he was able to do a great deal about the little place which his mother owned, and which furnished their chief support. Everybody was pleased to see that the widow's circumstances were improving. They said it was because the children were growing old enough to be a help to her—"they were such industrious, sensible children." It is worth a great deal for a boy or girl to have a good name in their own neighborhood. If they ever need help they will be pretty sure to find hands stretched out.

They were never so snugly fixed away for the winter before, since their father died. Robbie had harvested the proceeds of the little garden himself, and banked up the cellar to keep out Jack Frost, thus saving a man's wages, which would have been three dollars at least.

"Now I can easily afford you a new jacket and pair of pants, Robbie," said mother. How glad he was he had taken the trouble, for the jacket he wore to Sunday-school was growing very thin, and short at the sleeves. We prize anything twice as much that we have got by our own industry. He had picked all the currants clean and nice from the bushes, and a good many baskets of raspberries from the common west of the village. Ruth had attended to the drying of them, and now they hung in clean white bags in the store-room, with bits of "sassafras bark mixed in to keep out all insects." If they could not afford rich preserved fruits and jellies, these luxuries were cheap enough, and required only the labor and care of preparing. What other poor child can help provide such inexpensive stores for home comfort? They will add greatly to the health as well as the pleasure of the household.

Robbie's perseverance and industry recommended him to a merchant in the place who wanted an errand-boy. He soon earned two dollars a week, which was a great help to them at home; and as he was a *faithful* boy, you may be sure it was only the stepping-stone to a better position. Ruth obtained a situation with the village seamstress, who wished for a tidy, handy girl to baste and help her about her work generally. She made herself so useful that she offered at length to teach her the business. She kept her old motto of "faithful in that which is least," and by the time she was seventeen she had fairly earned the machine she so much desired, and was able to set up business for herself.

Now if Ruth had kept on dreaming all her days, do you think anything would ever have come of it? No; she was not even in the way of success until that day she sat to work to improve her *present condition*, humble though it was.

So if you would accomplish anything useful and desirable, set to work faithfully on the materials you have in hand, and it will be the first step in the course which, if followed out, will lead to very certain success.

DIFFICULTIES dissolve before a cheerful spirit like snow-drifts before the sun.

THE LION AND THE GNAT—A FABLE.

"AVAUNT! thou paltry, contemptible insect!" said a proud lion one day to a gnat that was frisking about in the air near his den. The gnat, enraged at this unprovoked insult, vowed revenge, and immediately darted into the lion's ear. After having sufficiently teased him in that quarter, she quitted her station and retired under his body, and from thence made her last and most formidable attack in his nostrils, where, stinging him almost to madness, the lion at length fell down, utterly spent with rage, vexation, and pain. The gnat having thus abundantly gratified her resentment, flew off in great exultation; but in the heedless transports of her success, not sufficiently attending to her own security, she found herself unexpectedly entangled in the web of a spider, who, rushing out instantly upon her, put an end to her triumph and her life.

This fable instructs us never to suffer success so far to transport us as to throw us off our guard against a reverse of fortune.

MORAL.—Little minds are so much elevated by any advantage gained over their superiors, that they are often thrown off their guard against a sudden change of fortune.

JOGGO AT SCHOOL.

BY SOPHIE MAY.

JOGGO and his brother were jogging along to school one fine morning in December, and what time do you suppose it was? Not quite six o'clock. Just to think of it, one would fancy they must be walking in their sleep, for what could induce two children in their sober senses to leave their warm beds and pleasant dreams at such an early hour? Wouldn't they find the school-house locked? Wouldn't they freeze their ears before they got there?

Look again. Isn't there something rather odd about their dress, their walk, their faces? You give another glance at them as they move on, and cry out: "How they are tanned! Why, they are as yellow as gold!" You look again and say: "What droll jackets! no, they aint jackets, either. They are like the wrong stories mother tells about, 'made out of whole cloth,' without any sewing or fitting." You observe, too, that they have sandals

on their feet; that the language they use is "gibberish," and that their whole appearance is decidedly outlandish.

They are Hindoo children, my friends, going to school, at what is considered in India a very respectable time of day. They have said their prayers to several gods, and eaten their breakfasts. The walk is a long one, but they are in no danger of freezing their copper-colored ears, for the air is as mild as May.

Everywhere you look you see gay flowers nodding and brilliant birds flitting hither and thither with twinkling motions. You could fancy that several rainbows had been broken into bits, and were fluttering about in the air.

But the trees! You are climbers, boys. Let us see you creep up one of these towering palms! Afraid? Very well; if you haven't the courage to break your necks, you needn't try it.

Are they not magnificent, though? Did you ever see anything like them outside of pictures? Here is one called by the negroes "negrohead," which yields the vegetable ivory you have often seen. They all "bear off the palm" for something or other. Do you relish sage pudding? Do you like cocoanuts and chocolate? Are you fond of dates? Never mind, we can't stop now.

But it *is* a wonder how these two boys can walk in the midst of such glorious sights and take it all as a matter of course? How unlike our American children, who are so fond of the beauties of nature!

To be sure, we can partially understand how it is possible for them to get used to the gorgeous scenery and the musical birds, being nothing but heathens; yet one would think they must stop to pluck that delicious fruit hanging directly over their heads, instead of scuffing along without looking up, all the while working dust into their sandals.

Ah, well, that fruit is tempting, but they know it belongs to one of the wooden deities, and must not be meddled with. The fact is, the horrid little goddess of Education relishes those plums herself, so it is generally supposed, and they will be offered to her next month, which is the set time to worship her. If a child should be so greedy, so forgetful, and so impious as to eat one of these plums this month before the worshipful little image has had the first pick—alas for him!—he will surely grow up a dunce! You are wise not to look up, Joggo—it's the safest way to keep out of temptation.

Now the boys have got to the school-house, and are trying to see which will get in first. By the way, does that look natural? Then they bow to their teacher, and bow so low that their faces nearly touch the floor, saying—

"Oh, respected teacher, grant us knowledge!"

You would expect the young man thus addressed to laugh, but he only looks more solemn than ever. Sober little Joggo offers him a gift wrapped up in a banana leaf. The "respected teacher" unrolls the leaf, and this time he smiles, for he beholds an enchanting piece of tobacco. You can see that Joggo has won his heart.

It seems that the boys are a little late, for it is now a quarter past six! The prayer has been read to the muse, and it is now time to repeat the multiplication table, which is just the same thing in India that it is in America;

for you know figures in black and white tell the same story everywhere, and "won't lie."

You perceive that there are no girls in the school. Of course not. Learning is supposed to have a very bad effect upon women, and they pray to be delivered from it, as from all other evils; but there isn't much danger in their cases; they never know anything worth mentioning, and what they do know they usually guess at.

You may be surprised when I tell you that all these school-boys are rich, and belong to the "first families;" yet they have no nice benches and desks, but must sit on the floor, even when they write and cipher. They would say, I presume, "If a floor isn't made to sit on, pray what *is* it made for?"

When you fancy them ciphering, I dare say you think at once of slates and pencils. Slates, indeed! These black-eyed Hindoo boys have no idea that anything can be nicer than their big palm-leaves, on which they make marks, and rub them off again with ease.

The boys who are old enough are taught to write on paper, but Joggo has to use the palm-leaves still, and the pen he holds is made of a reed. You see what hard work he makes of it; do you wonder? Poor Joggo! he thinks himself quite a good scholar for his age. He little knows that his "respected teacher" is really very ignorant, and would be laughed at if he applied to any "committee" in America to give him a "certificate."

For his part, the teacher considers himself amazingly wise. He marches about the room with the air of a lord, with a little whip in his hand or stuck into his girdle, where he can easily whisk it out at a moment's notice. Now he says, looking at his watch with a frown: "It is just seven o'clock, and Jessingh, lazy boy, is not here yet! Go, you four boys yonder, and fetch him!"

This is a welcome order. The boys —and one of them is Joggo—can hardly conceal their smiles of satisfaction. If they could only talk English, they would perhaps say, "Isn't it *jolly* to get out doors?"

They leave the room with proper solemnity, and after a little time spent in hunting, they discover the unlucky Jessingh idling about a candy shop. Him they seize without ceremony—two by the shoulders and two by the feet.

The truant, guilty and ashamed of himself, does not think it worth while to struggle much, for the other boys have the law on their side; so he yields with as good a grace as possible, and allows the poor little policemen to march him off and solemnly deliver him up to the teacher to be whipped.

At last the hour comes for putting aside books and palm-leaves, and school is out, to the great joy of all whom it concerns. But the respected teacher's active little whip is not idle. Each boy receives one stroke or several, just as the case may be. For the boy who came first there is one little pat; for the second, two, a little harder, and so on; for the teacher has kept an account of the rate of tardiness in his roll-book.

Joggo gets nine smart raps across the knuckles, and his brother ten; after which they walk home quite unconcerned, to eat their dinner of rice, fish, and fruit.

What is your opinion of schools in India, and how long do you think it will take Joggo at this rate to fit for college?

FLIES AND SPIDERS.

SOME children once went with their grandmother to see a spider's web; they thought it very curious, and they talked a great deal about it, though they could not see the use of such things, nor why there should be such creatures as flies or spiders at all.

Their grandmother replied, "My dear children, I can not tell you just now all the reasons why the all-wise God created and sustains the various creatures which we see around us, though we may be sure there is some good end to be served; but I will tell you a pretty story, which may at least help us to think upon the subject.

"A young prince used often to wonder for what purpose God had made flies and spiders; as he could not see, he said, what *use* they were to men, and if he had the power to kill them all, he would. One day, after a battle, he was obliged to hide from his enemies; and wandering about in a wood, he lay down beneath a tree, and fell asleep. A soldier passing by, who belonged to the enemy, was quietly drawing near with his sword to kill the prince, when suddenly a fly stung his lip and woke him. Seeing his danger, he sprang to his feet and escaped!

"That night the prince again hid himself in a cave in the same wood, and during the night a spider wove her web across the entrance. Two soldiers belonging to the army which had defeated him, and who were looking for the prince, passed the cave in the morning, and the prince heard their conversation. 'Look,' cried one of them, 'he is surely concealed in this cave.' 'No,' replied the other, 'that is impossible; for if he had gone in there, he would have brushed down the spider's web at the entrance.' When they had gone away, the prince raised his hands and his eyes to heaven, and thanked God for yesterday saving his life by means of a fly, and now again by a spider, and acknowledged that the ways and works of God are perfectly good and wise."

NEVER PUT OFF.

WHENE'ER a duty waits for thee,
With sober judgment view it,
And never idly *wish* it done—
Begin at once and *do it;*
For Sloth says falsely, "By-and-by
Is just as well to do it."
But *present* strength is surest strength,
Begin at once and do it.
And find not lions in the way,
Nor faint if thorns bestrew it;
But bravely try, and strength will come,
For God will help you do it.

THE BIRTHDAY PARTY.

"OH! mother," said little Walter, running into the kitchen one pleasant morning, and chased by his sister Winifred; "oh! mother, I had almost forgotten that to-morrow was the tenth of September."

"Yes," added Winifred, "and I don't believe he would have thought of it until I begun to give him nine strokes to-morrow morning, if we hadn't taken a peep into the pantry. Is that nice large cake for us—the white one with the pretty green wreath around it—and are we to have our real birthday party?"

"Had you noticed the large cake carefully it might almost have answered your question," was her pleasant reply, as Mrs. Herrick stooped to kiss two pairs of uplifted lips that seldom came singly for her morning welcome.

"Oh, *I* saw it," said Walter—"two 9's right in the center of the cake; and the tarts and the sweetmeats!—what a good mother you are! How I hope it will be as pleasant as it is to-day."

"I'm *sure it will*," said Winifred, clapping her hands—so impulsive as always to say, if the sun shone, that it would always be bright; and just *as* sure when it rained, that "it *never would* stop." "I'm sure it will; and we'll have such nice times with our grace-hoops and swing, in the garden."

"And 'hi-spy,' too," said Walter; "we must have some boy-games, for half the party is mine."

"But you musn't be *sure* about the weather. Isn't it always well to think of the possibilities of disappointment? Then if everything comes as we wish, it seems all the brighter; and if not, we may bear it better for having at least thought about it."

"Well, we'll hope it will be bright;" and the two ran off so gleefully that their mother thought *she* should not very much miss the sunshine if *they* were only left to her.

"One, two, three, four, five, six, seven, eight, nine," were given the next morning by Walter, and well repaid by Winifred, till one to have seen them ushering in their birthday would have thought them good pupils of Dio Lewis practicing their lesson betimes.

"And we've got the sunshine," said Winifred, pointing to the golden bars across the window shade. "How the shadows of the maple-leaves are dancing for joy on the curtain!"

Four o'clock came, and with it came the little visitors, each one as happy as if it were his or her own birthday. "Blind man's buff". and swinging gave light wings to the first hour, when at length Winifred's merry voice rung out—

"Oh! here's Uncle Walter in the arbor. Now for a story or something nice;" and all the merry troup were quickly gathered about Winifred, joining with eager eyes, if not voices, in her request.

"A story—to so many little ones at once! I'm afraid I shouldn't be able to get the *attention* of so many little folks—your thoughts will all be rolling off like a handful of loose beads without a string."

"Catch us by the thread of your story," said Grace Burnett, laughing.

"I'll be the first bead in the string," said Winifred, folding her little fat hands over her uncle's knee.

"And I the second," said her cousin

Fanny, seating herself on a little bench at his feet.

"No—I haven't any story," said Uncle Walter; "and I don't see why little people who have bright eyes and *large little libraries* of their own always ask for a story first. Now let's have a game, and I'll see how well you remember what you read, and to what advantage you put your thoughts. You all know the 'game of twenty questions'—I have a thought for you!"

"Is it mentioned in history?" asked Robert Lee.

"Yes."

"In the Bible?" asked Winifred.

"Yes, in the Bible."

"In Genesis?"

"No; but that isn't a good question—the object is to guess my thought with the fewest possible questions. Now if you ask, for example, 'Old Testament or New?' you cut off at once as many questions as there are books in the Old Testament; but I will tell you that it is in the New."

"Did it belong to the animal kingdom?" asked one.

"No."

"To the vegetable?"

"Yes."

"Was it manufactured?"

"A good question—no."

"Was it a fig-tree?" asked Fanny.

"No; and not a good question, unless you mean to name all the trees you know."

"It wasn't a tree, then?"

"No."

"A flower?"

"No."

"A nut?"

"No."

"Well, I don't see what *other* things *belong* to the vegetable kingdom," said Fanny.

"Well, you see this is a good game to teach one *to think;* there are a great many things belonging to that kingdom besides trees and flowers and nuts. Who thinks of another?"

"*Fruits,*" said Walter, with a strong foreshadowing of *sweetmeats.*

"Yes."

"Leaves," said Winifred.

"Yes."

"Roots," said another little girl.

"Yes."

"Gums."

"Very well."

"Was it any one of those?" asked Fanny.

"No. Who can mention something else belonging to the vegetable kingdom?"

"Sap—maple sugar," said one of the boys.

"Good—anything else?"

"India-rubber."

"Good again; but can any one think of another class beside gums, plants, etc.?"

"Grain."

"Yes. Now for the thought again."

"Was it used for food?"

"The kind was; but that particular grain of which I am thinking was never eaten."

"Was it good?"

"Yes."

"Owned by any one?"

"Yes."

"Did it do anybody any good?"

"The absence of it did."

"Was it thrown away?"

"Yes."

"Because of no value?"

"No—I said it was good; but it was not so valuable as that for which it was sacrificed."

"Oh, Uncle Walter, you'll have to tell us—*I* never read about it."

"Nor I—nor I," said half-a-dozen voices.

"Take care. How many of you have read the Testament through?—hands up!"

Every hand was raised, and some said, "more than once."

"Can any one tell me, then, what good man once came near losing his life at sea?"

No answer.

"Who suffered shipwreck?"

"Paul—Paul!" said many voices.

"Did the ship sink?" asked Uncle Walter.

"No."

"What did they do to prevent it?"

"They lightened the ship," said one.

"Now you are 'hot,' as children say when hunting the thimble. Can any one of you tell me *how* they lightened it?"

No answer.

"Well, they threw my thought into the sea; and I will leave you to fish it out at your leisure."

"Oh! it was *wheat*, wasn't it?" asked one of the larger boys.

"There, now you have it; and Hugh should have the next thought if we had time for another," said Uncle Walter, looking at his watch.

"It wouldn't take so long for *you* to guess one," said Winifred.

"Oh, I have one for you," said Hugh, who suddenly recalled something that attracted his notice in reading his daily chapter that morning. "Now, Uncle Walter."

"Mentioned in the Old Testament?"

"Yes."

"In the Pentateuch?"

"No."

"1st Samuel?"

"Yes."

"Animal?"

"Yes."

"Manufactured?"

"No."

"Living animal?"

"No."

"Bone?"

"Partly."

"Flesh?"

"Partly."

"Used for food?"

"Yes."

"Eaten at a feast?"

"No;" and Hugh smiled as Uncle Walter began to look puzzled.

"I see there are no loose beads rolling away now," said Uncle Walter, smiling. "But perhaps I am not quite cornered yet—was it eaten by a common person?"

"Yes."

"Not used for sacrifice, then?"

"No."

"Ah, ah! wasn't it something nice that was reserved for a certain person who was expected, but not present, when the rest ate?"

"Yes."

"A shoulder 'set by for Saul, by Samuel,' at a feast?"

"You have it."

"But I came near giving up; that was an excellent thought. What grace did it show Samuel had—any one?"

"Faith, I suppose," said Hugh, timidly, "as he had never seen Saul, but believed God's word that he would be there that day—and kindness, too, to keep something ready for him so nicely."

Uncle Walter smiled as he said, "Very well answered, Hugh. Now can any one tell me what is the most important habit of mind to be cultivated when one is reading?"

"Memory?" asked one.

"No."

"Attention?" said another.

"Yes—that is it. Suppose I should set twenty children to read the story of Paul's shipwreck, how many could tell me how they lightened the ship? or whether it was warm or cold on the island where they landed? or whether it rained or not?"

"As many," said Hugh, "as read it with *close attention*."

"That is it. When I see such a little company of bright faces around me I always like to leave some lesson that they may remember; and now, if I have got your *attention*, I wish you all to remember the value of this one habit. No one can tell how much it adds to the interest of any book, especially the Bible, to read it with *attention*. I say especially the Bible, because from the style of the Book there is danger of reading it almost mechanically, and so of passing over without notice many things which would be of great interest if differently expressed. Then, besides attention, you see from this game the value of *learning to think*."

"We think *always*, don't we?" said Fanny. "We can't *help* thinking."

"Very true, but our *thoughts* can be *trained* just as well as our actions. Children *act* always, but you see what a difference in their actions. Some are polite and attentive, doing the right thing in the right place; others seem to fly about a good deal like dry leaves in a September wind, and those are the ones who don't think—their thoughts are not trained to method. If, for example, they would guess a thought,

they would not even think to say what kingdom it was in, or to classify it in any way. You see, it might take twenty thousand questions to guess a thought in that way. Now, what one *habit* are each of you going to try to cultivate, not only in study but conversation, in your walks, in company —in short, *everywhere?*"

"Attention—attention!" said all.

"Right; and now you have a very pleasant call, to which you will attend right gladly, for there is the tea-bell;" and the happy group were soon enjoying the good things so abundantly provided for them.

"You must come and see us, Uncle Walter," said many little voices, as the children separated that night.

"Yes, I hope to see you often, in your schools and homes, and be sure I shall always pick out the *attentive scholar* by his recitation, and the *attentive child* by his behavior in the home circle." KRUNA.

Sept., 1863.

LETTER SENT BY SANTA CLAUS TO CARRIE,

CHRISTMAS EVE.

BY E. B. ROBINSON.

So, your old friend has found you, though far from the place
Where the little white stocking once hung,
Where chubby feet danced in wild glee when I came,
And the sweet lisping accents first rung.

You have left the "Old Homestead," but how you have grown!
You are—let me see—sweet fifteen!
Ah, yes! then the pure days of childhood are past,
And a great gulf is lying between.

But youth's bark is freighted with many bright hopes,
Though childhood's sweet joys are no more;
A fair wind is filling each fluttering sail,
As it bounds from the fast fading shore.

If your cargo consists but in love for yourself,
Your pleasure, advantage, and gain,
Then the voyage will prove a sad failure at last,
With shipwreck, disaster, and pain.

No, that can not be; you have small room for self,
With your care and exertion for others;
You have a sweet sister, I've lately been told,
And quite a large share in three brothers.

You have a fond father who strives for your good,
As he surely would do for no other;
Do you study his wishes (though he's far away),
And those of your invalid mother?

You have youth, health, and strength, and the blessing of home,
You are circled by tokens of love;
Thank God for His favors while yet they are yours;
You are watched by the Donor above. SANTA CLAUS.

THE JUVENILE PARTY.

THE holidays are at hand, and "what shall we have for presents for the young folks?" is the great question to be solved in every household. We have before us a beautiful set of books for the "little darlings," by the Appletons, entitled the "Mitten Series," and published in their usual pleasing and attractive style, which are especially adapted for the juveniles. We present a few extracts and illustrations from them.

"Three little kittens
Lost their mittens;
And they began to cry:
'Oh, mother dear,
We very much fear,
That we have lost our mittens.'"

"Oh, what bad kittens! I shame for them!" said Charlotte.

"Their mamma was 'shame' too," continued Sarah, "for she gave them a dab with her paw on their ears, and said, in a severe voice:

"'Lost your mittens?
Oh, you naughty kittens!
Now you shan't have any pie!'

and she then gave them each such a good whipping that the tears ran down on the ground and made it very damp.

"But the three little kittens,
Found their mittens,
And they began to cry:
'Oh, mother dear,
Only see here,
See! just look! we have found our mittens!'"

"Oh! I so *grad*," said little Charlotte, and she clapped her hands; and then gazing at her own pretty white mittens, held them up, and cried: "Look! *I've* got mittens! look! look!"

"So you have," said Sarah, kissing her; "and they keep your hands nice and warm, don't they?"

"Did they keep the kittens' hands warm, too?" asked little Mary.

"Yes, as warm as toast; and their mother was so glad they were found, that she hugged her three children to her breast, and cried:

"'Found your mittens?
Oh, you dear, good little kittens!
Now you *shall* have some pie.'

"Then she got a large apple-pie out of the closet, and cut them a tremendous slice apiece; and the little kittens were so glad that they kept saying 'purr, purr, purr,' which meant, 'Thank you, ma'am! Oh, thank you, ma'am! Thank you very much.'

"But, dear me, what a pity! they forgot to take their mittens off; and such a sticky lot, when they were done eating, you never saw! They were full of bits of apple and sugar, and crumbs of buttery pie crust. The kittens stared with dismal faces at their mother, and it was plain to see

"The three little kittens,
Had *soiled* their mittens;
And they began to cry:
'Oh, mother dear,
We very much fear,
That we have soiled our mittens.'

"This was really dreadful! The old cat started up, her whiskers curling with rage; she very nearly danced on her hind legs, she was so angry. It wasn't right to get into such a passion, but then you know she was only an old cat, and had not read that pretty verse which begins, 'Let dogs delight to bark and bite;' and so she mewed and snarled, and made her tail up into an arch, and said, very crossly:

"'You've soiled your mittens?
Oh, you naughty, bad kittens!'

And she whipped them so dreadfully this time, that they cried till the tears made a little puddle on the ground."

"Then they ran to their mother, who was fast asleep on the rug, with her tail curled round her; but they did not mind that—which I think was not quite polite—for when people and cats are taking a nap, everybody must keeep *very* quiet, and not go near them or make a noise; but our friends the kittens did not think, you see; they just went pounce right on top of their mother, and saug out:

"'Oh, mother dear,
Only see here,
See! open your eye, see! we have *washed* our mittens.'

"Oh, my!" said Charlotte, and her bright black eyes looked very sorry.

"Oh, my!" said Mary, exactly like her little sister.

Sarah laughed a little bit, and said, "Oh, my!" too. "*Your* dear mamma wouldn't do so, would she?" she asked.

"Oh, no!" cried both the children; and they had to get down and run to kiss their mother, whose large dark eyes were full of love for her darlings.

"After the poor kittens had wiped their eyes and blowed their noses, and sighed two or three times, one of them said to the others, 'Don't cry any more. Let's get our little pails and fill them with water, and borrow a piece of soap from the cook, and wash our mittens.'

"'Oh, yes! you darling sister, to think of such a nice plan,' cried the other two; and they rolled over on their backs and flourished all their soft paws in the air together, they were so glad.

"So the three little kittens
Washed their mittens,
And hung them up to dry.

"The old cat, for a wonder, did not get angry; instead of that, she smiled a sweet smile, rubbed her chin with her paw, and in a musical, mewing tone of delighted surprise, exclaimed:

"'Washed your mittens!
Oh, you little ducks of kittens!
But s-hh! Listen! I think I hear a rat close by.'

"'Purr, purr.'

"'*Mew!*' said one of the little kittens, who was afraid of the rat.

"'Hush up, you naughty little kitten! I hear a rat close by.'

"That's all."

THE "Night-Cap Series," of six books, also make an attractive and pleasing gift to the children.

"Keep a Good Heart," a story for Christmas time, by Cousin Carrie.

"Harry's Vacation," and a host of other beautiful books profusely illustrated, can be found at Appleton's, where we advise our friends to call and examine for themselves, where they will find presents suitable for all.

Merry's Monthly Chat with his Friends.

"A MERRY CHRISTMAS" three weeks in advance to the whole family, including the rest of mankind, who ought for their own sakes to join our circle. A capital feature of our company is, that we have merry times all the year round, without waiting for Christmas or any other holiday.

We are happy to announce that our future is to be even more full of good things than the past, for,

FIRST. At the request of a multitude of our young friends, we have, at large expense, had manufactured a beautiful BADGE for the Merrys, by which they may recognize each other, and which will also of itself be a fine ornament to the wearer. It is in the form of a breast-pin, of two sizes, appropriate for both sexes. Both are being made under our own supervision, of fine gold. We will give an engraving of the badge in the January MUSEUM. The boys' size will be worth $3 50; that for the girls, $6 00. We have also a cheaper style in silver for boys, worth $1 50.

These BADGES are intended for every *earnest* Merry Cousin, that is, every one willing to work hard enough to keep up the circle. We therefore make the following offer, viz.:

We will present a *badge* of the boys' size, worth $1 50, to every one who sends *four new* subscribers to the MUSEUM, with the money, $4; or a gold badge worth $3 50, for *eight new* subscribers and $8; or one of the girls' size, worth $6, to every one who sends *twelve new* subscribers, and $12 to pay for them.

We have conversed with many of the cousins about this matter, and all agree it is the finest thing of the kind yet devised, and we doubt not that all will hail the offer with pleasure. It gives an opportunity to do yourselves a pleasure, and to help sustain this, the oldest and best girls' and boys' magazine. Who will secure the first?

The steel engraving of Uncle Hiram is completed, and pronounced by all to be an excellent likeness. We shall only send it to those who pay in advance, and in order to secure the earliest copies, which are always the best, you must send your dollar for the coming year at once. The MUSEUM will be published the coming year for the same old price, only one dollar, trusting to you to double our list.

We are happy to announce a continued story, which will commence in the January number and run through the year, entitled, "Go Ahead, and the Flying Dutchman," by the author of "Philip Snow's War," etc.

September.

DEAR UNCLE MERRY:—I saw your photograph this afternoon, but really did not know it; to be sure, I have never seen you, except pictured in imagination.

I would like to see some of the cousins. I have been reading some of their letters this evening, but can't tell which I like the best. I wish I could really know one of them; shall certainly look out for the Merry badge, "M;" when I see it, shall walk right up and say, "You are my cousin; Uncle Merry is your father's and my father's brother;" then, if agreeable, shall shake hands.

Would any kind friend in the "Chat" tell me who "Eugene Merry" is? Is he a soldier boy? If so, I am ready to extend the right hand of fellowship.

Will Osceola and Daisy Wildwood send me their *visites*, and Buckeye, too? Uncle Robert has my address. It is growing late, so good-night, Uncle. Please don't forget your young friend,

HARRIE

STAMFORD, CT.

DEAR COUSINS, ONE AND ALL:—I am here again, as you perceive. Mill River, you are perfectly welcome to "find me out," *if you can*. I should like *your* carte, if you will only be generous. Nina Gordon, you dear little impenetrable, *won't* you write to me? Adieu.

CAP DAVIS.

BUFFALO, *Oct.*, 1863.

DEAR AUNT SUE:—I should like to have you introduce me to some of the cousins? Can I have a seat in the Merry parlor? Let me sit near the door! Fleta and Winifred, will you exchange *cartes?* Do any of the Merrys live in Buffalo? Don't let that manipulator get this first letter of mine, or I am done.

Yours, etc., W. C. C.

Delighted to see you, W. C. C. Cousins, allow me the pleasure of introducing you to our Buffalo friend. If there be any more Buffaloes among us they will accept W. C. C. as a brother, and fraternize immediately.

PROSPECT PLACE, W. HARTFORD, CT., *Oct.* 23, 1863.

DEAR COUSINS:—I'm greatly wondering how this war has turned out. *Are* we to have a queen, or are we not?

"Phene," how can we help forgiving you? And I want your *carte;* ditto, Fleta, Saucy, Minnie, Pertine, and Tommy.

A. E. D., some time I'm coming. Are you almost tired of waiting?

"Pertine," I've just learned you are near me, rather, and—and, *if* I don't see you, it will make me cross. Just you send me your *c. de v.* and directions *where* to find you, and perhaps you'll see me one of these days. FLIBBERTIGIBBET.

TROY, *Nov.* 2, 1863.

Teaser, you are rightly named. By-the-by, I had a dog named Teaser. Say no more about kittens. Guess you are about right in your conclusion; have heard that name before. The letter *W*as-*A R*aw-one's *W*riting *A*t *R*andom, who *W*ishes *A*ll *R*elated, *W*ould *A*rdently *R*eceive *W. A. R.*, *W*ho *A*lways *R*espectfully *W*ishes *A R*emembrance. *W*hat *A*wful *R*epetitions!

A. N., do not see how I have "picked upon" you, unless you are A *Night in gal* e. Don't make *A N*oise *A*bout *Nonsense.*

Fiddlesticks, your *carte* was received. Will respond soon. Think you are a "bully boy," to say I am R. A. W., and place me on the same *tender line* with *Burntham.* Do you really think I need *Bacon?*

Uncle Hi, a word for you, if you wish to "touch me on the R. A. W." *Ax* me to take a dozen on the half shell. You'll think I am smart. Guess I'd *catch-up* quick. No Will for *lie* about that. Yours, resp'y, W. A. R.

HILLSIDE FARM, *Oct.*, 1863.

DEAR UNCLE:—You just please to keep still about raising the price of the MUSEUM, just as if we cousins could not add a thousand or more names to your list if you wished them. I have got five subscribers who will commence taking the MUSEUM in January. Now, if we each could get ten subscribers—and I guess we all can—the price might remain the same. Could it not, Uncle? "Merry cousins," what do you say; shall we double our efforts to get others to join us, or pay a higher price?

Daisy Wildwood, if you would like my Kitty's *c. de v.* I will send it to you. I suppose you remember she is your namesake. W. A. R., Saucy Nell, and Puss, *please* be so very kind as to exchange "faces" with me.

Merrys all, do not forget your cousin,

ROMANCE.

You see that we have decided to let the price remain at one dollar a year, trusting that the Merrys will double our list of subscribers.

BROOKLYN, *Oct.*, 1863.

I hope, Merrys, you will not think I am taking too much liberty in speaking, being a stranger, but never mind; I hope soon to become acquainted, and then you'll get used to my forwardness.

Jasper, I have often wondered why you ever went off in the navy; I think you should have joined the *Caval*-ry, first division, of course. You see I know *you.* "Who am I?"

Leslie, Pontiac, and Osceola, I hope we shall be friends. Verily, Brooklyn is becoming represented in the Chat, extensively so; well, the more the merry-er.

But, there! I hear Uncle whispering—

"'Tis of books the chief
Of all perfections to be plain and brief;"

so I must try and be like unto them. Though I do not mean to say I am quite a book yet, I hope to be booked among you as DEVEREUX.

MIDDLETOWN, CT.

DEAR COUSINS:—I asked admittance a year ago, and went into essence.

Wilforley, how are you? will you become acquainted? I am real easy. Please write and send your face.

Jasper, Adelbert, and Annie E. D., shake hands and write.

Here is a general invitation to all the

cousins; write, and I will answer (Uncle Robert has my address), and as many as will send photos. Love to all. Exit.

LIBERTY.

Your *c. de v.* was thrice welcomed. Hope you will visit us often.

Sept. 22, 1863.

DEAR UNCLE, AUNT, AND COUSINS:—I am coming to see you all a few minutes. I am still at the delightful business of teaching school in the wilderness; but in the midst of all my cares I think of the Merry circle often, very often.

Puss, I must say that the way you came into the last Chat was really very mewsical; as Uncle Robert says, What a mewing there was, though! I will exchange as soon as I get my phiz taken so that I can give it to you.

W. A. R., what an elegant mess you made of the Chat, though! I'm thinking that if you make such a rumpus as you talk of in the *Wildwoods*, the Daisys and Mignionette will be for having you know they are both very modest flowers, and not fond of a noise; at least, I can speak for the Mignionette.

With love to all, I remain your cousin,

MIGNIONETTE WILDWOOD.

Thanks for your kind and cheering words in your private note to Uncle Robert. If we were not cheered and strengthened by such words of hope and thoughts of good accomplished, we should have left our "mission" to other hands long ago.

MUSKINGUM VALLEY, *Nov.* 4, 1863.

DEAR UNCLE ROBERT:—I like your "Merry" company; and if you are willing, would like to feel myself one of its members.

Some one of these fine autumn nights I'll promise you a serenade. MUSQUITO.

PROVIDENCE, *Oct.* 8, 1863.

DEAR MERRYS:—I am ready to exchange photos with "Forestina." I saw a young friend in the 2d R. I. regiment while in Washington with my regiment, who was a contributor to the "Chat," but he would not give me his cognomen.

Cousins, send me your *cartes*, and I will exchange all.

I must have my "Monthly" at any price, but I, for one, will seek to enlarge its subscription list. "X."

Oct. 12, 1863.

UNCLE:—Can I wander in this month?

Well-a-day, Mons. War, you seem to have a most *pun*-gent mal-a-day. Did you intend to *pun*-ish us all for *pun*-y homes-*pun* attempts at *pun*-ning by a wholesale monopoly of words, leaving us none to dissect and retail?

Phene F., I should be sorry if you felt "put out" at (by) anything I had said, and am glad "you don't intend to 'go off' yet!" Perhaps you don't feel *canon*-ical or *powder*-ish, but intend to be a "slow match" (eh, Wilforley?), and "go off" *wilfully* at last!

WANDERER.

Oh! Uncle Merry, are you aware that you left the door open a little while ago, and Cherrie and Wildfire have walked right in? Here we are, Uncle; we have edged our way through the crowd, and are standing up here in a corner, watching the Merry group. Oh, you do look cheerful indeed, all around the family hearthstone. Yours, lovingly,

CHERRIE AND WILDFIRE.

Come right in, and bring little Susie with you; here's a kiss for her. We never expect to grow old so long as we have such warm, cheerie hearts about us.

Extracted Essences.

MURIEL desires to exchange with Saucy Nell and all the cousins. Address P. O. Box 82, Lansing, Mich.

HEARSTEASE, you would be heartily welcomed at the Merry meetings. Send your address.

WALLACE, you have our sympathy. Come often. The cousins will exchange.

BUCKEYE BOY, we rejoice with you. Have you heard from "New York?"

A. VAN A., of Albany, wishes to know if Rover ever heard of such a number as 77, or such a man as E-l-y? and desires the address of Saucy Nell, Rover, and Ladie R. B. Come again.

ESSIE J. B., take a seat on Lee side of Hattie. She will give you a cordial welcome.

POCAHONTAS, here's a free ticket to the parlor. Show it to Hattie as you enter

HARRY BOOLES says that he "shall continue to write on, and be called by no other name than that by which I am known to friends and loved ones at home." Come often, Harry, and you shall be ever welcome.

JUANITA, send your photo first, and they will respond. Wilforley, of course, will send to you first. Call at "111 Fulton" when you are in the city.

WE are frequently asked which are the best books for the young published now. And as we have just finished reading "The Drummer Boy," we want all our friends to do the same. It is by the author of "Father Brighthopes;" that, everybody knows, is good. "Frank Manly" is the hero; and a hero he proved himself. It is full of adventures and incident, and can not fail to entrance the young reader. The illustrations are very fine. Price $1. Another very interesting book is "Dick Onslow among the Red Skins." It is by W. H. G. Kingston, which is saying enough. He is a more popular author in England than Mayne Reid, where both live. The volume is full of adventures with bears, Indians, wolves, etc., and is, we learn, the delight of the boys. Price $1. "The Bobbin Boy, or Life of Major General N. P. Banks," we mentioned last year, and we suppose most all boys have it before now. Price 90 cents. "The Printer Boy, or Youth's Life of Benjamin Franklin," by the same author," is also a good book and elegantly illustrated. Price 90 cents. "Biography of Self-Taught Men" is a very useful and instructive book. It is the very best of this class of books. Price $1. "May Coverly" is a good book for girls. It is handsomely illustrated and bound. Price 75 cents. For smaller books, we would recommend "The Winnie and Walter Books," which come in a box, four, as follows: "Christmas Stories," "Story Telling at Thanksgiving," "Talks about Old Times," "Our Darling Nellie," beautifully illustrated. 40 cents each. Also "The Alden Books:" "The Light-Hearted Girl," "The Lost Lamb," "The Cardinal Flower," "The Burial of the First-Born." These are also in a neat box and illustrated. Price 40 cents each. Another first-rate box of books are "The Ashton Books," by Mrs. Ashton (Peter Parley's niece), illustrated, as follows: "Susan and Frankie," "Frankie's Book of Bible Men," "Sabbath Talks about Jesus," "Sabbath Talks about the Psalms of David." These are also 40 cents each. Then "Fourteen Pet Goslings" is a nice little book, full of pictures of a little boy's pets, and stories of all of them. Price 50 cents. "Dandy Jack" is a book of animals full of pictures. Price 50 cents. For a fairy book, "Fairy Dreams," by Mrs. Austin, is one of the very best. Price $1, beautifully illustrated. We can furnish the above books at the prices given, or you will find them at the principal bookstores.

Aunt Sue's Puzzle Drawer.

FLORIAN and NED W. send the longest lists of correct answers, of such equal merit that I can not decide between them, and therefore shall reward both. *Florian* receives the heart-puzzle, as it is her first prize, and *Ned W.* the gold pen, as he has already had the heart-puzzle. All the enigmas have been answered by the puzzlers, showing that they were all *guessable*, but the longest list falls five short of the whole.

Who will answer *all* the "Questions, Enigmas, Charades, etc.," contained in this number? I promise to send a package of paper and envelops, stamped with the initials of the winner, to the *first* one who sends correct answers to the entire list, to Box 111 P. O., Brook-

lyn, N. Y. I hope "*Fred W. X. Y. L. C. C.*" won't be the lucky one, or it will ruin me to get the initials stamped! Now "fall in" and go at them.

Questions, Enigmas, Charades, etc.

144. My first is very fashionable, my second is an agreeable exercise, my third is an article of cloth, ing, and my whole is a celebrated character. *Lucy W. C.*

145. (1) What young children like to do; (2) something very necessary to the full appreciation of beauty; (3) a religious person; (4) a preposition; (5) an animal; the initials, also the finals, form an opinion. *C. F. W.*

146. Properly spoken, I am suggestive of a very pretty village; improperly pronounced, I am suggestive of scalping-knives, tomahawks, and horrors. My first often swells wonderfully, at which nobody wonders; my second sometimes does but never should, naturally. My first is sometimes valued, sometimes whipped for its inhabitants; my second would be despised if it had any. Neither my first nor second could exist without a mouth. My first bears more burdens as civilization progresses; my second bears less.

My first is straight or crooked,
My second may be curly,
There! the fire-bell rings,
And my whole is "hurly-burly!"
Sunbeam.

147. My first is a brute, yet noble and good;
His worth by some men is not unstood.
My second has life, yet none can tell why
A nuisance has form and wings like a fly.
My whole is a fable, yet often is seen,
And who disbelieves it must be certainly green. *W. A. R.*

148. I am composed of 13 letters:
My 9, 5, 12, 8, 9, 10 is what Demosthenes was.
My 3, 7, 6, 4 is a curse.
My 10, 9, 2, 1, 4 ladies set their faces against.
My 13, 11, 7, 10 is much to be dreaded.
My whole relates to the office of Governor. *Tom.*

149. I am composed of 31 letters:
My 8, 15, 3, 21, 12 is indispensable in every house.
My 1, 3, 12, 6 is used in transportation.
My 22, 7, 4, 16, 30, 20 is an overbearing person.
My 7, 13, 31, 14, 11, 4, 24, 3, 7, can never be recalled.
My 27, 9, 26, 19 is never accounted wise.
My 28, 21, 31, 6, 25, 12 is a relation.
My 10, 18, 19, 6, 23, 12, 25 is a bird of prey.
My 2, 29, 17 is a pronoun.
My 5, 27 is a small word but a tremendous qualifier.
My whole is a Scriptural declaration, often quoted, but seldom spiritually acted upon.
G. B. H.

150. I am composed of 14 letters:
My 3, 4, 11, 12 is what most winged insects can do.
My 9, 13, 3 is to seize.
My 5, 6, 4, 14, 1 is an article generally found in a farm-house.
My 8, 10, 3, 7, 4, 5, 6, 2, 10 is a dissipated man.
My whole was a king mentioned in the Bible. *Nellie Hamilton.*

151. I am composed of 17 letters:
My 16, 4, 13 is a high rank.
My 9, 10, 11, 6 assists us in walking.
My 17, 2, 15 is an important part of our organization.
My 5, 12, 3 is sometimes used for a seat, sometimes a bed.
My 7, 8, 17 is something singular.
My 1, 14, 8 is a female nickname.
My whole is the name of a famous foreigner. *Gamma.*

152. I am composed of 14 letters:
My 10, 14, 9, 10 is a pavilion.
My 1, 2, 3 is a Scripture name.
My 5, 12, 13, 4 is a Dutch male name.
My 1, 2, 11 is an animal.
My 10, 8, 6 is a plant.
My 7, 5, 12, 9 is in Asia a governor.
My whole was a great navigator. *Geo. W. Muir.*

153. When you lay an —— on fruit, it is apt to tempt children by seeming to say ——. *Minx.*

154. A —— may condescend to —— to a friend. *E. W. W.*
(Fill the blanks with the same words reversed.)

WORDS ENIGMATICALLY EXPRESSED.

155. Regard with affection misrepresentation. *Daisy Wildwood.*

156. Bottle hotel. *Tattler.*

157. Consecrate one of our ancestors. *Clementina.*

158. To need two thirds of an eye. *Ned W.*

159. A contest. *Mary A. E.*

160. Complete, I am what all partners do; behead me. and I am an animal; behead me again, and leave a verb. *Irving.*

161. My first (in sound) is a girl's name; my second is a girl's nickname; my third is an animal, all but its tail; and my whole is no one in particular. *H. C. Hazen.*

162. *Why* were the crew of the Ark very devout? *A. Older.*

(*Odoacer* is responsible for the following transposition.)

163. AAAEEGGGHHHIKNNORTWW W was the father of AAAADEE GHNNTY.

164. Entire, I am a tool; transpose me, and I am what we all love best; behead and transpose me, and I am what we should all hate. *Golden Arrow.*

165. I saw a man —— a field of ——, and —— a ——.

166. I saw a man —— a horse through a woody —— to —— a wagon with ——. *Alpha.*
(Fill the blanks with the same word transposed.)

167. My first, second, third, and whole are verbs; entire, I cause pain. *Fred W. C. C.*

168. I am composed of six letters: My first and second make a French pronoun; first, second, and third is a vessel; my first, second, third, and fourth is a kind of hypocrisy; my first, second, third, fourth, and fifth is part of a poem. My whole is what I want you to guess. *Forestina.*

169. What battle-field contains (1) a number, (2) an insect, (3) a beverage, (4) one of the U. S., (5) a head-dress, and (6) an article of clothing? *Monitor.*

FLOWERS

170. The mouth.

171. A spice, and a color.

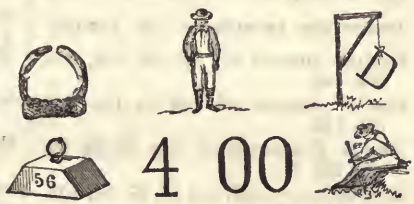
172. A proper name and a valuable article.

173. A gait, to hide, and an instrument of sound. *Agnes.*

174. A foot soldier and a consonant. *Geo. T. McK.*

175. Change my head several times, and make (1) a region, (2) a surname, (3) small particles of quartz or other minerals, (4) a company, (5) that without which a clock would be useless. *D. P. & W. W. W.*

176. HIEROGLYPHICAL REBUS.



Answers to the above must be sent in on or before the 10th of January.

Answers to Questions in Oct. No.

86. Springfield.

87. Jane, jay, net, Janet.

88. Charlie, Fred Warren.

89. Charles Dickens.

90. Consternation.

91. General Daniel Morgan

92. Jackanapes.

93. Mistake.

94. Sago.

95. Chestnut.

96. Bill, fill, gill, hill, kill, mill, sill, rill, till, will, pill.

97. Permit.

98. Migrate.

99 Summit.

100. Pharaoh.

101. A log cabin.

102. Hohenlinden.

103. Prison.
104. UCUOO (you see you owe nothing).
105. Because it is incurred (in curd). (*Tattler* says "because it grows mighty [mitey] with age." *Clementina* is the only one who answers it correctly.)
106. Automaton.
107. Skate, Kate.
108. Shad, had. (A dozen different answers have been sent to this, equally good—"trout," "herring," "smelt," etc., etc.)
109. Ostrich.
110. Scow, cow.
111. Prussia, Russia.
112. Badger, badge.
113. Horse, shore,
114. Carmine.
115. Prue, pure

CREDIT FOR ANSWERS TO OCT. PUZZLES.

FLORIAN answers all but 92, 104, 105, 114, 116.

NED W. answers all but 86, 104, 105, 114, 116.

Mary A. E answers all but 88, 94, 99, 102, 105, 116.

Merrimac answers all but 88, 97, 99, 103, 114, 115, 116.

Bertha answers all but 88, 92, 93, 99, 100, 105, 109, 116.

Clementina answers all but 86, 88, 90, 93, 98, 100, 104, 112, 115.

Tattler answers all but 86, 90, 92, 99, 101, 102, 105, 107, 109, 114, 115. 116.

C. W. J. answers all but 88, 92, 93, 100, 101, 103, 104, 105, 109, 112, 114, 116

Coy answers all but 86, 88, 93, 94, 97, 98, 101, 104, 105, 109, 111, 114, 115, 116.

C. M. E. answers all but 86, 87, 88, 89, 90, 92, 93, 99, 101, 103,105, 109, 113, 115, 116.

Birdie answers 87, 89, 91, 94, 95, 96, 102, 106, 107, 108, 110, 111, 112, 113, 114.

F. W. C. C. answers 87, 89, 90, 91, 93, 95, 96, 103, 106, 107, 108, 110, 111, 112, 113.

Charlie Little answers 87, 88, 39, 90, 91, 93, 94, 95, 96, 97, 103, 108, 110, 111.

Louise B. answers 89, 93, 94, 95, 96, 106, 107, 108, 110, 111, 112, 113.

Rosebud No. 2 answers 87, 89, 94, 95, 101, 102, 108, 110, 111, 112, 113.

Forestina answers 91, 93, 95, 96, 97, 100, 101, 107, 108, 110, 112.

Grasshopper answers 87, 89, 95, 96, 97, 109, 110, 111, 113.

Golden Arrow answers 87, 96, 107, 108, 110, 111, 112. 113.

Hero answers 86, 106, 108, 110, 111.

H. C. Hazen answers 87, 95, 96, 111

A. Van A. answers 111, 112.

NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Coy.—Some of your *wrong* answers were so ingenious, that I determined to credit them *here*, if nowhere else.

Henry A. Danker.—The sight of your handwriting is quite refreshing.

Forestina.—I am more than "*ready* to exchange;" I am *waiting* and *anxious* to reciprocate. When you send me yours, mine shall be promptly returned.

Charlie Little.—The MUSEUM must have seemed like an old friend to you. I am just now anticipating with pleasure a visit to the "hills of Berkshire."

Blanche.—I posted a letter (containing my *c. de v.*) to your address, Oct. 10th.

Fred W. C. C.—I can't imagine what the reason can be.

D. P. W.—Your *c. de v.* has been received by *C. M. E.*, and now graces his photog. album.

Wanderer.—Thanks once more.

Merrimac.—Glad you think the MUSEUM is *worth* "a dollar and a half a year."

Ellie C.—I accidentally omitted to give you credit for answering puzzle No. 71. Forgive me.

I am requested to state that "Ducky Daddles waddles into the circle, receives Fiddlesticks with open mugs" (!) "and wishes to know if Lily-bell recognizes her"

I am frequently asked for the address of some of the cousins; those who object to my giving their real names and addresses will please signify the same by saying "I," before the 10th of February, 1864, "or ever after hold their peace."

Thanks for enigmas, etc., to *Louise B.*, *A. Van A.*, *H. C. Hazen*, *Juliette*, *Coy*, *Birdie*, *H. A. D.*, *C. M. E.*, *Muriel*, and *Ella.*

Letters, etc., received too late for notice from *Lizzie H.*, *Schuylkill Jim*, *Titania*, and others.